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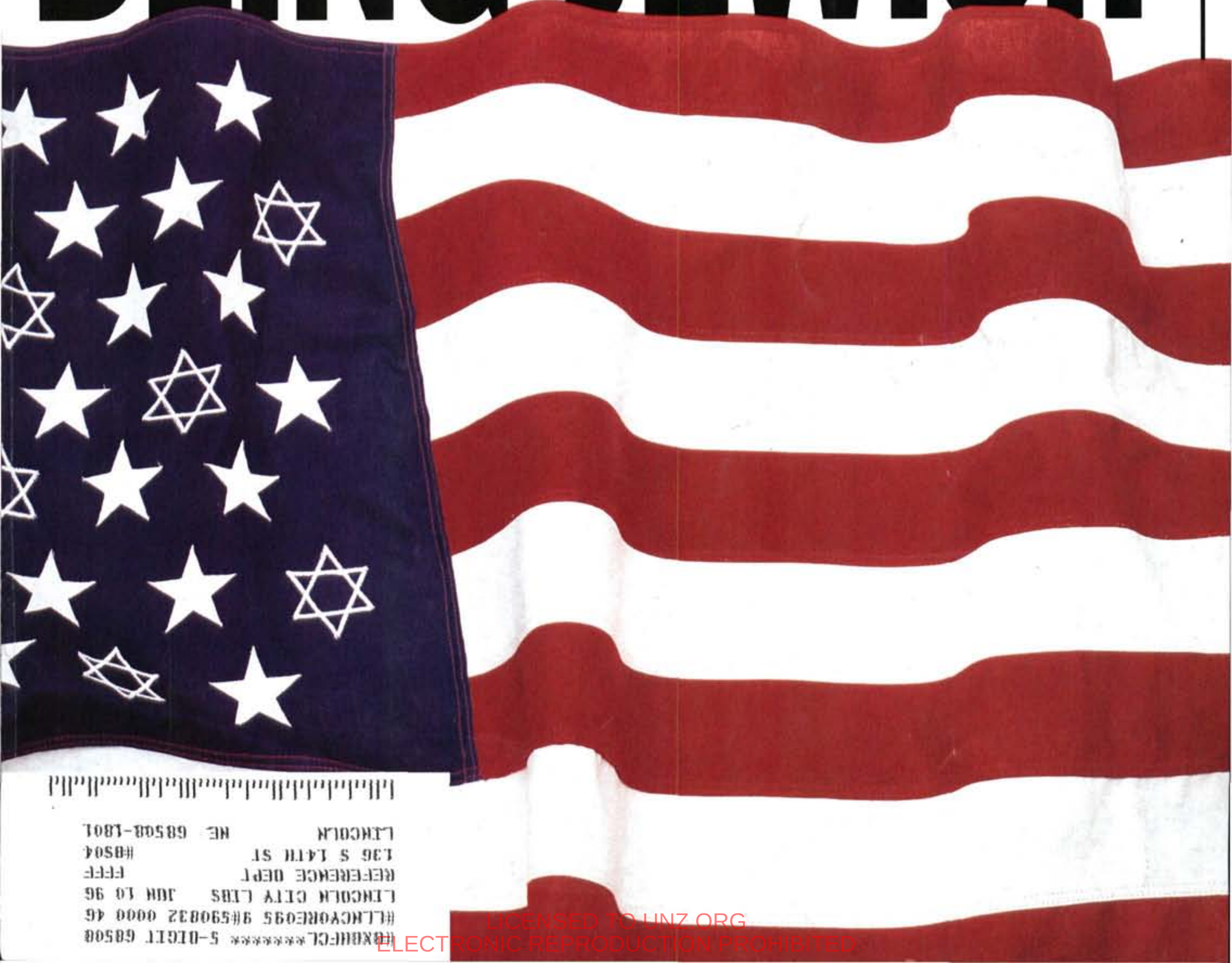
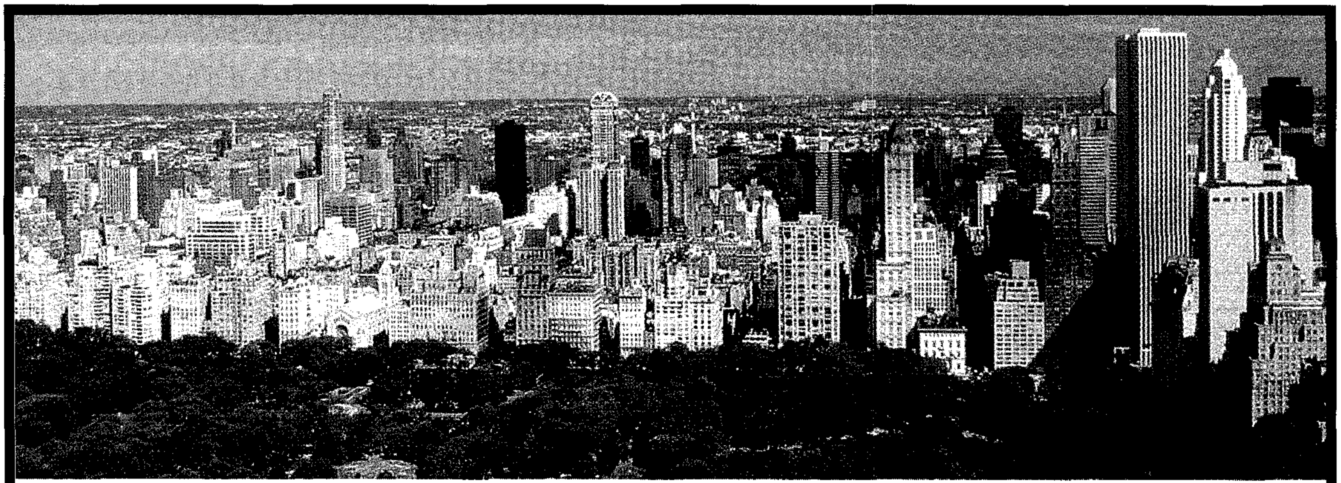
As anti-Semitism fades and Jews assume ever-greater prominence throughout the Establishment, it's time for Jewish Americans to let go of the idea that they are outsiders.

A PERSONAL INQUIRY BY PHILIP WEISS

BEING JEWISH





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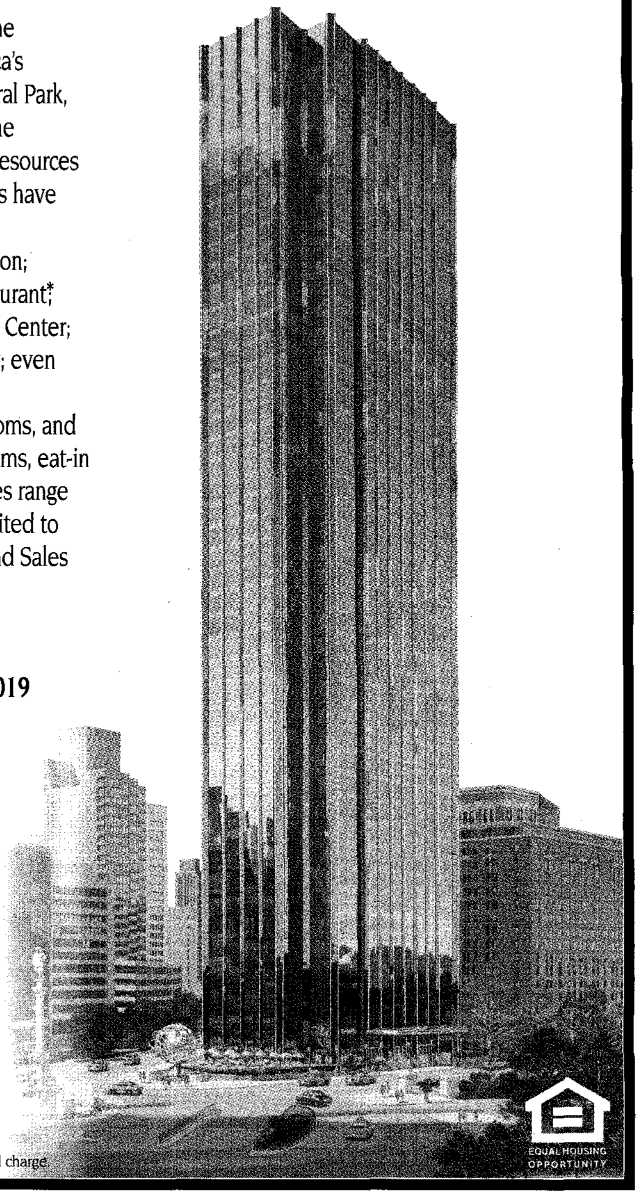

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Contents Jan. 29, 1996

> *"What's marvelous about {outsider art} is . . . hearing really fresh genius thoughts, you know? I suppose we're all bored with the kind of conversation we usually get at parties."*
>
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24 Letting Go

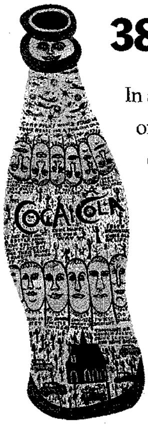
By Philip Weiss

By any objective measure, socially sanctioned, "official" anti-Semitism and its practical consequences have greatly receded as factors in the lives of most Jewish Americans, and at least on the coasts, Jews are full members of the American Establishment. Attitudes, however, haven't always caught up, and in the face of the new realities, many Jews are wrestling with questions of identity. Our essayist went out into the field and returned with a new—and positive—message.

34 Post-Nouvelle Cuisine

By Gael Greene

Nouvelle cuisine? They've *heard* of it in Paris, sure, but the heart of Gallic gastronomy still belongs to escargots and hollandaise, confit and foie gras. After a recent trip to the source, Gael found herself inspired to discover whether the richly complex preparations that first introduced Manhattan to French cooking a generation or two ago could still be found back home. They can, it seems. A guide.



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By Larissa MacFarquhar

In an increasing number of highly specialized galleries, the craze of the moment—and the center of a brand-new market economy—is so-called outsider art, an emphatic (albeit frequently patronizing) rebuke to knowing, jaded eighties glitz. The term groups together a crowd of self-taught visionaries and weirdos with little in common other than their defining distance from academic tradition and the centers of art-world power. Still, they do share a few traits: vernacular subjects, childlike romanticism. And colorful eccentricity doesn't hurt.

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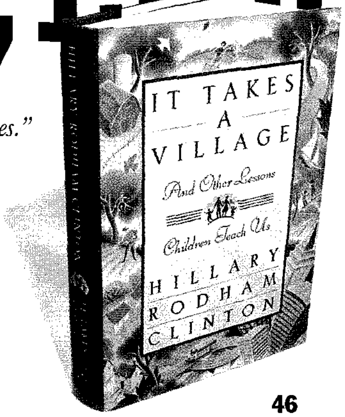

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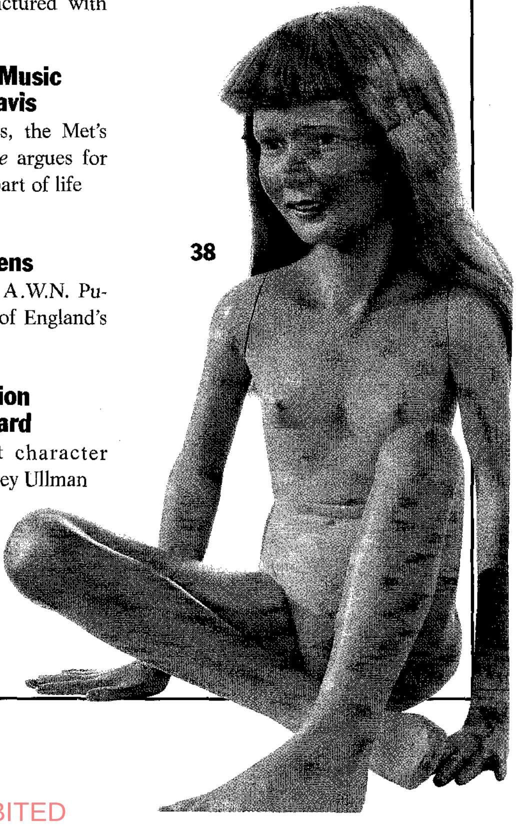
Online

Join "Strictly Personals" director Nancy Fedder for "Ask Nancy," Wednesday, January 24, at 9 P.M. On CompuServe, *go* NYMAG.



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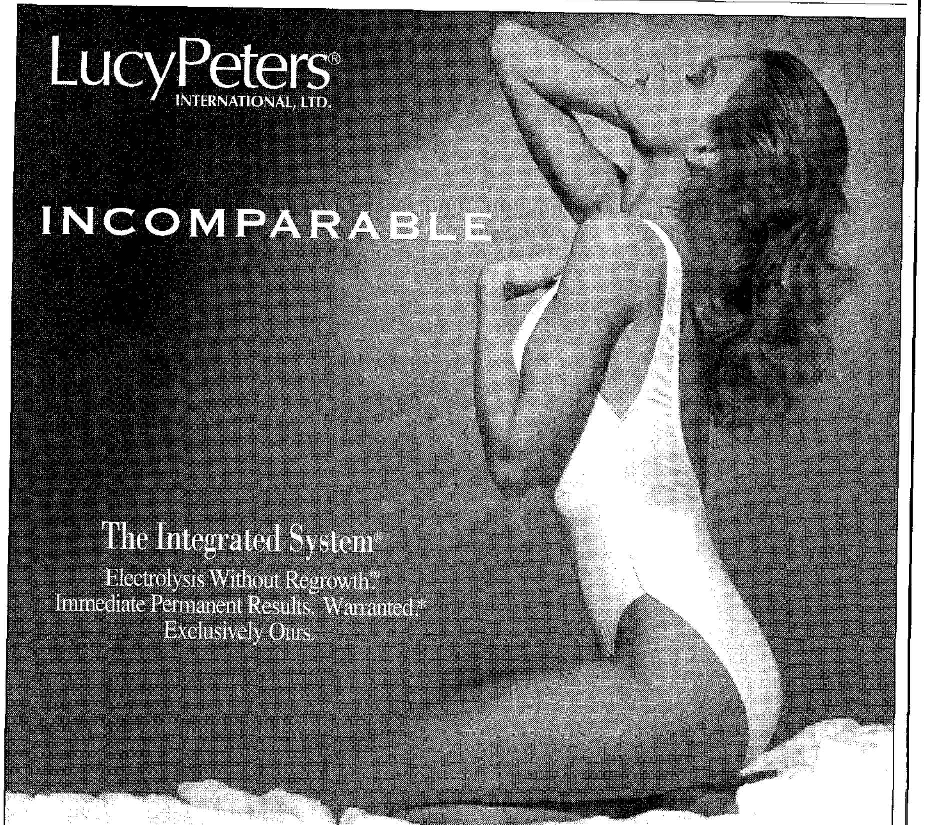

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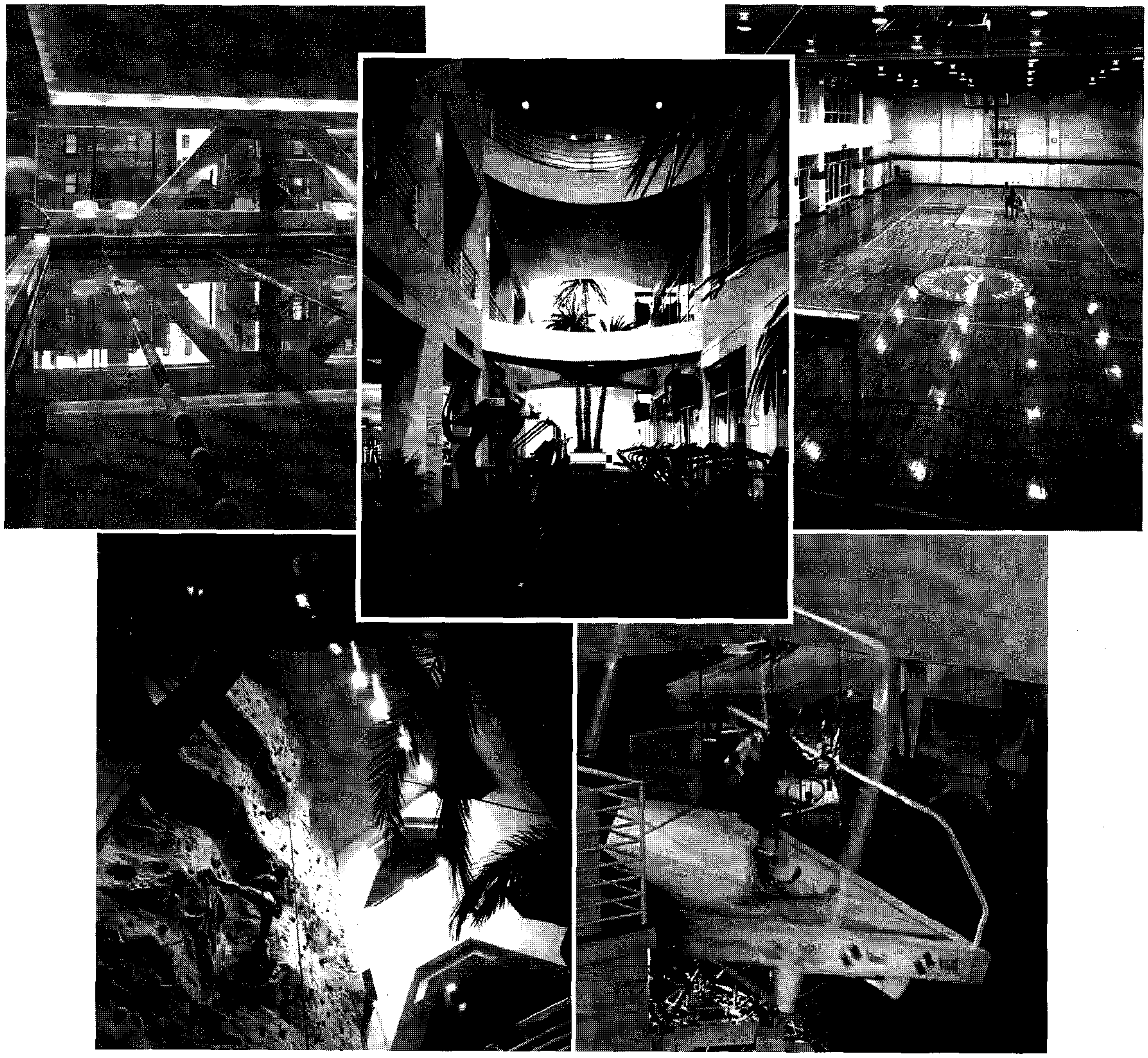

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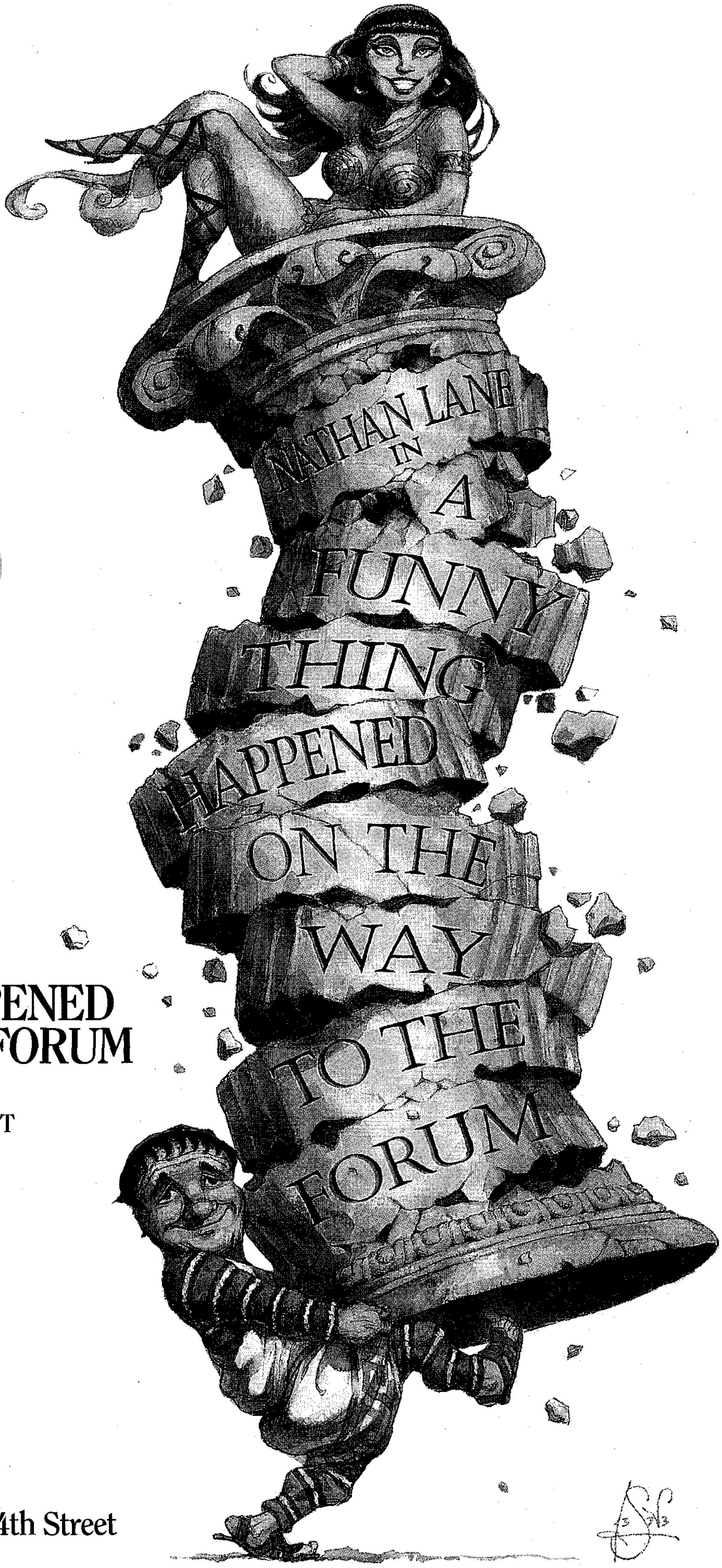
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Soldier of Fortune

A reader-investor proselytizes for future profits; Harry Cipriani defended; 'Heat' gets the cold shoulder; hyperbole takes on holier tones.

JAMES CRAMER SHOULD BE REWARDED for his opinions ["Fortune Telling," January 15]. Investing should be a year-in, year-out habit. There will be highs and lows, gains and losses. One must be willing to purchase every month to realize profits. I applaud his outlook and suggestions. I look forward to the bargains that I will be able to get in 1996. Technology stocks may be down in the short term, but any investments I make in the near future will be an asset in the years to come. I am not wealthy by any means, but I do see the need to invest in "my" future, as should everyone.

Douglas Roberts
NUTLEY, N.J.

Poker Face

I AM GLAD TO READ THAT KEITH MCNALLY liked our film *Metropolitan,* and I found the structural support he is quoted as proposing for me intriguing ["The Brothers McNally," by Beth Landman and Alex Williams, January 15]. But to avoid solicitations from other caterers, I should mention that I am not involved in organizing parties for New Line and have never had any conversation with Mr. McNally beyond polite film-festival chitchat. Please contact New Line Cinema directly.

Whit Stillman
MANHATTAN

Hot Zone

SOMEHOW I MUST HAVE MISSED THE BOAT on *Heat* ["Movies: To Catch a Thief," by David Denby, December 18, 1995]. I found myself looking for the fast-forward button midway through. The movie just slugged along. Was De Niro doing a tribute to Travolta's character in *Get Shorty,* or was this an update of "You talkin' to me?" Al Pacino had way too much bronzer on. Did Val Kilmer actually have lines or was this just an appearance by his hair? Were we supposed to notice that De Niro and Pacino went for similar-looking women? And what did that step-daughter have to do with anything? This is one time the critics didn't look beyond the stars. I would have called it *Tepid.*

R. J. Welsh
PORTLAND, ORE.

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Food Fair

I THINK GAEL GREENE DOES A DISSERVICE to Harry Cipriani ["Where to Eat Now," January 8] by identifying it as the place to go for abuse now that Bouley is closing. Ms. Greene ignores the fact that Cipriani creates, in its very small and intimate space, a sophisticated sense of home. My wife and I are neither rich nor famous. We're simply literature professors who were drawn to Harry's Bar in Venice because of its literary associations. Impressed by the way in which this world-famous restaurant welcomed us when we splurged on a meal there, we were tempted to try Harry Cipriani's restaurant in New York. We were surprised to find that the New York restaurant, a little more posh and a little cheaper, nevertheless had many of the same qualities we found in the Venice restaurant that Hemingway and Jan Morris have described so lovingly. Abuse? Humiliation? Only if you want to make it sound like *Bonfire of the Vanities.* What possible reason would they have to be so nice to us and not to you?

Dana Brand
NEWTOWN, CONN.

The Single Girl

I'D LIKE TO EXTEND MY CONDOLENCES TO the attendees of the Palladium's singles event held Christmas Eve for Jewish New Yorkers ["Gotham: Looking for Mr. Goldberg," by Ariel Kaminer, January 8]. Romantic success, it would appear, has been reduced to the ability of a Jewish woman to entice, and eventually date, a financially stable Jewish man. Both the title and the direction of the article insinuate that the intent of the evening was to pair desperate women with men considered "catches" because of their elite education and financial portfolios. Putting on their finest threads, voicing financial status and eligibility, and engaging in false pretentiousness all sidestep the one quality on which all successful relationships are built: honesty. My advice to the female partygoers: Start making your own decisions, have confidence in your own achievements, and don't be so narrow in your choice of eligible bachelors. Albert from Ghana seemed to have some pretty romantic ideas about camping!

Elyce Whittemore
RED BANK, N.J.

Upping the Ante

WE'VE GOT MORE THAN JUST "NAZIS IN OUR heads" ["The Big Idea: Nazi Nazis," by Judith Shulevitz, December 4, 1995]. The trend seems to be to demonize everything and everybody you don't like or don't agree with, and idealize all that you do. For example, your television critic, John Leonard, referred to the "Khmer Rouge Republican Congress" with the obvious implication that Newt Gingrich equals Pol Pot, and is responsible for the slaughter of 1 million to 2 million human beings.

Conversely, during a televised major-league baseball game this year, the announcer referred to a catch made as a "major miracle." Not "Nice catch!" or "Way to hustle!" but a miracle. Remember when all you had to say was "She's a star," and everybody knew what you meant? No more. Everyone seems to be a "*super*star" nowadays.

I recently moved back to the U.S. after many years of living overseas. I keep wondering what happened to the reasoned discourse and spirit of goodwill and tolerance our country is known for.

Mark S. Holden
OLNEY, MD.

Correction In the caption for the photograph accompanying John Leonard's "Jane-Mania" (Television, January 15), the actors were misidentified. Jennifer Ehle is Elizabeth Bennett, and Colin Firth is Mr. Darcy. ▬

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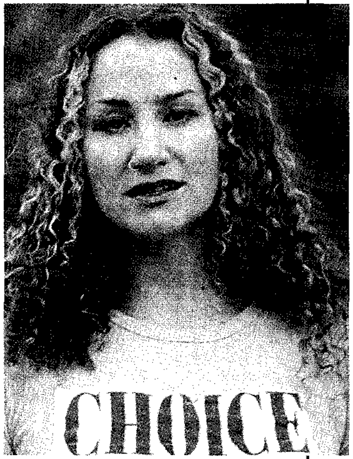
INTELLIGENCER

THE MOST HATED MAN IN WASHINGTON

Could it be that ruddy, right-wing pundit **Robert Novak** is even less appealing in private than on TV? We're afraid so. The blustery columnist emerges as the capital's least wanted windbag in Hot Air, a new book by Washington Post columnist **Howard Kurtz.** Novak—an original member of The McLaughlin Group—emerges as a vengeful cad who nurses grudges and repulses many of his colleagues. McLaughlin regular **Morton Kondracke** describes the man who accused him of being "a Zionist agent" as "the troll under the bridge of American journalism," adding that "when [Novak] gets in a tizzy, he exudes an odor. It's like a musk ox. It was physically intimidating." According to Kurtz, Novak was finally frozen out of the show in 1988 after he accused host John McLaughlin of "positioning himself for a Dukakis administration." Fellow panelist **Jack Germond** remembers the incident: "We go to a commercial, and McLaughlin goes apeshit. . . . I thought they were gonna go at it." Other Novak antagonists take turns twisting the knife. **Michael Kinsley** slaps Novak as "a shameless player" with a "sharklike smile," while **Mark Shields** accuses him of lying "through [his] teeth." But Novak isn't the book's only target. **Larry King** appears as a smarmy, would-be kingmaker, egging on his pal **Bob Dole** during commercial breaks to choose **Colin Powell** as his running mate: "If Colin wants you, grab it! You and Colin—it's over! Race is over!" The talk-show host continued to pour it on during the next break: "You're doing great, as always, Bob. . . . One of the great guests."

WHAT IF LORNE WAS ONE OF US?

Already teetering on the edge, Saturday Night Live deteriorated into a wild, weepy scene last week, when newly promoted associate producer (and daughter of Calvin) **Marci Klein** had to inform musical guest **Joan** ("What if God was one of us . . . ?") **Osborne** that there was no time on the show for her second song. Osborne's crew did not take kindly to the news. Afraid the Grammy nominee would be perceived as a one-hit wonder, her manager, **David Sonenberg,** became apoplectic, loudly berating Klein and driving her to tears. "He started screaming in front of 80 people," says Klein. "We had the mayor and governor as guests. When you do a live show, things run a bit longer than expected, and we had to cut a lot." A member of the Sonenberg camp says "David didn't scream at her in a personal way. This kind of thing has never happened there before. He was upset, and Joan was upset." The situation was eventually resolved when Klein promised to show the clip of Osborne performing her new single on SNL's next "Best of the Season" show, airing February 3. **Danny Goldberg,** president of Osborne's label, Mercury, was on hand for the drama. "There were twenty minutes of high anxiety," he says, "but Marci resolved it quickly." But another observer notes, "She's a big producer now. She shouldn't have reverted to the weepy-girl thing." In any event, an SNL spokesman insists that Osborne isn't the only one who has been slighted by Saturday Night: "It happened to **Percy Sledge** in 1987, and **Simple Minds** in '85."



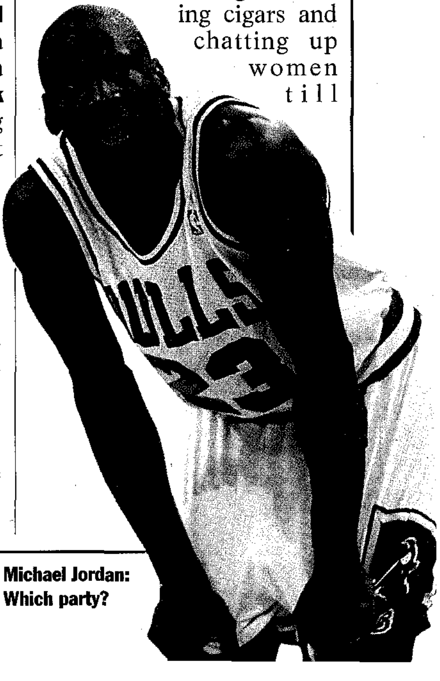
Joan Osborne:
God have Marci

GARGANO FALLS INTO CHARLOTTE'S WEB

The oddest political coupling since Al D'Amato linked up with Claudia Cohen is the budding romance between liberal socialite **Charlotte Ford** and George Pataki's economic czar, **Charles Gargano.** The unlikely pair has recently been spotted on the midtown restaurant circuit, and Gargano has attended two dinner parties at the automobile heiress's luxe Sutton Place penthouse. Politics makes for odd bedfellows: Ford, a close crony of Democratic doyenne Pamela Harriman, has long been active in lefty causes such as the Wilderness Society, while the conservative Gargano is usually more comfortable at events honoring the likes of garbage-hauling mogul **Vincent Vigliotti,** now indicted on racketeering charges. But apparently love—and/or money—conquers all. Remarks one wag who knows Gargano: "Charles hasn't dated anyone over 30 in years, except if they have some cash"; Ford certainly qualifies on the second count: The 55-year-old heiress has previously been wedded to Greek shipping tycoon **Stavros Niarchos,** financier **Tony Forstmann,** and disgraced Democratic fund-raiser **Edward Downe Jr.** Asked about their romance, Gargano says only, "She's a wonderful woman." Ford did not return calls.

MICHAEL JORDAN SHOOTS THE BULL(S)

Michael Jordan scored an impressive 46 points for the Chicago Bulls in last Monday's game against the Washington Bullets, but his pregame preparation was a little unusual. Unlike most athletes on the night before the big game, Jordan hit the town running—smoking cigars and chatting up women till

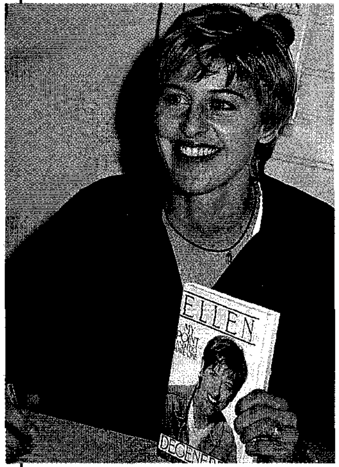


Michael Jordan:
Which party?

Photographs:top right, Jay Blakesberg/Retna; bottom left, Francis M. Roberts; bottom right, Jonathan Kirn/Gamma-Liaison.

RANDOM ACTS OF FISCAL PRUDENCE

Mike McAlary, currently embroiled in a nasty libel suit over one of his Daily News columns, is facing yet another legal battle. Random House is suing the contentious columnist to recoup the $40,000 it paid him for a book called The Loser's Club. McAlary, who survived a nearly fatal car crash just months after signing his Random House contract, eventually published the book at Simon & Schuster under the title Good Cop, Bad Cop, and it has just been bought for the movies by **Sylvester Stallone.** "I assure you this problem will be taken care of," says McAlary's lawyer, Ed Hayes. "Mr. McAlary was not aware of how strongly Random House felt about this." McAlary isn't the only writer on the Random House hit list. The company is also siccing its lawyers on screenwriter **Budd Schulberg,** who signed a $100,000 deal in 1983 for an autobiography called From Dartmouth to 'On the Waterfront.' Schulberg, who is being sued for the $75,000 he's been paid to date, says he is still working on his book "on and off. . . . I think in the past, they have given a little more time and consideration before any [legal] action is taken," he says of the book's thirteen-year gestation. "I don't have any sense of guilt about it," says Random House chief **Harry Evans,** "and I speak as an author who's occasionally been late himself. All publishing houses have certain limits beyond which they won't go and turn themselves into a bank."



Ellen DeGeneres: Girl wonder

Liz Smith: *Dis*-invited

the wee hours. According to sources at Washington's hopping Café Milano, when the sneaker-peddling superstar finally left at 1:30 A.M., he was looking for more action. "He was asking around if there were any nightclubs open on a Sunday night," says one man-about-town. But the only two active hot spots were hosting gay events, which Jordan, after some consideration, decided not to sample.

LIZ SMITH: SORRY, IT'S NOT MY BILL

It was not a case of burying grievances along with the dead last week, when **Liz Smith** received an anonymous phone call asking her to stay away from the funeral of agent **Bill Goodstein**—which was attended by such former clients as Darryl Strawberry and Dave Righetti. Although the gossip queen had been a close friend and client of Goodstein's for years, their relationship disintegrated last spring when he sued her for close to half a million dollars, alleging breach of contract and charging that Smith had not adequately compensated him for his negotiations on her behalf with New York Newsday. Sources say that shortly after the controversial attorney suffered a heart attack last week, someone claiming to be a family member called Smith and asked her not to attend the funeral. "They hung up when we asked who was calling," says Liz. "I'm sorry he died, but why would I go to a funeral of a person who caused me so much grief?"

SUMMER'S STING; DIVISION OF LABOR

IT'S RAYNING MOMS: When moguls strike deals, they don't like to leave loose ends. So it's no surprise that co-op kingpins **Marty** and **Patty Raynes**—who decided to have a baby via surrogate—have selected not one but two mothers in an attempt to avert any maternal legal claims. According to sources close to the real-estate tycoon, a woman in Texas has donated her egg, and a woman in Los Angeles will bear the offspring, which, it turns out, will be twins, due this summer. "We have no comment whatsoever," says a spokesperson for the Rayneses.

FURTHERMORE . . . Expect to see a whole lotta **Sting** in the pages of Dan's Papers and Hamptons this summer: The rocker has just rented a manse on Further Lane for the month of July. The cost? A cool $100,000-plus, according to rival brokers. For that, he'll get to hobnob with neighbors like Billy Joel, Jane Wenner, and Bruce Wasserstein.

JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM: In a curious, coy moment of editorial discretion, the Daily News omitted one minor detail from a recent item on Ellen star **Ellen DeGeneres,** who was spotted "soul-kissing and pawing" a "short-haired fan" on a Wednesday night at Nowbar, Mason Reese's Seventh Avenue club. What the item oddly neglected to mention: that every Wednesday the club is home to a lesbian party, "Wow Bar at Nowbar," and that the "fan" in question was a woman.

Additional reporting by Sam Pratt and Jared Paul Stern. Anne Adams Lang is on leave.

WHERE THERE'S HEAT, THERE'S SPEYER

Billionaire builder **Jerry Speyer** has been gushing over the new $10 million mansion he's building for himself, but not all his neighbors share his enthusiasm. Nearby residents complain they're literally losing sleep over Speyer's "dreadful" dream house, an ultramodern structure sandwiched between two prewar buildings on East 72nd Street. "He promised that construction would take place only from 8 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.," moans one disgruntled neighbor. "But I've been out as early as 6:15 in the morning begging them to stop!" Neighbors claim that Speyer's crew has also been pounding away on weekends and that police were called in to halt construction one night after ten. Indeed, trouble has plagued the project from its first week, when Speyer's workers broke through an adjoining building and sent bricks flying into the home of Mexico's U.N. ambassador. More recently, however, Speyer has been trying to make amends. "We've gone out of our way to be good neighbors," says Speyer. "After all, I plan to live there for the rest of my life." In the meantime, **Katherine Speyer** is making her own amends. She recently sent a gift to **Rhonda Tello,** the wife of the new Mexican ambassador, who just moved in next door: leopard earmuffs.

Photographs: top left, Barry King/Gamma-Liaison; center left, Ed Geller/Globe Photos.

GOTHAM

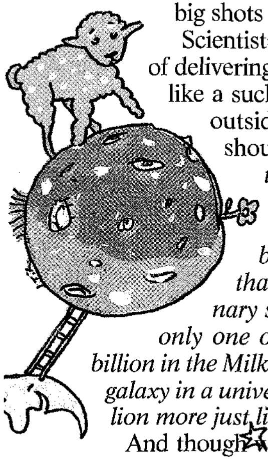
There is something in the air that makes sleep useless—*Simone de Beauvoir*

THE FRONT PAGE

Night of a Sextillion Stars

Even 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 stars don't faze us.

As if we weren't insignificant enough, as if this planet we infest did not make it clear enough with alarming irregularity how indifferent it is to our continued existence, as if we have not been successful enough in undermining our few small accomplishments with puny quarrels and tiny-mindedness, we have to find out that in the vast scheme of things, we are five times less the big shots we thought we were.



Scientists have a marvelous way of delivering this sort of information like a sucker punch. They take us outside, put a hand on our shoulder, and say, *Look up there, friend. Remember how we told you that you are but one of five billion people on a planet that is but one in an ordinary solar system that is itself only one of perhaps one hundred billion in the Milky Way, an unremarkable galaxy in a universe that contains ten billion more just like it?*

And though we haven't thought about this in a while, we stare up into space and feel small. Just as we begin to humbly nod our head yes—

Aha! the scientists exclaim, landing a meaty fist just below the ribs, *you're a* lot *more insignificant than that!*

Scientists love having been wrong. They get so excited, almost gleeful, as they were at a meeting of the American Astronomical Society last week, when they announced that using that supposed lemon the Hubble Space Telescope, they have been able to estimate that there are probably five times as many galaxies as they thought until about a month ago.

"There are large ones and small ones, red ones and blue ones," said Dr. Robert Williams, the very Seussian director of the Space Telescope Science Institute in Baltimore. "Very structured ones and also very amorphous ones. Most of these galaxies were never seen before.

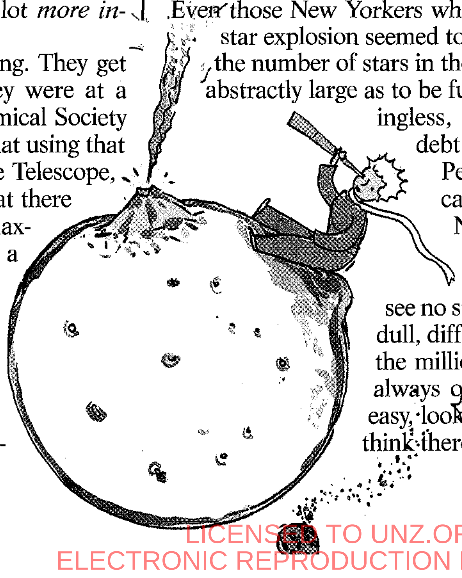
"But," he added, "we don't know the significance of all this yet."

For most New Yorkers, it appeared to have none at all. Though it was important enough to make the front page of the *Times* (as science stories are often important enough to do on Tuesdays, so they can jump to Science Times, the paper's computer-advertising supplement), the 4,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 new stars went unmentioned in the *Daily News,* which chose to lead instead with the latest Giuliani-Sharpton pissing match, or the *Post,* which went with STREET JUSTICE: MUGGER GUNNED DOWN BY VICTIM.

Dr. Williams's failure to capture the popular imagination is easy enough to explain: He failed to note that *this discovery makes it statistically five times more likely that there is an advanced alien race out there with weaponry far more powerful than our own.* (The discovery of two possibly life-sustaining planets, announced two days later, was apparently not specific enough.)

Even those New Yorkers who did read of the star explosion seemed to shrug it off, as if the number of stars in the universe was so abstractly large as to be functionally meaningless, like the national debt.

Perhaps that's because when most New Yorkers look up at the sky at night, they can see no stars at all, just the dull, diffused reflection of the million lights that are always on in the city. It's easy, looking up at that, to think there is nothing else.



SNOW JOB "[The cost of snow removal after the blizzard] is working out to roughly $1 million an inch, in the neighborhood of $30 million, *even though the Times said* $14 million. It's a subject of some speculation. And [City Hall] has been very mysterious. I think the city's going to try to pump up the number if we get federal help," a City Council member told *New York.*

A RUN IN RUDY'S SILK STOCKING "This shows real weakness in Giuliani's political operation. He put a lot into [Judy] Marcus's campaign, setting an early election date to give her a jump and all that. Peter Vallone put a lot into [Gifford] Miller. It was kind of a mini-preview thing for '97," a *prominent political consultant* told *New York,* discussing Democrat Miller's victory over Republican Marcus in an East Side City Council special election last week.

SMARTASS ANONYMOUS One prominent Manhattan party promoter finally submitted to attending his first AA meeting downtown last week. When asked his name, he answered, "Asakite," inspiring the congregated to say in unison, "Hi, Asakite." The *attendees were not amused;* indeed, they glared at the jokester until he felt so uncomfortable he had to leave.

CLASS DISMISSED "[Presidential candidate Steve Forbes's] primary problem has to do with the widespread belief that a flat tax would hurt the middle class, specifically those who earn between $70,000 and $200,000."—William F. Buckley Jr., in his January 17 New York *Post* column. According to Census Bureau data, this income span falls within the top 20 percent of American households' incomes.

City

SCHOOL'S OUT

FIVE YEARS AGO, ANNA, A 36-YEAR-OLD secretary, got fired from her job at a public-relations company in Manhattan. She went on unemployment for a few months, but she was soon able to find another job. Then she got fired again. "I had never learned computers," she explains, "and there just weren't any jobs for people like me." In the next few months, she managed to find a few other jobs, but as a lot of people found in the early nineties, things seemed to just dry up. She had no relatives to borrow money from, so when the unemployment checks ran out, in 1993, she went on welfare. "It was the most humiliating thing in my life," she says. "I just thought this would never happen to me."

Anna applied to a number of local colleges, and in September 1994—still receiving $352 a month in public aid—she entered the two-year nursing program at the College of Staten Island. By the end of her first academic year, she had an A average and was on track to get her degree on time at the end of the following year.

But then, just a week before school started last August, Anna was called down to the welfare office. A caseworker explained that, because of new regulations, she would have to sign up for the New York City Work Accountability You (WAY) program. The new, highly touted program, implemented with much fanfare by the Giuliani administration last year, functions on the premise that all able-bodied persons on welfare should at least be working toward acquiring job skills and that the city should provide this training by assigning them to do things like clean up parks, answer phones, and shovel snow. Then the caseworker assigned Anna—whose nursing-school course load includes four hours of clinical work in a hospital in the morning and then three hours of lectures in the afternoon five days a week—to a Sanitation Department work team at Shea Stadium.

"The first day I went, there was a tennis tournament going on, and we were supposed to pick up trash," Anna remembers. "I told the supervisor, 'I can't work during the day . . . my school doesn't have night classes.'

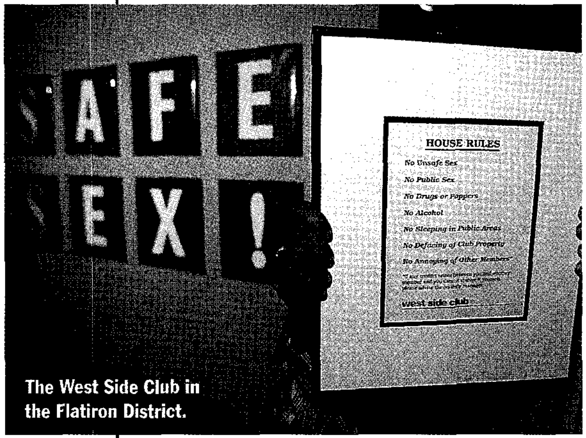
"They said, 'That's too bad,' " Anna says. "Literally, they said that."

Faced with the prospect of having to drop out of school, Anna went back to the welfare office the next day and filed for an administrative hearing before a New York State judge to challenge the work assignment. She is one of perhaps dozens who find themselves in a similar predicament. If she loses at the hearing—and recent decisions seem to suggest that she will—she will be taken off public aid for two months as penalty for not fulfilling her work assignment. Anna doesn't know how she'll get by: "I have nothing."

The city so far doesn't see much of a problem with a program that seems to be pulling at least some people out of vocational training and having them pick up trash.

"Like other adults in the city, they need to have responsibilities in their life," says Richard Schwartz, a senior adviser to the mayor and the man credited with coming up with the program. He admits there may be a few bugs in the system and says the administration is negotiating with the city colleges to develop more flexible work schedules for full-time students. But he adds, the mayor will not even consider exempting students who, like Anna, spend more than five hours in the hospital each day: "A lot of kids from working-class families do not get any, or get very little, financial support from their families and are essentially putting themselves through school," he says. "*They* manage to work twenty or more hours a week."

MAGGIE GARB



The West Side Club in the Flatiron District.

Health

UM, HALT, PLEASE, SEX POLICE

TWENTY-TWO MEN SIT LOW IN FOLDING chairs in a Chelsea auditorium, their hands locked around their belt buckles or knees or necks. One man with very short red hair has a question.

"So, we just point a flashlight and shout, 'What are you doing there?' "

"No. 'I'm looking for my husband!' " offers a man in a blond goatee.

" 'My *future* husband,' " a third adds.

"Not exactly," interrupts David Klotz, in his patient teacher voice. "When you're in the club, don't be obvious. Obviously, you don't want to stand there with a clipboard."

Klotz, a winsome man in small round glasses and Doc Martens, seems oddly bashful about his topic this wintry Friday evening. As coordinator of prevention services for Gay Men's Health Crisis, he called this meeting to train a "prevention posse" of volunteers to enter the city's commercial sex establishments and see if they're effectively preventing HIV transmission on their premises. Still, he regularly substitutes *venue* for *sex club*, as in: "Now, some of these venues have mandatory clothes checks." He becomes especially circumspect after accidentally dropping his small stack of 3-by-5 note cards all over the floor, prompting someone to loudly suggest, "that's what you should *not* do in a sex club," as he stoops to retrieve them. Klotz describes every point of the training in the most archaeological manner imaginable.

"We ask," he says, "that while you're there as a GMHC volunteer, you don't engage in sex with other patrons."

*Aw, man!*s and *I quit*s flutter up.

"If you see somebody in there you just can't live without," Klotz explains, "we ask you to leave and re-enter on your own coin."

Though every aspect of GMHC's new HIV-prevention program POW (Prevention Is Our Weapon) is nonaggressive by design, the nonprofit group has never taken on the sex clubs so directly before. In their covert inspections of the clubs, volunteers will not be looking for unsafe sex among patrons. Instead, they'll test the clubs' ability to stem such behavior, as well as their adherence to GMHC's ten-point guidelines for appropriate sex-club comportment delivered to industry representatives in November. Included are old standards (providing free condoms as well as wash-up facilities and towel dispensers and employing safer-sex monitors) and politically correct decrees. "Monitors should not be unnecessarily punitive," say the guidelines, "as shaming or intimidating patrons does not promote the ongoing adoption of safer sex practices."

GMHC hopes to complete the first stage of the monitoring program by February, at which time it will rank each club on a scale from responsible to reprehensible. The ranking is intended to be "more *Consumer Reports* than *Good Housekeeping*," cautions Dave Nimmons, GMHC's managing director of education, emphasizing that compliant clubs will not receive a GMHC Seal of Approval.

GMHC hopes the program will not only bring the clubs back into the AIDS

Photograph by Phillip Greenberg.

fight—reports have been rising of new infections and unsafe practices among gay men—but also take the initiative away from the city and a more pugnacious AIDS-prevention group, Gay and Lesbian HIV Prevention Activists, which early last year seemed intent upon having all commercial sex establishments closed. Lately, GALHPA has been dormant, but throughout 1995, group members prodded Health Department inspectors to enter the clubs nearly 1,400 times. "We were going to locations where we had gotten complaints from the community," says Fred Winters, the department spokesman, who calls the efforts ongoing. For alleged transgressions (mostly oral sex, according to Winters), eight clubs were closed down during the year, including the notorious Earle Theater in Queens, which, while still in business, now shows only non-pornographic Indian films.

GMHC is more sanguine about the clubs. "Sex clubs are back big-time," Nimmons tells the trainees. "Certainly we want them to be responsive to us." Someone asks what to do if they stumble on unsafe sex in progress. Klotz, underscoring that the gathered troops aren't meant to be safer-sex vigilantes, says, "We leave it up to you, your discretion, your option, your conscience. But don't talk to management about it. We'll take care of that."

Posted on two walls of the auditorium are posters naming the 30 venues POW volunteers will be monitoring over the next few weekends, from West Side Club to East Side Club, from Attic to Manhole.

"What about Vinny's?" asks a man wearing chrome glasses.

"Vinny's is on the list, but Vinny doesn't want to be on it," Nimmons says.

A man across the aisle stage-whispers, "What is Vinny's?"

"A slimy sex hole, very private, in the East Village," says the man in chrome glasses. "It's very disgusting."

"You've been there?"

"Twice. Once on a leash, so I wasn't responsible."

When it comes time for the volunteers to be matched to their venues for inspection, venues with mandatory-clothes-check policies prove more popular among the volunteers than Times Square movie houses. Juan Olmedo draws Cellblock 28, a dark and popular Chelsea emporium. He went late on a cold Saturday evening and stripped to the waist in compliance with the dress code. Olmedo resists reporting Cellblock 28's score—"We're not supposed to share anything until a total picture develops after several visits"—except to say he didn't see any unsafe sex there, so he's not sure whether an effective safer-sex monitoring system is in place.

Unsafe sex took on additional layers of meaning for Carlos Cordero. On his sortie to inspect Afro-diziak, an ongoing party held in a Harlem brownstone, a man met him on the building's stoop. "He said, 'You better give me twenty bucks or I'm going to shoot you,' and he produced what looked like a gun," says Cordero, who fled into the middle of Fifth Avenue. So for the time being, Afro-diziak defies ranking. "I didn't go back," Cordero reports. DAVID FRANCE

EDUCATION

At the Tone, Please Change Your Voice Slightly and Leave a Message

These are tough days for political wives. The painful pressure and the harsh scrutiny are enough to threaten even the stiffest of upper lips, and that's no less true at Adelphi University than it is in the White House or Buckingham Palace. Maria Diamandopoulos, wife of Adelphi's embattled president, has lately seen her spouse, Peter, accused of everything from fiscal incompetence to political intolerance. Trying as that must have been, she managed to keep her feelings about it to herself—at least until recently. Last week, a professional voice analyst concluded "with a high degree of certainty" that it was Mrs. Diamandopoulos herself who last November left the following messages on Catherine Cleaver's answering machine. One might forgive the lapse of probity, but these hopelessly sophomoric efforts, which make Bart Simpson look like a tenured professor in comparative prank studies, are far harder to overlook. Cleaver, who's director of the American Association of University Professors's local chapter and a member of the anti-Diamandopoulos Committee to Save Adelphi, plans to press charges. The Nassau County District Attorney is investigating. ARIEL KAMINER

ABOUT 9 P.M. "Yes, I understand that you need a few hands. What do you need it for?"

9:18 "Fuck you."

9:45 "Shove your Save Your Adelphi committee up your ass."

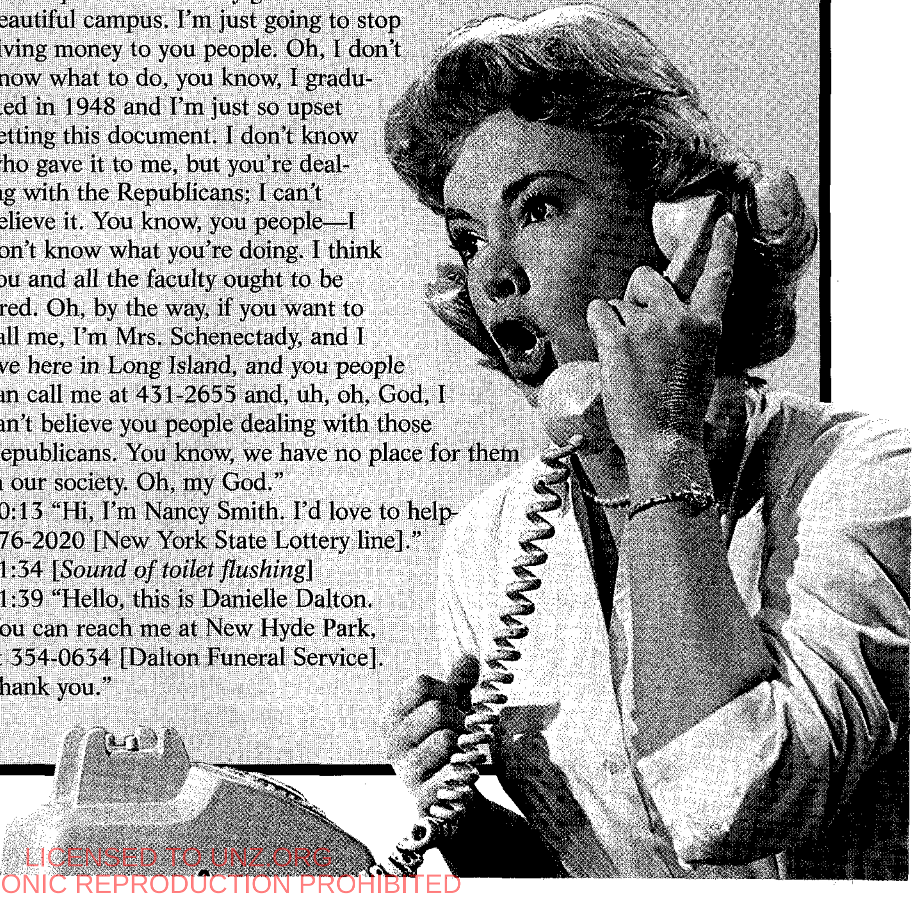
9:49 "I thought that I was calling the Committee to Save Adelphi. What is the AAUP? I thought you were some liberal ass-wiping, you know, radical, Nazi, sort of, you know, Karl Marx crap organization that's, you know, hanging around and destroying our universities. I want you out of there, not President Diamandopoulos."

9:51 "Hi, I'm an alumni of Adelphi. I can't believe that you're dealing with that Republican attorney general's office with our beautiful campus. I'm just going to stop giving money to you people. Oh, I don't know what to do, you know, I graduated in 1948 and I'm just so upset getting this document. I don't know who gave it to me, but you're dealing with the Republicans; I can't believe it. You know, you people—I don't know what you're doing. I think you and all the faculty ought to be fired. Oh, by the way, if you want to call me, I'm Mrs. Schenectady, and I live here in Long Island, and you people can call me at 431-2655 and, uh, oh, God, I can't believe you people dealing with those Republicans. You know, we have no place for them in our society. Oh, my God."

10:13 "Hi, I'm Nancy Smith. I'd love to help-976-2020 [New York State Lottery line]."

11:34 [*Sound of toilet flushing*]

11:39 "Hello, this is Danielle Dalton. You can reach me at New Hyde Park, at 354-0634 [Dalton Funeral Service]. Thank you."



Photograph by Photofest.

Music

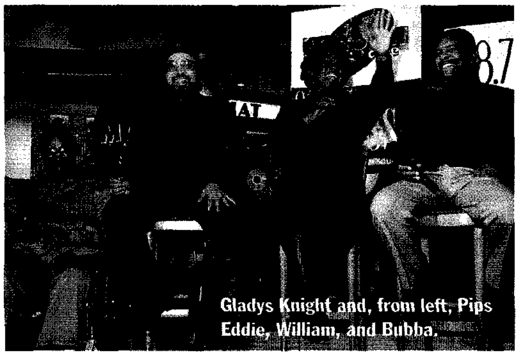
SNAP, CRACKLE, PIP

"I FEEL LIKE DOING A FEW STEPS, BUT I'M too pooped to Pip." It's 8:30 A.M. and Bob Slade, KISS-FM D.J., is trying to wake up a crowd of mostly television camera crews that gathered at the Motown Cafe on 57th Street last Tuesday. Even the restaurant's staff members look tired, especially the ones sorting the mountain of MOTOWN CAFE T-shirts at the concession stand next to the door. But upstairs, surrounded by even more cameras, one tableful of people is surprisingly wide awake.

Time was, Gladys Knight and her back-up singers, the Pips, would never have been up this early. In the old days when some southern theaters were still segregated, they'd perform for an all-white audience early in the evening and then an all-black audience until late, late, and then early into the next morning.

But as Jerry Shereshewsky, vice-president of marketing for Buddah Records, explains, this morning is *very* important for the group—yes, in terms of their induction the next day at the Waldorf-Astoria into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, but particularly in terms of their *Lost Live Album,* to be released next month by Buddah Records.

"We're on the cusp of the baby boom right now," Shereshewsky says with deep earnestness, "and anything that's important to 77 million people is *just important.*"



Gladys Knight and, from left, Pips Eddie, William, and Bubba.

The balding, blue-suited vice-president clasps his hands together and shimmies a bit. "And now, I have a personal fantasy that I'd like to act out here: *Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Gladys Knight and the Pips!*"

Gladys, who still performs regularly, casually strolls out in a red dress, and the Pips, who disbanded eight years ago, follow: Bubba, Gladys's brother and tour manager, kind of dances out, at least to the extent he can while pushing Eddie—the eldest Pip, who had a stroke last year—in his wheelchair. William, the tall Pip, saunters behind, wearing a black leather hat. One of the publicists signals the D.J. booth to turn up the background music, tracks off *The Lost Live Album.*

"We've been looking forward to this morning for 40 years," says Gladys, talking over her own singing.

William nods in agreement. "The album has come at the perfect time," he says over the music. "I've got some small kids, and they've always heard about Gladys Knight and the Pips and they never had a chance to go see us like the older kids."

There are a few hard-to-hear questions from reporters and distracted answers when Bubba breaks: "That background music, it throws me off because I'm thinking choreography."

He does a few dance movements with his feet but remains seated on his stool.

Later, sitting in a corner, William can't stop talking about his kids. "I took one of my daughters to the shopping mall and 30 people came up to me all at once and asked for an autograph, and my daughter said, 'I know you're happy.' And I said, 'Why?' And she said, 'Because somebody still remembers you.' "

And then a publicist comes over and tells the Pips that it's time to eat lunch. They look amazed that it's only lunchtime. Bubba helps Eddie back into his wheelchair. "First gear, second gear, *vrooom,*" Bubba says, and they're gone. NORMAN VANAMEE

Theater

DUTCH SENT YOU

ICY SNOW WHIPS THROUGH EMPTY STREETS on what seems a dead Friday night in Chelsea. But say the right thing and the door of an old loft building buzzes open, and up a dim staircase and behind a plain brown door on the second floor, it's the roaring twenties.

"It may be cold out there," says a tuxedoed Spaniard chomping a squat cigar. "But it's *hot as hell in here.*"

Not hot enough, apparently, for the five women waiting around backstage in G-strings and pasties, but hot in that interwar-burlesque-strip-club fashion: The walls are deep red, the banquettes wobbly; the cashier is matronly and the master of ceremonies insinuating.

Vincente Bonilla pulls on his stogie, rotates his bowler over one eye, and spits out a bit of tobacco.

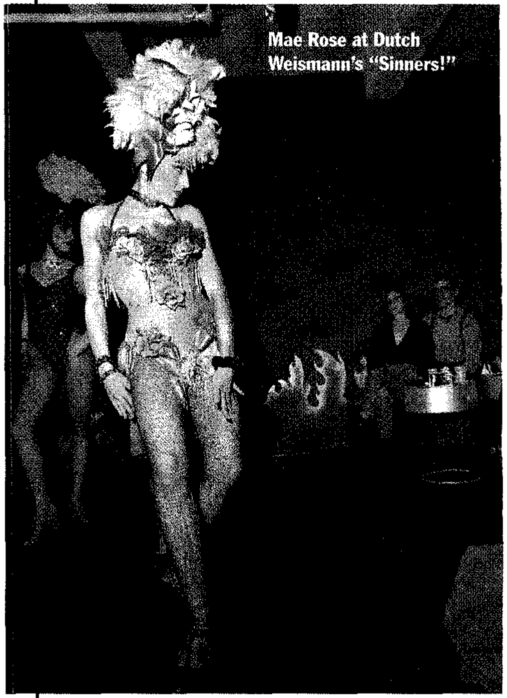
"It's always hot at Dutch Weismann's," he growls, swaggering in the smoky funnel of light. He notices a table of four Englishmen. "Waitress? These men need something!"

A big blonde in a small corset, fishnets, and a tottering booze-themed headdress shimmies across the 2,000-square-foot loft.

"*Cock* . . . tails?" she asks in a sweet little voice.

The Englishmen crack up.

Dutch Weismann's Sinners watch the emcee's silhouette through the curtain. "God bless these eyelashes," whispers Mae Rose. "They really pull it all together." What they pull together is a beaded corset, fishnets, high heels, a fountain of feathers on her head, and another plume on her rear. "Are you okay, Rhonda?" asks Ami Goodheart of Rhonda des Jarmes, who was hit by a cab earlier. She nods and plucks out her retainer. Lily Divine double-checks the snaps on her too-tight garter belt.



Mae Rose at Dutch Weismann's "Sinners!"

"Dutch Weismann traveled the world in search of the most beautiful girls," says Vincente, traveling a bit out of his spotlight, "for his private club. But see for yourself . . ." The spot dies, and "St. James Infirmary" kicks in; the lights come up on Miss Goodheart. She devolves from a slinky red satin evening gown to a smirk and pasties.

The Englishmen are ecstatic.

"Lily Divine," announces Vincente. "There's not too much upstairs, but boys, what a staircase!"

The lights rise on four girls, one wearing a tinfoil razor blade on her head, all with a few strategically placed feathers. They blow white dust at the crowd and wiggle through an original cocaine-inspired number.

The Englishmen moan with pleasure.

"Dutch Weismann's," says Vincente, "where the girls wear feathers and diamonds . . ." The buzz of the

Photographs: left, Mark McQueen; right, Greg Miller.

doorbell ringing interrupts his introduction. All eyes turn, anticipating the cops. Two Italian women enter instead.

"... and the men tuck switchblades in their tuxedos," Vincente continues. Then Vincente himself joins Alessandro Magania in a tango of fighting, reconciliation, a double-cross, more fighting, and finally a stalemate that brings the Englishmen to their feet.

"She comes to you from the Latin Quarter," announces a huffing-and-puffing Vincente. "Our own secret weapon. The Duchess." Up until this moment, the Duchess, a middle-aged former showgirl, has been stashed in the VIP dressing room, enduring whispers of "She's the real thing" just beyond her door. But onstage it is obvious why she caused such a stir. All the Duchess has to do is stroll around the perimeter of her spotlight, twitch her lips, roll her eyes, and expose one mature breast adorned with a single black pasty for the room to go wild.

There must be, of course, a climax: All five dancers charge about wearing tremendous smiles, screeching, winking, chewing gum, bump-and-grinding between the tables, and swiping the crowd with their plumage. Vincente breaks into their ranks wearing stockings and heels of his own. The kick line is bent, the lifts are low, and the lighting cues are off, but the audience doesn't care. They applaud madly, yelling "Fabulous!" "Brilliant!" "James Bond glamour!"

And then it's over.

"We made it," co-producer and director Tony Marando says as he exits the lighting booth, wiping his brow. All of this, he acknowledges, is more or less illicit. Dutch Weismann's "Sinners!" has been operating speakeasy-style since New Year's Eve, Fridays and Saturday nights, without benefit of the applicable licenses or permits, and it's presumably only a matter of time before the wet-blanket police shut it down, which gives its quaint, corny theme the edge of authenticity. "I'd rather not get busted," the 45-year-old former Disney executive says. "But until we find a proper venue, we'll just have to live like it's midnight all the time."

"It's hostess time," Ami Goodheart announces chirpily. For the rest of the evening, the girls socialize with the audience and sell a few more beverages.

"Where's Dutch?" asks one of the Englishmen.

"Dutch?" says the waitress, looking around innocently. "He was just here."

EUGENIA BONE

Up, Up, and Away

At Global 33 for the Global Runway Flight Attendant Fashion Show.

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

'WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THOSE legs for half an hour now," someone called out as the dowager of drag, The Lady Bunny—wearing bronze lamé on top and just about nothing below—took the stage. The crowd, which had come to see a dozen designers' interpretations of the eternal glamour of flight, was stuck in a holding pattern somewhere over its third cocktail. Technical delays: In the models' dressing room, a gaggle of ectomorphic adolescents and one unflappable octogenarian were scrambling for the mirror. "They seemed very hungry," Mimi Weddell worried. "Some of the youngsters from, we'll say, Florida—it's amazing the lack of inhibition." They all got it together, however, and emerged to walk the walk, in outfits ranging from shrink-wrap vinyl to gently flowing wool. The celebrity judges, either too dazzled or too jaded to pick the best outfit, called it a tie and awarded everyone a prize. "All stewardesses are glamorous," Miguel Calvo, the evening's host, said reverentially. "They wear makeup even during the day."

Top, soprano Clamma Dale and seamstress G. L. Caine at Le Parker Meridien's penthouse, following Dale's Carnegie Hall recital. Inset, Oliver Stone, Noemi Campo, and Tereza Scharf at Liquid in Miami Beach.

Right, Mariana Verkerk wearing Nicole Miller's flight-attendant fashions at Global 33's benefit for God's Love We Deliver. Below, Stephen Dorff, model Georgina, and Jack Nicholson at *Ocean Drive* magazine's third anniversary, on Fisher Island.

Left, thespian and model Mimi Weddell, wearing Russell Bennett's designs at Global 33.

MICHAEL TOMASKY

A Tax Worth Paying

Peter Vallone's proposal to divert an income-tax surcharge to pay for our deteriorating schools makes good sense—and good politics.

NEITHER THE ROOM NOR THE MAN HAS BEEN KNOWN FOR producing much drama, so it was worth straightening up in one's chair when City Council speaker Peter Vallone, during his State of the City speech in the council chamber two weeks ago, hauled out for display three textbooks being used in the city's schools. The first was a science book discussing the "possible link" between smoking and lung cancer—published in 1959. The second was a history book describing the "ongoing war" in Vietnam. The third, a typing book Vallone recognized as one he'd used when he was in school in the fifties, came with instructions on how to change a ribbon in a manual typewriter.

Understand that Vallone's State of the City address has always been a gently comical affair as he stood before employees and contributors and bellowed out a list of City Council "accomplishments" over the previous year that constituted his desperate tug for a respectability neither he nor his city legislature ever quite won. But this day, things were different. Along with the outdated textbooks, he listed some other serious problems. More than a quarter of the city's 1,000 schools still get their heat by burning coal—a system that in the rest of the advanced world went out with V-J Day. More than 100 roofs need fixing, right now, and 600 science labs haven't been updated in years. Kids are having classes in gyms, auditoriums, hallways— wherever teachers can cadge the space. And enrollment is growing by some 20,000 every year—at such a pace that the School Construction Authority, responsible for capital projects, has added 42,000 seats over the past five years and has still fallen behind demand by about 60,000.

God knows, this city has thousands of civic needs, and precious little money to cover them. Put an arts advocate, a hospital administrator, and an AIDS activist in a room, and they'll all make convincing cases for their projects. But it's hard to argue that schools aren't at the top of the list, right up near police and firefighting. We're talking about a million kids, many of them poor, whose only opportunity for advancement is not enhanced by two-decade-old textbooks and crumbling 80-year-old buildings. And, as any thinking businessperson will tell you, the relationship between the schools and the economy looks, long-term, to be a pretty direct one.

Low standards and expectations are part of the problem, and new chancellor Rudy Crew is setting out to raise both. But it's certainly the case that environment affects outcome. Would you like to work in an office with peeling paint and cracked windows (minor problems, by the schools' standards)? Could you learn algebra there? The buildings are being held together "with bubblegum and bailing wire," says the Board of Education's Dave Begel, and the cost of getting them all in shape runs in the neighborhood of $25 billion. That'll never happen, but something has to, and soon. "This is a ticking time bomb," says Harold Levy, the Salomon Brothers vice-president who chaired a commission on school maintenance. "I only hope something gets done before some child gets hurt."

POLS 'N' KIDS IS ONE OF THE OLDEST STORIES IN POLITICS; CICERO probably kissed babies. Mario Cuomo, as governor, announced "The Decade of the Child" ("but he didn't mean *this* decade," went an Albany joke), and David Dinkins dedicated his administration to children. La Clinton is flogging her book in the hope that kids can get her better press than she's had lately (see Books: "The Virtue Monger," page 46). Every senator, governor, and county commissioner in America reserves that extra dash of syrup for the part in the speech when they get to talking about, as they are invariably labeled, "our children."

So why should we pay attention to the contribution of a relatively minor politician from Queens? Two reasons. First, because the situation really does seem different now, as if the gathering resolve to do something about the lives of New York's children is, finally, real. Maybe it was the messy chancellor search—the ugly ouster of Ramon Cortines, the attempted elevation by the mayor of a boob named Leon Goldstein, and the lucky final result of getting Crew. For all Mayor Rudy Giuliani's obduracy, he did manage to focus attention on this city's ill-served kids.

Maybe, also, it was the death of Elisa Izquierdo, the 6-year-old girl whom the city's child-care system failed to save. Reaction to her death—and bad poll numbers—made the mayor realize that something was missing in his administration. And so during his address, delivered the day after Vallone's in the same room, Giuliani was at his softest and mildest, twice reassuring his audience that he was not an ideologue and pledging to bring to child welfare the "same experience, tenacity, and spirit of innovation" that he'd brought to crime fighting. Giuliani's proposal—creating a separate, $1.2 billion Administration for Children's Services that

Photograph by Linda Rosier.

would emphasize child protection over family unification—is a good one, pending a follow-through with real dollars.

The second reason to take Vallone seriously is that he has come up with a terrific idea. He proposes using an existing dedicated tax to fund $1.4 billion in school construction, with $50 million thrown in to replace old textbooks (this would be over and above the $2.7 billion already committed to building schools for the next five years). The tax, a city personal-income-tax surcharge, was established in 1990 to pay for hiring more police. The city has reached the head-count level that legislation called for, around 38,000, and the tax is due to "sunset" this year, after which the city must find the money elsewhere to maintain that number of cops.

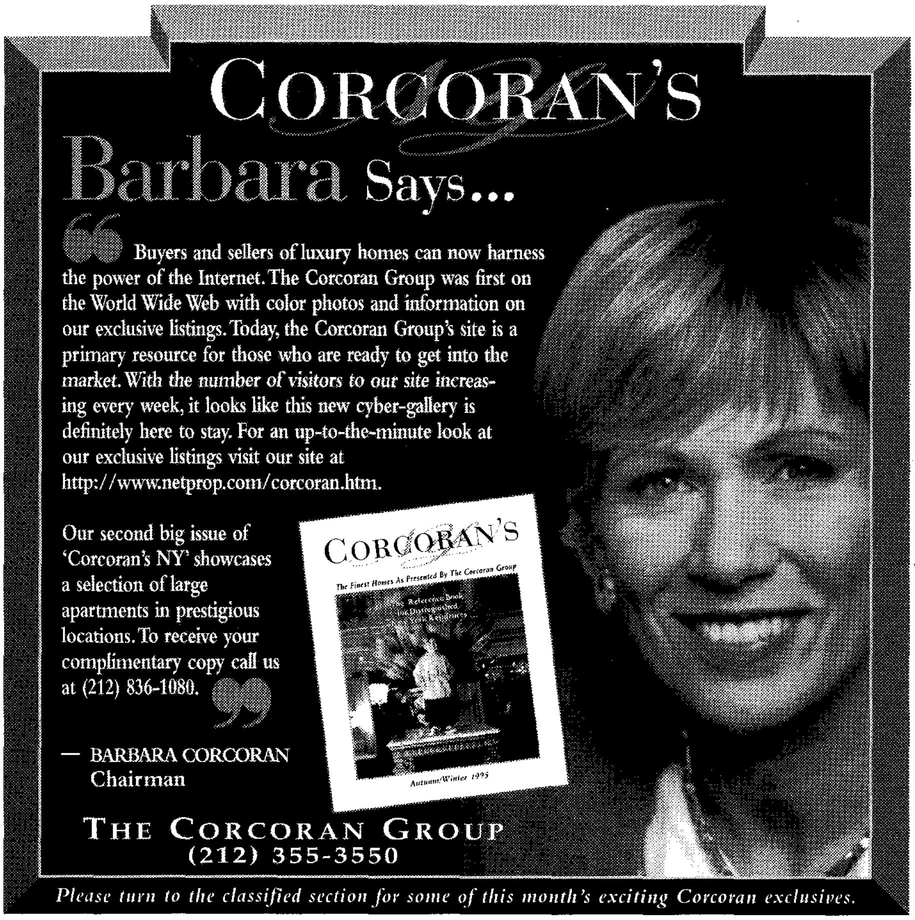
Vallone proposes extending the tax for another three years, which would raise the $1.4 billion in capital he wants to invest in the schools. Not a huge amount compared with the need, but more than anyone else has proposed. The mayor wants to use money from the city's upstate watershed land sale to fund school construction, but that's a paltry $200 million (and the sale may not go through).

Giuliani and top aide Peter Powers called Vallone's plan a tax increase, which is a stretch—it's a tax we're already paying, just rededicated to a different use. Giuliani's concern about taxes is sound in general terms, but the Vallone proposal does not involve raising a new tax.

Robert Kiley, president of the New York City Partnership and Chamber of Commerce, thinks Vallone's plan needs tinkering with but says his group is not opposed to continuing the tax. "I don't think there's anyone among us who believes in no taxes," he says. "And when a need is so great, there's nothing wrong with using a dedicated revenue stream to get this going." The support, in principle, of the city's leading business group is formidable.

The biggest hurdle may come in Albany. Unsurprisingly, a Republican governor and State Senate are likely to present problems. Surprisingly, Democratic Assembly speaker Sheldon Silver says he's not crazy about the idea, either. Silver is concerned that rededicating the tax might reduce police funding and says, "I think we've got to find another funding stream" for the schools. He'd rather use part of the city's share of lottery money to underwrite interest on a bond issue. But he'll probably back whatever Giuliani does.

A bond issue may be part of the mix in the end. But more important than whether Vallone gets everything he wants is the fact that he's focused attention on a desperate need that hasn't been addressed adequately for a generation. Surely, they can't mess this one up. ▬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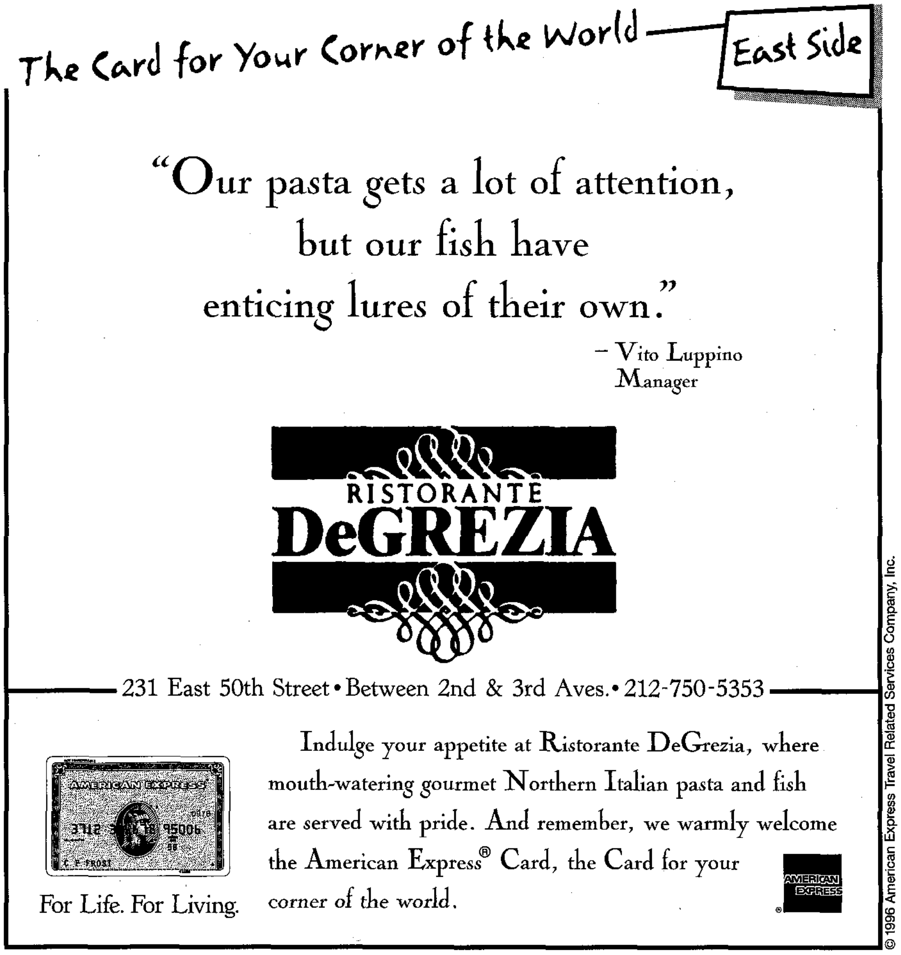
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THE NATIONAL INTEREST **JACOB WEISBERG**

Dead Right

Liberals wail about how ultraconservatives are taking over the GOP. But up in New Hampshire, the far right is little more than an entertaining sideshow.

WILL FLAGG, WHO ORGANIZED the New Hampshire Gun Owners presidential forum in Manchester, warned me to come early, since there was room for only 2,000 in the auditorium and he expected twice as many people to show up. Trailing after Phil Gramm, I arrived late and had a choice of 1,500 or so empty seats. The crowd was what you'd expect: guys with beer bellies and tattoos, cheering at nasty remarks about Sarah Brady and the ATF. The chair next to me was claimed by a bearded fellow bursting the seams of a T-shirt advertising:

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Below, it read: FROM THE OLD SOUTH—WHERE WE'RE ALWAYS POLITICALLY ERECT.

On the stage, the four presidential candidates who bothered to show jockeyed to demonstrate how passionate they were about repealing the assault-weapons ban and the Brady Bill. Buchanan asserted that the Second Amendment "ain't about shooting ducks. It's about a man's right to defend his wife, his family, his freedom, and his country." Gramm touted his 82-year-old mother. "She's got a .38 Special and she knows how to use it," he crowed. The beyond-marginal candidate Charles Collins, whose platform includes abolishing the Federal Reserve, welshing on the national debt, and, anticlimactically, replacing Janet Reno as attorney general, promised to legalize the sale of F-15 fighters and M-60 tanks for personal use. Morry Taylor (who calls himself "The Griz") took the Perot approach: "It's very simple for me," he said. "The Constitution gives you the right to have arms. That's it. You should just have 'em. Okay?"

Six months ago, everyone thought these guys were going to matter. In the climate of Republican triumphalism that lasted from November 1994 until around November 1995, it was expected that the Christian Coalition, the NRA, and the right-to-lifers would coalesce around an authentically right-wing alternative to Bob Dole. With the first primaries nearly upon us, the situation appears to be just the reverse. The *combined* support for Buchanan, Gramm, Alan Keyes, and Bob Dornan amounts to no threat to the apparent nominee. Dole is now tacking to the center, staying as far as possible from fringe events like this gun forum. If he's worried about anyone, it's the flat-taxing social libertarian Steve Forbes.

No. 3 with a bullet: Buchanan at a gun show in Manchester.

Of the four ultracons still in the race, only Gramm and Buchanan have even a prayer. Gramm is sticking to the original theory of the race, positioning himself as the hard-line answer to Dole's mushiness. The front-runner, he charges, was squishy on the Clintons' health-care reform and is soft on balancing the budget and abortion. What Gramm offers instead is straightforward social and economic conservatism. He pledges to quit building luxury prisons—"like Holiday Inns"—and joins Forbes in endorsing a version of the flat tax. Gramm distinguishes himself by wanting a balanced budget more than anybody else. In an attempt to make this appealing, he offers a preposterously precise calculation of the financial benefits that will come with the expected lowering of interest rates. The average New Hampshire homeowner, he says, will save $1,760 a year in mortgage payments and $682 on a car loan.

Gramm's problem may be the candidate himself. There is simply something unpleasant about being in the same room with him, being forced to watch as he projects his long neck forward to assert once more with cloying insincerity, "How are *yooooo?*" As a speaker, Gramm is dullness itself, never varying his self-deprecating anecdotes about flunking three grades and begging his wife to marry him. The grind clearly gets to him. At the gun-owners' forum, as Morry Taylor complained about Gramm's $2.4 million congressional pension, Gramm leaned down from the dais and muttered to a photographer: "I must really want to be president to sit here and listen to this shit about me."

After Gramm, time spent with Buchanan comes as an enormous relief. Falangism notwithstanding, Buchanan is neither mean nor dull. He understands he won't win but intends to have tremendous fun trying. While I was with him, he had the idea to attack Dole for attempting to keep him off the ballot in New York by staging a guerrilla raid on his rival's headquarters in Concord. The plans were disclosed, and as Buchanan's van pulled in to the driveway it was surrounded by feisty Dole youth determined to prevent Buchanan's being heard. Dole commercials, blasted at ear-splitting volume through a megaphone, rendered Buchanan inaudible. Finally, Buchanan got a quiet moment. "I know Bob Dole's a good man," he said. "I don't think you

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

folks want me off the ballot." There was general consternation, until one of the Dolies blurted out: "You *should* be on the ballot." Gramm would never attempt, and certainly never carry off, such a stunt.

In the real world, Buchanan supporters are the kind of people Gramm supporters would lay off in a corporate downsizing. Where the Gramm people wear blue blazers, the Buchananites dress in motley and scarf up the free food at rallies. Gramm's followers want to know about the flat tax; Buchanan's ask about evicting the U.N. They'd be angry to hear it, but Buchanan supporters will never be welcome in the GOP.

Buchanan himself is veering economically leftward by the day. In search of a perfect conservative moment, I trailed him to the Ruger gun factory in the North Country on Martin Luther King Jr. Day. Buchanan bonded with machinists not over the Second Amendment but over the export of well-paying jobs. There are moments when he sounds like Dick Gephardt as he denounces corporate greed, calls for campaign-finance reform, and distances himself from the Medicare cuts being demanded by congressional Republicans. When he says he wants to turn the GOP into a "working-class party," he is running as an heir of Ross Perot, quite a different character from the Kulturkampf Buchanan who challenged George Bush in 1992. But the important thing is not what this says about Buchanan but what it says about the far-right electorate—namely, that it's insignificant. If Buchanan ends up doing well in New Hampshire next month—which on the basis of recent polls appears far more likely than a Gramm breakout—it will testify not to the strength of superconservatism but to its weakness.

Where have the true conservatives gone? Part of the problem is the hyperbole of liberals who habitually exaggerate the right's influence; in the campaign, a press corps eager for drama has inflated it further. Social-issue conservatives have never been that powerful, even within the party. And even economic conservatives are being slammed by recoil from the Republican revolution. Newt Gingrich's broad goal of shrinking government still commands majority support in the abstract, but the increasingly maudlin speaker has managed to make himself supremely unpopular by venturing to cut popular, middle-class programs. Many who voted for the Contract With America in 1994 are alarmed by the Congress they elected. That may not undermine Bob Dole, a past master at the art of trimming. But for those to Dole's right, it's a lousy time to be asking for votes. ■

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RICHARD TURNER

The News Rush

The sudden fascination with news channels has less to do with informing the public than with staking out claims on the information highway.

LAST WEEK, NBC PRESIDENT BOB WRIGHT, NOT NORMALLY known as a big funmeister even in *Fortune* 500 circles, tweaked his main competitor at a news conference by predicting that Disney would change the name of ABC. "Why bother to support two brands when you already have the No. 1 brand?" he said. "I don't think they need two. Their brand is Disney, which is huge."

ABC immediately issued fierce, humorless denials. The remark hit the network where it hurt, particularly in the proud news division, where being called Disney News or ABCD is a notion too horrifying to even joke about.

This corporate repartee brushes up against the touchy area of what they call brand identity, the currently fashionable term in the ongoing Procter & Gamble–ization of the media-and-entertainment business, with much talk of "product" and "shelf space." Some scoff at this ("The Yugo had brand identity," snaps one TV executive), but it's nonetheless the current religion. In the soon-to-be world where media will be delivered with infinite choice at an instant button-push, how do you get noticed?

This is what the current, reigning obsession with 24-hour all-news cable channels is about: In the past few short months (deep breath), Disney/ABC has said it's starting a news channel next year. NBC and Microsoft then rushed their announcement—they'll start this summer. Fox said it wants to start one. CBS does, too. Dow Jones and ITT plan a sports/business channel; Turner started a business-news channel, CNNfn, and is weighing a sports-news channel, which NBC and Cablevision and Liberty Media already have and which ESPN is also thinking about.

Lest one think these entities are responding to a nation of earnest citizens seized by a wondrous new appetite to sift and analyze the issues of the day, it should be pointed out that quite another agenda is at work here. Aside from highlighting the usual herd mentality of these companies, the mad dash to clone CNN is about several things. It's about computers, about "branding," and about machismo. It's fed by the two current drivers of the entertainment business, the Internet and fear of Rupert Murdoch. One thing it isn't about: news.

For audiences, actually, news ranks dead last among the four main categories of programming, behind entertainment, sports, and children's. Network-nightly-news ratings continue to decline while CNN's have been flat since peaking during the Gulf War.

ion Attacks
talgia for the

News, however, has one thing going for it: It's low-tech. News stories aren't totally dependent on visuals. New digital technology hasn't figured out how to deliver full-motion video on demand yet, except in herky-jerky form and on puny scale. So during this transitory middle phase of the revolution, you can get away with text and quickie clips and photos and interactive instructions like "Want to know more about Syria?"

Even though all these incipient CNNs, hats in hands, will be making the rounds of thousands of cable operators to try to get their new channels on systems where capacity is very tight, cable isn't the ultimate goal. There's just not enough audience or advertising money to go around. And survey after survey says that viewer satisfaction with CNN is high—people aren't clamoring for more or different news coverage.

But news will be a Trojan horse to What Comes Next. When NBC made its all-news announcement last month, with GE's Jack Welch in attendance and Tom Brokaw by satellite from the snowy tarmac with the troops in Germany, it didn't take the Big Brother–ish giant screen hanging from the ceiling to make it clear to people what was the most important video image in the room—the guy with the glasses and the bad haircut who was kicking in $420 million. It is Microsoft's Bill Gates who embodies what these all-news aspirants are seeking, which is to plant a flag before the flood comes and washes everything else away, leaving a world of infinite choice in which Gates, along with perhaps some phone companies and a cable company or two, guards the gate.

In that "nonlinear" environment of true video-on-demand, viewers cherry-pick when and how they'll watch. Bill Gates knows this, and what he really wants is to control the box through which consumers will access *Seinfeld* or *Toy Story*. But in the meantime, he'll settle for news. The only ongoing, live stories will be news, sports, and business news. People will subscribe—by brand name.

Maybe this will be on the TV screen with a set-top box, maybe it will be on the Internet by computer—whatever. No one knows, but the networks are hoping they'll be indispensable parts of what the media giants bundle and package into clusters of offerings. Paul Sagan, head of new media for Time Inc., describes one scenario: "There will be a half-dozen Internet Service Providers [ISPs] which will be like phone companies, selling a commodi-

Illustration by Mick Wiggins.

ty—low-margin stuff—and as they compete, they'll need a little branded content, which they'll give you for free to get you as a customer. That stuff will still be available on the Net, but here it'll be free, and will differentiate yourself from other providers. The content providers will like it because there are no marketing costs—you get paid by the ISP and don't have to sell it, the way you would have to with a Website. That's a business Microsoft wants to be in, and NBC gets them there. And down the line, even if news is small, people will expect it to be part of the mix."

So they'll want to get noticed on cable now to prepare for this wholly digital future. "NBC will be the ultimate marketing machine for news online," says NBC cable president Tom Rogers. But it will be almost impossible for it to differentiate itself from CNN. "People are happy with CNN and Headline News," says Michael Pandzik, president of National Cable Television Cooperative, a group of small operators. "If they try to come to the table with a clone of CNN, I don't think there's any chance they will succeed."

NBC News president Andrew Lack makes an argument that this won't matter. After all, he says, *ER* is a medical show—not exactly a brand-new genre—and it's successful because it's well executed. But he also talks of creating news for younger viewers. Dick Wald, senior vice-president of ABC News, says CNN is vulnerable in local news, and that ABC will stress its strong lineup of stations. But CNN already offers a "local edition" to cable operators, and only about 15 percent of them use it.

Even though CNN already is online, the Gates connection helps NBC. Cable operators—many of them drawling entrepreneurs in snakeskin boots—are fast turning into techies. They're realizing that on-demand delivery is going to hurt them, and so they're pushing to build cable modems to deliver entertainment before the phone and direct-broadcast-satellite people do. NBC already has partial cable distribution, which is a huge advantage: It will be able to convert its marginal, 20-million-home America's Talking channel to all-news. The others will have to start from scratch or buy a cable channel.

This will be expensive, but the networks comfort themselves—unconvincingly—by talking about their existing news infrastructure and how they can leverage fixed costs. They already have reporters, and bureaus, and technology that spews out hours of footage every day, all to be squeezed into nightly newscasts and a couple of other blips.

This is all happening now owing to two forces of nature: the economy and Murdoch. The TV networks spent the eighties cutting news costs that had soared when ABC's Roone Arledge started bidding wars for talent. The hunker-down mode continued through the advertising recession of the early nineties, holding the line on costs like sports programming. The only new outlets for news were the prime time news magazines, which initially aired only because they were cheap (and dangerous, because their occasional cheesiness threatened the network-news brands).

Then advertising began to boom, and Murdoch staged his brilliant, bloodthirsty raid on CBS, plundering its NFL franchise and stealing eleven affiliates. Suddenly the networks realized they had almost no library "content" of their own, and needed to acquire some (or merge with Disney, as ABC is doing). They were willing to make big bets, such as NBC's Dick Ebersol signing up five future Olympics for $3.6 billion—and being lionized for it.

Murdoch himself needs news desperately: His company is, after all, called News Corp. He needs prestige to shore up the sometimes low-rent Fox name, to fill the awesome international pipelines he has built, and maybe to advance his own political agenda, a practice he hasn't been shy about. CNN is too liberal, he says, implausibly. But he has no distribution, no infrastructure, and affiliates not at all eager to break up the successful sitcoms and cartoons they've been running against news. In his important alliance with John Malone's Liberty Media, he's taking aim at ESPN's sports programming instead: In the new world, sports has the advantage over news of being proprietary. You can't buy exclusive rights to a presidential speech—at least not yet.

As he always does, Murdoch provoked a new aggressiveness among his rivals and as in every gambling den, there's some macho posturing involved. NBC wants to stick it to Ted Turner, who spurned buyout entreaties. Disney/ABC thinks it can do anything better than Time Warner can. Turner has said CNN is "looking forward to squishing Rupert like a bug."

Ignoble motives notwithstanding, we should, of course, gratefully take straight news any way we can get it. The rush to build all-news channels may not have the advantage of abetting the networks' long-term goals to make huge profits—those will continue to be movies and sitcoms and sports and cartoons—but the networks are coming back to realize what news brought to them in their glory days: authority, heft, a name that—unlike a hypothetical absurdity like Disney News—means something. Okay, maybe news is just a hood ornament. But the networks, who have occasionally practiced powerful and consequential news-gathering, now will have more reason to keep it gleaming and classy-looking. ■

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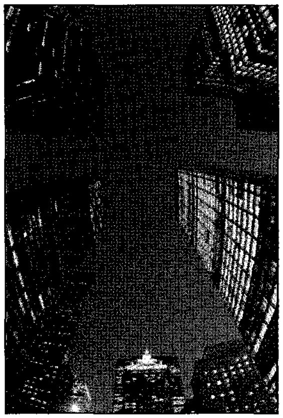
are big in New York...



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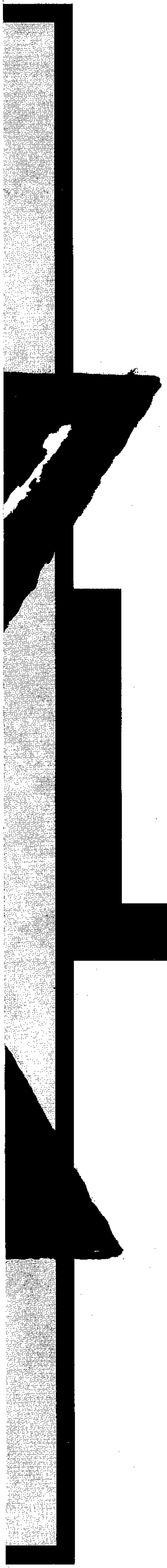


TWENTY YEARS AGO, IN COLLEGE, MY FRIEND MIKE BROWN FROM CONEY ISLAND TOLD ME A STORY ABOUT the sculptor Chaim Gross going to Yale to lecture an art-history class. Gross put up a slide of the Venus de Milo and in a thick New York accent said, or so Mike told it, "This is a beautiful woman. Why? Because of the *shmatte.* Without the *shmatte,* she's nothing." And though confounded by the Yiddish word for a rag, the Yale students, who I pictured as blond and slightly dull-witted, copied Gross's brilliant lines down. The story said everything for me about being a Jew with his nose pressed against the glass of the Establishment. They sought out our intelligence. But they could never fully understand us. And as for ourselves, we held them in a certain contempt. But we were marginalized. We were the outsiders. I've carried those lessons around with me all my life as I've made my own steady progress in the world. The Jew as an outsider was an important

LETTING GO

Jewish Americans are more prevalent than ever throughout the Establishment, and anti-Semitism is at historic lows. So is the long-held image of Jews as persecuted outsiders obsolete?

A PERSONAL INQUIRY BY PHILIP WEISS

As an American Jew, I have a largely unlimited social and professional scope: I'm free to do almost anything I want in this society, including "marrying out."

theme in a novel I published. Feelings of marginalization have informed my journalism, my humor, my social navigations.

Over the past couple of years, though, those feelings have turned in a way that leaves me confused. First, I got a letter from P. J. Corkery, a San Francisco writer who had liked my work but was puzzled by the outsider theme. He said he couldn't think of anyone less "outside" than myself, a writer in New York with access to influential publications: "The poor old Wasps—reduced to taking up geology as a hobby now that fly-fishing has gone suburban—are the outsiders of today, removed as a force from American life. But you . . . Why is it important [to you]? I ask out of curiosity and interest."

At about the same time, I went hiking in the Adirondacks with three non-Jewish friends. Always conscious of ethnic difference, and noisy on the subject, I dipped into my store of Jewish-outsider humor in the snowy high peaks. Maybe it was the Chaim Gross story. Maybe it was the nineteenth-century cartoon I'd seen of a beady-eyed Jew pushing George Washington off a cliff. But one of my Gentile friends was put off by my riffs and later sent me e-mail urging me to shed some of the relentlessly defensive Jewish identification. You sound foolish, he wrote: "There's nothing left productive to work there. In fact, it's counterproductive, because it keeps you stuck in this limited-value world of being 'the outsider,' it's a too convenient way of not dealing with all kinds of shit that you ought to deal with."

Both letters rattled me, but they also prodded me toward the realization that the social and professional scope I have as an American Jew is largely unlimited: I'm free to do almost anything I want in this society, including "marrying out," as I have done. As sensitive as I've been to anti-Semitic attitudes—expressed even by friends of mine—such prejudice has had little real influence on my career. Working as a journalist in Minnesota, Philadelphia, and New York, I've encountered resistance and bemusement but few genuine obstacles. Apart from some social networks, some girls I wanted to go out with who I knew would never date me, and, yes, one or two editors who probably would discriminate against Jews given a chance, I have been included just about everywhere I have wanted to be. My (largely Jewish) professional network is well connected and powerful.

My experience stands in sharp contrast to my father's. Thirty and 40 years ago, anti-Semitism played an important role in his progress as an aspiring scientist. Though at 70 he is at the top of his field, he still carries memories of unfair exclusion. I'm sure the next generation is even blither than me. When I asked my 29-year-old brother, who started a software company, whether he'd experienced anti-Semitism, he laughed and proceeded to describe how throwing around what little Yiddish he knows helped him land a deal.

It seems to me that Jews, on the coasts anyway, have been great beneficiaries of multiculturalism. Not long ago, Jews consciously paid a price for Jewishness, but no longer. "Jews in the Carter administration had to be under the radar," says Abraham Foxman of the Anti-Defamation League. "Now Jews are open about being Jewish." Bill Clinton has named openly Jewish Jews to high Cabinet positions, and he's given both Supreme Court nominations that were his to make to Jews. The fact that the nominees were Jewish never came up. I gather that there are still country clubs in the Hamptons that exclude Jews; meanwhile, a thousand fine distinctions between Jewish and non-Jewish life have vanished. Young Wasps clamor to work at "Jewish" investment houses.

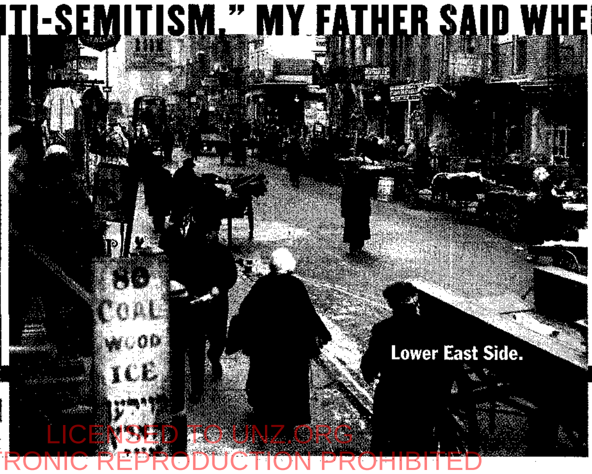
The past ten years have provided remarkable evidence that Jews have entered fully into the elite, and in powerful positions that had heretofore been barred to us. There are ten Jewish senators and more than 30 Jewish congressmen, many representing districts with tiny Jewish constituencies. Men of Jewish background have become presidents of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, with the responsibility of raising money from the very wealthy, many of whom are also now Jewish. Some industries based in Middle America may still keep Jews out of high executive positions, but in big cities we are sought out for society events. The political scientist Seymour Martin Lipset notes that charity doyennes in New York and Los Angeles recruit rich Jews for the most Whartonesque balls, and I understand the same is true in fusty Philadelphia.

Strain between blacks and Jews is persistent and at times virulent, but anti-Semitism has arguably disappeared as a significant factor in American Jewish life. "I submit that behavioral antisemitism 'where it counts' is simply no longer a factor in American life," Jerome Chanes wrote in a volume he edited called *Antisemitism in America Today.* "Such behavioral antisemitism includes large-scale discrimination against Jews; the cynical use of antisemitism in political rhetoric in order to achieve political gains, arguably the most virulent form of antisemitism; and, most important, the inability or reluctance of the Jewish community to express itself on issues of concern because of anti-Jewish animus. . . ."

I spent a day last November at the Council of Jewish Federations (CJF) annual assembly and probably heard the word *anti-Semitism* three times. Among Jews trying to figure out where Jews are going, it's just not a big concern. "Not that it's gone,

"WE KNOW THE HARM OF ANTI-SEMITISM," MY FATHER SAID WHEN I MENTIONED OUR

Ellis Island, circa 1908.



Lower East Side.

The garment center, circa 1912.

Photographs: left to right, Brown Brothers; FPG; Brown Brothers (2).

but its impact in America is, it's right there with ethnic jokes about other people. It's not good, but it's the same thing other ethnic groups face," says Barry Shrage, the charismatic president of the Combined Jewish Philanthropies of Boston.

The most striking evidence of change that day came from the mercurial attorney Alan Dershowitz. Four years ago, Dershowitz published a book, *Chutzpah,* filled with bitter assertions about Jews' "emerging second-class status" in America. The Christian right was conspiring to marginalize us, Dershowitz said; Jews must "combine" and accumulate power so as to protect themselves, he urged. No matter its vintage, anti-Semitism made the author of *Chutzpah* angry and defensive. Martin Luther should be "forever cursed" by Protestant churches because of the beliefs he held about Jews— and on it went to George Bernard Shaw, H. L. Mencken, and Immanuel Kant.

A different man spoke at the CJF general assembly. Dershowitz said nothing about second-class status. No, he cited the open embrace of Jews in the Establishment; he characterized Jews as a privileged group moving away "from our traditional position of underdog." Then he made a statement I can't imagine from the author of *Chutzpah:* "There is in our tradition, understandably but tragically, an anti-Gentile bias that we must root out."

When I told my father about that later, he laughed. "Yes, and Anatole France said that the rich and poor have an equal right to sleep on park benches," he said. "We know the harm of anti-Semitism. What harm can there be in a minority's feelings against Christians?"

But for myself, I admire Dershowitz's concern. It reflects a newer paradigm than my father's view of a world ruled by Wasps; it reflects an understanding of our people's power in an elite infiltrated by Semites, philo-Semites, and yes, maybe anti-Semites too. When I read through the *Newsweek* story on the "Overclass 100," I began counting the Jews, something I've done since childhood, but soon gave up, overwhelmed by my tribe's prevalence among the powerful, troubled by what this means in the new American class paradigm of haves and have-nots.

I realize that the cultural isolation I experienced growing up was enormously useful. As a persecuted outsider, I felt superior, motivated, and uninvested.

Yitzhak Rabin was scheduled to address the CJF's general assembly I attended in Boston, but he was murdered two weeks before. The assassination shadowed the event and not just in a somber way. The killing and its aftermath informed us that Israel is a maturer society than the one we grew up with, facing more complex challenges than simply enemies at its borders. And the American Jewish community today faces more complex challenges than the stark threats we grew up with, the Holocaust and anti-Semitism.

EJUDICES. "WHAT HARM CAN THERE BE IN A MINORITY'S FEELINGS AGAINST CHRISTIANS?"

A demonstration, circa 1918.

I went to the panels on "continuity." Continuity is the euphemism for survival: Is American Judaism going extinct at its own hand? This anxiety stems from intermarriage, of course; six years ago, a survey commissioned by the CJF stunned the Jewish community with the news that 52 percent of the Jews who had married between 1985 and 1990 had married non-Jews. Many Jews worry that the only Jews who will be around 100 years from now are the Orthodox.

The mood of the assembly was upbeat, with singing and prayers. It felt like a spiritual revival. Speaker after speaker echoed the idea that Jews had spent their first 100 years becoming Americans and now must learn to become Jews again. "We are the most Jewishly illiterate generation we've ever had," said Shoshana Cardin, chairman of the United Israel Appeal. "Let's admit that. We're affluent and successful but Jewishly illiterate."

A rallying cry at the assembly was that the organized Jewish community must seize the opportunity to bring Jews, including "adult seekers" like myself, back into the fold. I'm a member of what they called a "lost generation." One speaker compared us to starfish dying on a beach who had to be painstakingly thrown back into the water. Then I'd hear a glowing reference to CJF benefactor Edgar Bronfman and take some ironic comfort in the fact that his son, too, had married a *shiksa.*

I'm precisely what the Jewish organizations are up against. I didn't understand many of the Hebrew words speakers used; though I fast on Yom Kippur, my attendance at High Holiday services is intermittent at best. Statistics suggest that between a quarter and half of the Jews in the United States share my disconnectedness, and the percentage is surely greater at the college level. In a form letter I got last year, Bernard Steinberg, the executive director of Harvard-Radcliffe Hillel, wrote, "You may have been part of that time when being Jewish was a condition. *Today it is an option.* For this generation of students, Jewishness is only one part of their American identity."

The letter had it right. I'm a "Chinese menu" Jew; I pick and choose the values of my background that I wish to keep. When a rabbi at the CJF referred to the strong moral element that Judaism shares with Islam and Catholicism, I thought: *That's one thing I like about being married to a Protestant woman— she isn't judgmental.*

As I soon learned when I began looking into Jewish identity, I'm what sociologists call an ethnic. My sense of myself as Jewish draws on tribal traits, values, culture, language. My parents were the children of immigrants and kept American culture and values as far outside our house as they were able. Not that they were religious: My father is a scientist and disdainful of religious belief. Still, my family joined a conservative congregation in the sixties, as many other Jewish families did, because of the "blackmail of bar mitzvah," as Rabbi Alan Silverstein put it at the CJF assembly.

The Jewish cultural strains in my background were chiefly two: the *shtetl* and scholarship. My grandfathers were from Eastern Europe, and even as their children prospered in America my family knew that at any moment the czar could look the other way when a pogrom began. I now see the culture of the *shtetl* in everything about my extended family as I was growing up: in its mistrust and sometimes hatred of outsiders; in its anxious concern with property and things, which were so easily confiscated in the old country; perhaps most of all in its matriarchal hierarchy and its comfort with debate and ideas.

The *shtetl* granted *yiches,* or prestige, to intellectual achievement above all other activities, and my family was maniacal about scholarship. The house was filled with books, the television was viewed as a medium for information (with the exception of acceptable sitcoms, like *Get Smart*), and my mother laid out the terrain when she told me that Jews—Marx, Einstein, Freud—had remade the modern world. My father had two studies, both with enormous desks. I remember that he tried to learn to sail, that he built a deck on the house, but generally life for my father was the life of the mind. And in his marrow, I suspect, my father regards the Jews as superior to other peoples in creative intelligence. It's an arrogance I probably share, though I'm more ambivalent about it. The American publisher Adele Seltzer may have expressed this attitude best, writing at a time (1923!) when her publishing house and Knopf were rank impostors to the old-line Gentile houses: "The Jews, I feel, are the aristocrats of the intellect, as the English are the aristocrats of breeding and character. . . ."

My family was not as sophisticated as the Seltzers. We regarded Wasps with considerable mistrust. They were cold and aloof; they had bad taste. We made fun of their clothes and their mindlessness. They had wooden relationships with their children. They were responsible for violent, idiotic misadventures like Vietnam and *Bonanza* and riding motorboats around at night. They wasted time on sporting and the outdoors, for which there was nothing to show, and, lacking the ability to express themselves to one another, doped themselves with alcohol. My family was virtually dry. When a visiting friend wanted a drink, even at Thanksgiving, it set off a frantic search for old hardly touched fifths in a dusty cabinet along the wall. Later, my family lost its temperance. Still, one *goyisheh* girlfriend I brought home felt humiliated when my father commented on her taking a second beer, with the half-sneering suggestion that she was an alcoholic.

For all the talk of anti-Semitism, no one talks about what Dershowitz mentioned, something my wife pointed out on entering my family: our own deep-seated prejudices. For a time, my father teased my wife by calling her Brenda Frazier, the glamorous New York deb from the thirties. My wife smiled politely, and I found it amusing. For all my father's intellectual keenness, the comment demonstrates an inability to tell one Wasp from another. It's an inability I've shared.

In fairness to my family, the *goyish* elites made a systematic practice of being undiscerning where we were concerned. When I mentioned quotas at a Passover seder a couple of years back, I was surprised by the cries of rage and grief from a couple of my father's friends who were ordinarily even-keeled. Abe Fortas, remember, could not get a job at a leading law firm in the early thirties despite being editor of the *Yale Law Journal*, and Harvard's president Lawrence A. Lowell tried to restrict Jewish admissions, appearing to look on the immigrants' children as superindustrious killer bees who would crowd out the well-rounded.

It's not something he talks about, but my father's career was at times checked by anti-Semitism. He's a successful scientist, but by my lights, he should have achieved greater prominence than he has, and I know that anti-Semitism played a role. In a Wasp academic, the inability to schmooze and suffer fools civilly might have been written off as irritating and harmless. But my father's eccentricities seemed much more foreign because he is so very Jewish.

I say very Jewish. When I was growing up, my family had great contempt for the thing I sense I have now become, a Waspy Jew. They were self-hating Jews; they put down their own Jewishness; they wore khakis and polo shirts; they were spiritual cousins to Judge Irving R. Kaufman, who so needed to demonstrate his bona fides to the Establishment that he put the Rosenbergs to death. (Liberalism was, naturally, the household faith.)

My parents were too freethinking ever to have opposed intermarriage. That isn't to say that it made them comfortable. Before 1965, about 8 percent of Jewish marriages were to non-Jews. Then between 1965 and 1974, the rate leaped to 25 percent. My parents' closest friends emigrated to Israel in large part out of concern that their children would meet and marry non-Jews if they stayed here.

"The middle-aged parents saw what freedom had wrought and they became frightened at the evaporation of the Jewishness of their children," Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg wrote in *Antisemitism in America Today*. Hertzberg and others have said that the rediscovery of the Holocaust in the seventies grew out of anxiety over assimilation. I remember my mother doing something completely out of character, buying copies of an expensive new book for each of her six children: Roman Vishniac's *A Vanished World*, the celebrated photographs of the Warsaw ghetto. The expense—on the part of someone who had written a book called *Second-Hand Super Shopper*—was incomprehensible to me, but I believe that my mother was taking a token step to arrest the Americanization of her children. Once, I heard her murmur that maybe the Hasidim had it right after all. There was a deep grief in her attitude, a grief I shared at times, a grief that Rabbi Ari Korenblit, a columnist for the *Jewish Press*, seems to partake of when he describes the destruction of Jewish literacy as a "spiritual holocaust" that has taken place quietly around us over the last generation.

Those are strong words for a sociological process that other groups—the Italians, for instance—have regarded far more dispassionately. It is the reason I feel guilty when I see Jewish women at parties. They're the girls I should have married. Such is the nature of Jewish "exceptionalism." We are a special people. By what seductions have we have abandoned our special culture?

Colleges are today the great battleground for Jewish survival, a spokesman for a Jewish organization told me, "because so many Jews were lost there in the last generation." But in college, Wasps still scared me; I was lost in New York.

America was simply too interesting a place, and I had too much freedom in it, to socialize only in my tribe. Then too, I think my family's isolation backfired. I was deeply curious

MY MOTHER WORRIED ABOUT THE FADING OF HER CHILDREN'S JEWISHNESS. ONCE I HEARD

A family on the Lower East Side, circa 1923.

Summer camp, circa 1928.

Soldier a
family, ci
1955.

Photographs: left to right, no credit; Underwood Archives; no credit; Archive Photos; AP/Wide World Photos.

about the other world. I wanted to meet girls who smoked and didn't wear seatbelts. And yes, I also suffered from Waspophilia. When on our first date my wife-to-be showed me photographs of the place her family went in the summer, *yiches* went for noblesse oblige. I liked their old-fashioned bathing suits and big teeth, I liked the sense of ease and worn-out wealth, the fact that no one in the compound was allowed to build a house that could be seen from the lake.

Lately, in a pamphlet on intermarriage prepared by the American Jewish Committee, I saw a questionnaire on Jewish identity and was ashamed to learn that I scored three out of a possible ten. I lost one point when forced to concede that only about half my closest friends are Jews. The question irritates me, because when the Anti-Defamation League surveys the *goyim,* one of the questions it asks is whether they think Jews stick together. If they say yes, that's evidence of anti-Semitic attitudes. Urging Jews to stick together on the one hand while at the same time blasting the world for believing that we stick together: I don't think you can really have it both ways, but that's the outsider box Jews have helped construct for themselves.

I see the *shtetl* in everything about my extended family: in its mistrust of outsiders, its concern with property, its matriarchal hierarchy, its comfort with ideas.

The ADL's press release says that 20 percent of Americans make up "a hard core of haters" and that an additional 41 percent of Americans have attitudes toward Jews that we need "to be deeply worried about." That is, nearly two thirds of Americans need to be watched, because the same stereotypes in the thirties had "horrific consequences," Foxman says. His register of anti-Semitic attitudes is a classic one—"Jews are more willing than others to use shady practices . . ."; "Jews don't care what happens to anyone but their own kind"—and I don't doubt that those attitudes are out there in the dimension in which the ADL sees them. But is this something to be "deeply worried about"? As Jerome Chanes wrote, the definition of anti-Semitism seems to have shifted from "expressed hostility" toward Jews to attitudes that Jews wish that others would not hold.

We live in an increasingly multicultural society. Whether we like it or not, there are real differences among cultures that even studious readings of the Other's culture will not bridge. Stereotypic thoughts are a natural way of organizing one's experience. Suppressing them in the discourse may be politically satisfying and helpful to maintaining order, but it won't make stereotyping obsolete, because for all their destructive power, stereotypes are also useful. They are half-truths, but half a truth is better than none when you are trying to map your landscape, however crudely. The real question is whether you can put those stereotypes aside when confronted with closer evidence that doesn't support them.

Reflecting on his work for O. J. Simpson, Dershowitz said, "The Jewish hate mail that I have received recently outnumbers my hate mail that I used to receive, my anti-Jewish hate mail. Almost all of it is racist in tone, and it comes from Jews who use the *N*-word and the *S*-word [*schvartze*] and who lump together all African-Americans, and I honestly believe that a lot of the reaction and the personalization of the response to the Simpson verdict has shown a deeper sense of frustration within many elements of the Jewish community about African-Americans in general."

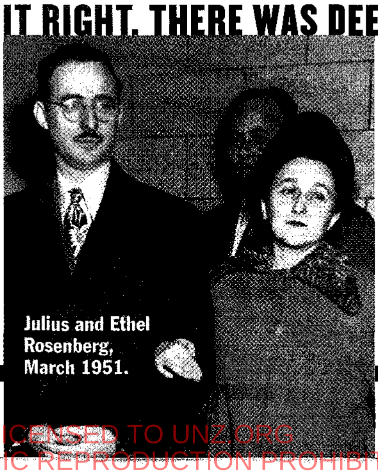
I bet Dershowitz's correspondents also worry about anti-Semitism more than I do. Sociologists who track the decline of anti-Semitic attitudes puzzle over the persistence of Jewish defensiveness, the belief that anti-Semitism is a serious threat in most of America. According to Chanes, 83 percent of Jews agree with the statement that anti-Semitism is "a serious problem." In their book *Jews and the New American Scene,* Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab attributed these attitudes to the hard evidence of history coupled with "the constant refreshment of that history in tribal ritual and education." Persecution is, of course, a theme of many Jewish holidays, and the collective memory of Jews is rich with recent evidence of abuse: the cruel restrictions on Jews in England, the betrayals by the Poles, the Holocaust, and along with it Roosevelt's refusal to do anything when the Wasp Establishment knew damn well what was going on over there and could have at least bombed the railroads.

As my father reminds me, Jews felt almost as comfortable in Central Europe in the twenties as they do in the United States today. It could happen here. But there are important differences between those societies and ours, and besides, it hasn't happened here. More to the point, there's no evidence that it's happening here now, or beginning to.

The ADL says it has such evidence. It publishes an index of anti-Semitic "incidents" of vandalism, harassment, and assaults that have risen sharply over the past decade. The index contains grisly evidence of persistent and terrifying bigotry—such as defacings of synagogues or the case of a couple in Michigan who received a severed dog's head in the mail in a plastic bag with anti-Semitic slurs written on the bag. Still, it does not dissuade me from Barry Shrage's position: that the victimization of Jews in America does not differ from the victimization of other ethnics.

RMUR THAT MAYBE THE HASIDIM HAD IT RIGHT. THERE WAS DEEP GRIEF IN HER ATTITUDE.

Temple, circa 1960.



Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, March 1951.

The ADL numbers are inflated by campus incidents reflecting tensions between blacks and Jews. The tensions are certainly real, but included as incidents of harassment are speeches containing anti-Semitic comments from the likes of Leonard Jefferies and Khalid Muhammad, occasions on which college newspapers have printed ads that deny the existence of the Holocaust, even a student's saying in class that Zionism is racism. Unpleasant

The outsider position is in some ways privileged. As an outsider, you have motivation: to get in. And you get to be demanding without any particular feeling of reciprocity.

speech, yes—but I would argue that it doesn't constitute harassment.

Black America is undoubtedly a repository of anti-Semitic feeling. So are ignorant, alienated people in the heartland who give rise to militias. Jews and others have died at these people's hands: Denver radio host Alan Berg in 1984, Yankel Rosenbaum in the Crown Heights riots of 1991, the seven employees at Freddie's Fashion Mart on 125th street just last month. In Crown Heights, Mayor Dinkins did nothing, but I question whether these murders represent a real threat to Jewish security in the United States today. Both blacks and the alienated far right are relatively powerless groups.

Yet in treating these matters, some Jews invoke a model of Establishment anti-Semitism and Jewish victimization that doesn't exist today. When Martin Peretz, writing in *The New Republic,* endorses the view that anti-Semitism is "the most durable ideology of the twentieth century . . . alive and well, and not primarily in Germany," I think he's being grandiose and narrow-minded. Surely Peretz is right to say that liberal Jews didn't face up to the anti-Semitism of Crown Heights, but does that murder elevate our victimization above other persistent victimizations? The killing of Rabin by a Jew shows how simplistic and helpless is a lens ground purely on the Holocaust, as I think Peretz's is.

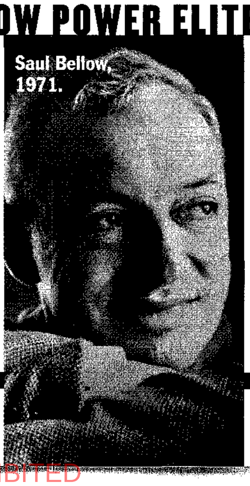
Or there's Frank Rich, hinting in his *Times* column that Bob Dole singled out Time Warner as a font of gangster rap because "its chief executive is named Levin." Rich has done good work exposing Pat Robertson's anti-Semitism, but is it a fair charge here? Where is the evidence to warrant such a slur of Dole's (God help us, political) motives? I feel that Rich is being self-centered and paranoid, like Woody Allen hearing "Jew" for "you." Why not throw in *Time*'s alleged history of anti-Semitism, too— but wait, how does that figure, in the days of Levin, Pearlstine, and Isaacson?

Jews cherish feelings of exclusion not just because there is wisdom in foreboding but because these feelings are useful. They preserve our position as outsiders, a status that has certain moral and practical advantages. As an outsider you have motivation: to get in. And you get to be demanding without any particular sense of reciprocity: the ADL (which is committed to fighting all forms of bigotry) running its Geiger counter over the *goyim* while failing to gauge Jewish racism. Perhaps most important, these feelings solidify Jewish identity. Richard Joel, the president of the Hillel Foundation, speaks of three grim "totems and taboos that kept you having Jewishness as your identity": anti-Semitism, the Holocaust, and an embattled Israel.

All three have faded. "To the next generation, Hitler might as well be Genghis Khan," Foxman says. The loss of these underpinnings makes many Jews anxious in ways related to my own conflict. If Jews are actually successful insiders, how can we be Jewish?

THE CLASS PARADIGM HAS SHIFTED. THE OLD, NARROW POWER ELITE IS MUCH MORE B

Wedding, 1957.



Saul Bellow, 1971.

Young marrieds, Merrick, Long Island, 1964.

The crisis is illustrated for me by Anne Roiphe's 1988 book on the Holocaust, *A Season for Healing,* in which she sought to show that the "Holocaust has moved to the core of American Jewish identity." She went on, "Jewish identity whether we like it or not is reinforced, cemented, locked into place by the 6 million dead." The Holocaust even helps explain Jewish progress. After the war, Establishment anti-Semites suddenly saw the shame in their attitudes and sought to banish them. Rumor had it that Yale held Jewish admissions to a 2 percent quota before the war. Now, Roiphe writes, Yale admits "about 40 percent Jews in each entering class." (Though the New York *Times* put the figure at 30 percent in 1986.)

The shame phenomenon Roiphe describes was an important one, but the Yale statistic she throws off as an aside is staggering to me. What does it mean that members of a group that makes up 2.5 percent of the population account for two fifths of the positions at one of the principal staging areas for the American Establishment? Is it possible that it also reflects something special about American inclusion and not just the reflected shame of what was, after all, a European event?

For my part, and I suspect many younger Jews', what occurred at Yale and *Time* magazine was more significant in the formation of identity than anti-Semitism and the Holocaust. What's more, neither anti-Semitism nor the Holocaust was a very positive basis for identity, especially when one is confronted by bounty and freedom. Who likes to think of himself as a representative of a "victim people," as political scientist Barry Rubin calls it?

That was my Jewish problem: Why embrace Judaism if it meant embracing a fenced-in, xenophobic belief that was neither satisfying nor realistic?

Throughout the CJF assembly, a lone Hasidic figure with a long white beard and a wide-brimmed black hat kept rising to bark out fundamentalist warnings. The ultra-Orthodox don't intermarry, don't have a "continuity" problem, and at lunchtime, I buttonholed the rabbi in the hall. Emanuel Ravad said that the Israelites had withstood assimilation in Egypt by maintaining Jewish customs of food, language, dress, and naming. American Jews would have no problem with continuity if they only continued to give their children Jewish names.

His hand flicked at my name tag. "You should not be Phil; there is no Phil in the Bible. You should be Pinchas."

"Pinchas," I said. "That was my bar mitzvah name."

"No, that is your Hebrew name! You got that name at your *bris.* See, you are ignorant of your people's history."

Photographs: left to right, no credit; UPI/Bettmann; no credit; Photofest (2).

"That's true," I said.

The hooded blue eyes flashed at me. "And look at you," he said. "You are not ashamed of it."

No thanks for the guilt trip, I thought as I went away, but it later occurred to me that America is not Egypt, and that made all the difference to my parents. At critical points, they chose American values for their children over tribal ones. True outsiders don't give a shit, don't want to be in the party. My family—and probably most other liberal upper-middle-class Jews—did. We decided that there was something special about American values that didn't require our continued isolation. Here we could achieve. Harvard might have been ruled by anti-Semites, but my parents were eager that I should go there. Once out in the world, I met loads of philo-Semites, even if I know that their own parents have said awful things about Jews.

Along the way, I embraced many gentile values. I liked adulterating my own intensity and seriousness with the gameness and frivolity of Gentiles I met. The aloof directness of Wasp company appealed to me. Not very warm, maybe, but they gave you freedom to do whatever you wanted. My father-in-law's straightforwardness has helped me understand who I am. Wasps may envy me my comfort with intellectual debate, but I envy them their comfort with nature and physical activity. Close-knittedness at times had felt suffocating to me, and the role of the Jewish male too effete. I confess I have sometimes had difficulties with Jewish women, feeling a little handled. That's a stereotype, but it's one I've lived.

Some people will say that my comments manifest Jewish self-loathing. That is, that I am taking my place in a long tradition of Jewish self-deniers and worse. I think of Philip Roth, for his scathing portraits of vulgar and materialistic suburbanites; the philosopher Mortimer Adler, who, facing withering anti-Semitism from the Columbia administration in the twenties, set out to reform his own "ungentlemanly" behavior and ultimately converted to Christianity and published arguments that Christianity has a "greater claim to truth" than Judaism. It's an accusation I have difficulty dodging. I've experienced anti-Jewish feelings I'd be ashamed to confess; I also sense that I'm not alone. One Jewish friend prays that her son won't marry a Jew. A Jewish editor of *The New Republic* once said to me over the phone, "I'll have to Jew you down" on a fee. (No, not Michael Kinsley.)

And whose self is it? Who decides what I am going to be, how I am going to sort out my influences? As Lipset and Raab wrote in their study of the new Jewish status, at some point, tribal identification no longer provides its members "with a life meaning that can compete with the fruits of individual accomplishment." And then tribal cohesion loses, "despite all sentimental denials and institutional investments to the contrary." Today, my tribe's cohesion is losing badly. The traditional Jewish response to this internal threat has been to distinguish between good and bad Jews, a form of stoning in which I've sometimes played a part.

There are times that my conflict is less with my tribe than with Waspish surroundings. Their homes can seem arid and repressed, their dinner conversations cleansed of all real interest, my friends at times lacking in kindness. Some of them say stupid or mean things about Jews. Harpo Marx's widow once told me that the first time he truly relaxed was when he was in Israel; he didn't think people were laughing at him. Harpo, I feel your pain. My intensity makes some of my new associates uncomfortable. Occasionally, I think they hate the Jew in me, that I'd be so much happier with my old Jewish girlfriend. When I'm too exposed to my wife's family, I have almost a physical reaction—I feel sick inside and crave my native habitat.

For my wife's part, the repressions and decadent social calibrations of the Wasp ghetto gave her her own form of self-loathing. She grew up in the seventies, when Wasps were the enemy. She's a philo-Semite. Jewish culture—Jewish politics, Jewish literary life—helped draw her to New York. Still, when I'm particularly stubborn or ungenerous or hardscrabble, she calls me Shtetl Eddie. Yes, that's anti-Semitic. But somehow I can hear the humor in it.

The other night at a party, a Jewish friend gave me the business for caving in and allowing my wife to put a Christmas tree in the house. He said I should have argued that the future of my minority group was at stake. I can't conduct my marriage on those terms, I said. We're both secular; I'm not going to ask my wife to turn her back on a culture that is dear to her.

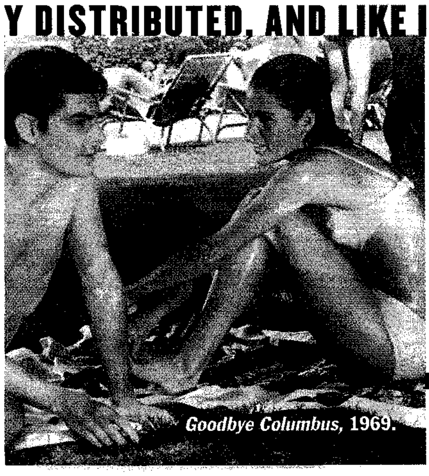
Still, Richard's underlying concern is one that just about all Jews share: How many Jews will be left if the trends I exemplify continue? Some have argued that the American Jewish community faces extinction: as few as 10,000 Jews in America in 2076, and no more than a million—down from 6 million or so now. And all of them fundamentalists!

My first response is that if this prediction does come to pass, I feel I can live with my responsibility. Despite the losses involved, I'd make the same choices again. The more I swim out into American culture, the more I understand that I wasn't willing to pay the price in my own isolation that Rabbi Ravad and the tribe seemed to demand for survival.

But that may be too grim a way of looking at the situation. It's impossible to predict with certainty what Jewish status will be two generations from now. There are simply too many factors at work.

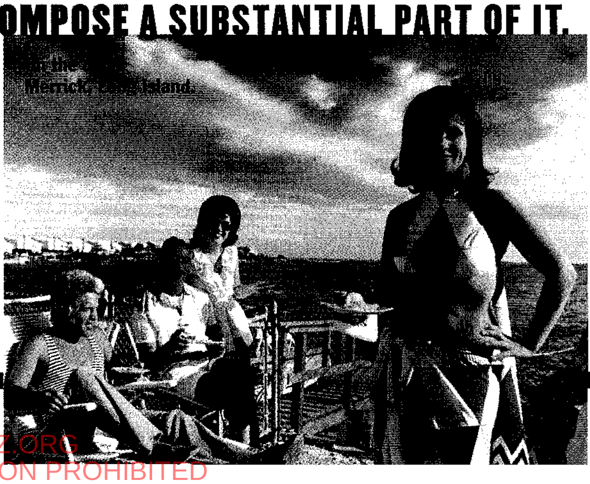
As Barry Kosmin, the CJF demographer who co-wrote the celebrated 1990 intermarriage statistics, pointed out to me, there are today more Jews by conversion than there have been in all history before us. Who knows where that trend will lead? Then there's the changing nature of intermarriage. "Traditionally, in-

Y DISTRIBUTED, AND LIKE IT OR NOT, JEWS NOW COMPOSE A SUBSTANTIAL PART OF IT.



Goodbye Columbus, 1969.

Portnoy's Complaint, 1972.



In the Merrick, Long Island.

termarriage came out of alienation and disregard for Jewishness," Kosmin says. "Today we get many interfaith couples, a believing Presbyterian and a believing Jew." Again, who can say what effect "dual identity" couples like mine will have a hundred years from now? Even if my capitulation on the Christmas-tree question leads to further downfalls, and I have children and make a botch of giving them any real Jewish education and they in turn marry non-Jews, who can say with certainty what my grandchildren will feel as quarter-Jews? Racial war or a surge of anti-Semitism could reaffirm their Jewish identity in a big hurry.

More significant, the nature of American Jewish identity may be changing in ways that make the Katy-bar-the-door approach less and less meaningful. Some of the Jewish leadership is today offering a much more positive message about Jewishness than the ones I had growing up. "We have to stop saying 'Let my people go' and start saying 'Let my people know,' " one man said at the CJF assembly. Another man reminded us that God's first statement was not *Fight anti-Semitism* but *Let there be light.* "Some Jews think that we can only come together when we face external threats," the UIA's Shoshana Cardin said. "I think we can focus on the positive, the joy and the blessing."

Then Barry Shrage spoke, and he said that people used to tell him that his grandmother was superstitious till the day she died. He now understands that his grandmother had Jewish mysticism about her, a romance and poetry that defy all explanation and that she tried to hide away in this materialistic country. When I heard that, I almost started to cry. My grandmother was the same way.

"It's a terrible lie that we need anti-Semitism to survive," Shrage said.

A few days after the assembly, I called Shrage to talk about anti-Semitism. "Maybe the reason so many Jews are still so fearful is they get a letter in the mail every other day with a skinhead on the cover to raise money," he said. "You know, I talk to a philanthropist and tell him about all the great things happening in Jewish revival now, and he says to me *Farrakhan Farrakhan Farrakhan.* My secretary explained it to me: 'Don't you see? Identifying through anti-Semitism is so easy.' "

"That's one of the things I didn't like about Jewishness, all this talk about people who were stopping me when I was doing fine," I said.

"Sure," he said. "The point is, why should you build your identity around anti-Semitism when Shabbat is a glory, when there are Jewish teachers around who make Jewish learning beautiful, and loving kindness is part of our tradition?"

I hung up the phone feeling deep pride in my heritage. I'm Jewish in my DNA, as my wife says; I think of my greatest gifts as Jewishy ones: intellectual independence cultivated by my father, a fearlessness about intimacy encouraged by the close company of my mother and sisters. Maybe some day my grandmother's mysticism will help lead me to a greater understanding of my spirituality or background. But honestly, I'm not sure what the resonances Shrage touched will come to.

HOW MANY JEWS WILL BE LEFT IF THE TRENDS I EXEMPLIFY CONTINUE? SOME HAVE A

In college, I was an executive of the Harvard *Crimson* newspaper, and one day my friend Mary Ridge, an Irish Catholic from a much less privileged background than mine, said to me that the *Crimson* was a club of Jewish men and anyone else trying to find a place there felt excluded. I was stunned to hear this. I was an outsider; I used to inveigh against the privileged Wasp clubs whose long high walls seemed the very bones of the campus and that wanted no part of me. It was incomprehensible to me that my set could wield anything like their social power. Today, as then, I can say to myself, *We Jews are gifted at expression; so what if we predominate in this field?* But I have always wondered whether there isn't more to be said for Mary's position.

The ADL points out that the "anti-Semitic" attitude that has shown an increase from the past generation is the number who believe that Jews have too much power. It has risen from 11 percent in 1964 to 31 percent in 1992. But as Jerome Chanes wrote, "Jews in America are a power group; is it unreasonable for some people to ask whether Jews have too much power?" When I spoke to retired senator Howard Metzenbaum, he agreed that Jews are a "power group." Then he said, "But the question is how they use that power. For instance, we are the most generous givers to the United Negro College Fund."

This is a good, traditional answer to the question: Jews do not exercise their influence as Jews; they have a great ability to serve others fairly. "You have Danny Glickman—he was elected time after time in Kansas, which was 1 percent Jewish. That's the phenomenon," says Ed Koch.

Lipset and Raab offer a staggering roster of statistics on Jewish achievement: Twenty-six percent of reporters, editors, and executives at major print and broadcast media. Fifty-nine percent of the writers, producers, and directors on the 50 top-grossing motion pictures. Forty percent of the partners in leading law firms in New York and Washington. Sixteen of the top 40 on the *Forbes* 400, and 23 percent of the total list. Seven and a half percent of senior executives of the nation's largest businesses and 13 percent of executives under 40.

If the black community has long writhed on the hook of the black family, seeming to the outside world to be in denial about how damaged it is, Jews have similarly prevaricated about the question of Jewish influence—whether we have it, how we gain it, what it means. For all the money we give the NAACP, Lipset and Raab's book contains the amazing assertion that a quarter to a third of all political contributions to major parties come from Jews, who make up less than 3 percent of the population. When George Bush made a derisive comment about the number of lobbyists who were pressuring him on Israeli issues, he was denounced widely, all but tarred with the brush of anti-Semitism. I can imagine that Bush may harbor anti-Semitic attitudes, but is the Jewish community strong enough to withstand a legitimate question about policy-making?

Marty Peretz was justifiably critical of the Jewishlessness of the Bush administration. "The political universe he has constructed . . . is not one in which Jews are welcome," he wrote. But what about when the shoe is on the other foot? For instance, Peretz's friend Al Gore retracts a job offer to a Harvard scholar because Peretz reportedly complained about a review that the man had once written in which he compared the Israeli secret police to the Gestapo. "Honest to God, I don't see any difference between [Republicans'] crawling to Pat Robertson and [Democrats'] crawling to Marty Peretz," the jilted writer told the Washington *Post.*

Isn't that an exercise of power? Or are we immunized against such a question because we are outsiders? When the NRA exercises political power, it's a hot-button issue. When Jewish money plays a part, discussing it is anti-Semitic. If you say anything about Hollywood, you get shouted down. When Dolly Parton suggests to *Vogue* that Jews blocked her TV series, Foxman can show

Steven Spielberg directs *Schindler's List*, 1993.

Photographs: left to right, Photofest; Photofest; Miles Ladin; AP/Wide World Photos; Photofest.

"Why should you build your identity around anti-Semitism, when Shabbat is a glory, when there are Jewish teachers around who make Jewish learning beautiful?"

you his angry letter to Parton and her contrite response.

But is there anything to the charge of Jewish clubbiness in Hollywood? Are all questions about it illegitimate? Jews created Hollywood; they didn't steal that power, Ed Koch said to me. Fine. Gentiles created the Supreme Court.

When I met Abe Foxman, I pushed the question about Jewish numbers in the media and politics that are "disproportionate" to our numbers in the population. For a while, we argued about semantics.

"Your perception of us having made it is, we have power?" he said.

"Right."

"But when I asked you about power, you redefined it—not power; we have access.

"No—you said access," I said. "Power is real."

"Power is control? Do we control?"

"I don't think power is control necessarily. But you're a senator, you have power."

"The anti-Semites believe that every Jew in every position . . . is grinding my ax."

"They're idiots if they say that," I said.

"In 1933, they were the same idiots who said, 'What's wrong with this country is that there are Jews, Jews in power, Jews who have influence' . . . and now when you, from inside, say, 'Well, we're misrepresented . . . ' "

"I didn't say misrepresented—I said represented disproportionately to our numbers in the population."

"I say to you that they are Democrats who happen to be Jews, and their Jewishness is something they wear once a week, once a month; five times a week, on Sabbath, never—it's irrelevant. To some, it means a lot; to some, it means nothing. . . . It's bullshit; it's a vision of the anti-Semites. It's Dolly Parton who says: 'Do you know why I couldn't produce a born-again-Christian series? Because the Jews control Hollywood, and they don't want to project a Christian in a good light.' "

Foxman's right. Jews don't exercise their power thinking, *Is this good for the Jews?* But at the same time, he's engaged in obfuscation.

"You say 'disproportionate to your numbers'—to me that is dangerous. To me that is sinister," he said. "To me that feeds all the undertones. How do you combat an attitude that has been out there for 2,000 years that says you're too successful, you're too smart, you're too powerful, you're too influential? How do you deal with people who covet your success? What do you do—do you hide it?"

But that's what he does: goes into panic mode when you try to make observations about Jewish achievement. My father is at least more straightforward about it. When I told him last Thanksgiving about all the Jews in the U.S. Senate, he lifted his eyebrows and said, rather dryly, "Why aren't there more?"

My father's sense of being an outsider, and mine, came from a time when there was a broad multiethnic middle class and an elite Wasp Establishment. The class structure has now shifted. Globalization is destroying the middle class. You're either on the informational bus or off it. The formerly narrow power elite is much more broadly distributed, and, like it or not, Jews are one of the groups that compose it.

The redistribution of wealth and privilege helps explain the friction between blacks and Jews. For all the historic talk about commonality in persecution, our statuses are today sharply different. Jews still vote liberal and talk about social justice; meanwhile, we do just fine. I think blacks understand this about us better than we do. Under all the talk is a desire for affluence and influence, which we have attained. As Dershowitz said in Boston, the famous Jewish commitment to social justice had a self-interested component: We were oppressed. Today we aren't, but we still seem to be competing with the blacks for victim points.

The traditional Jewish idea of exceptionalism, or superiority, disrupts the American mythology of egalitarianism. It's why Foxman urges discretion; it's why Harvard's president Lowell was for restrictions; it's why idiots in the western mountains see the Jewish numbers and pass around *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion.* Even my father feels the conflict; he can justify his elitism because he says we Jews have to sleep on park benches. That's the luxury of thinking yourself an outsider. Not only does it bolster tribal identity but it grants us great freedom: to wield power and then, when that power is questioned, to fall back on our outsider status. To demand fairness from the American system and then fail to heed signs of fairness because we are still shadowed by the Holocaust.

Five years ago, my wife and I were driving through Montana on our honeymoon when I told her about my family's ideas of specialness. She rapped on her window. "No more special than him," she said.

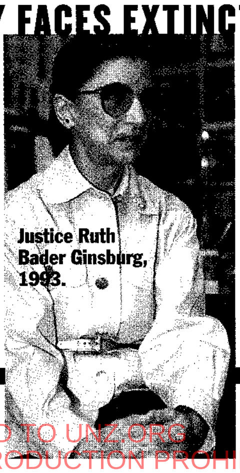
A red pickup went by with a country-looking driver, the very embodiment of all the values that my family had kept at bay. Probably not that smart, either. And given the landscape, a Jew-hater too. "Him!?" I said.

"Sure. We just don't know the five points of his star," my wife said.

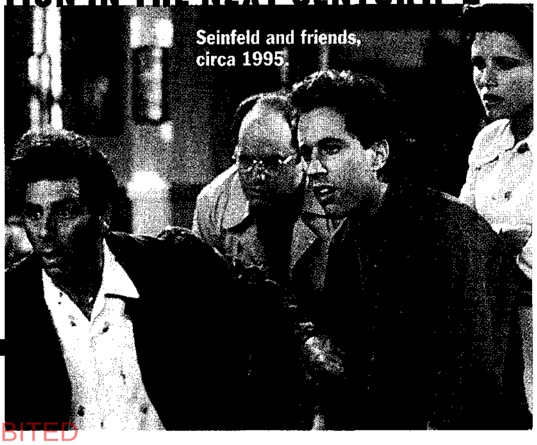
I could never urge Jews to abandon their culture of exceptionalism and excellence; it's the culture that made me. But as issues of fairness become central to American politics, I'd urge that we give up our complacency and take greater risks with those notions: more honestly engage them in the American experiment, in the American discussion about success, who makes it and who doesn't, and what are the rules, with the understanding that we are players and not victims. We all might learn something. ■

THAT THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMUNITY FACES EXTINCTION IN THE NEXT CENTURY.

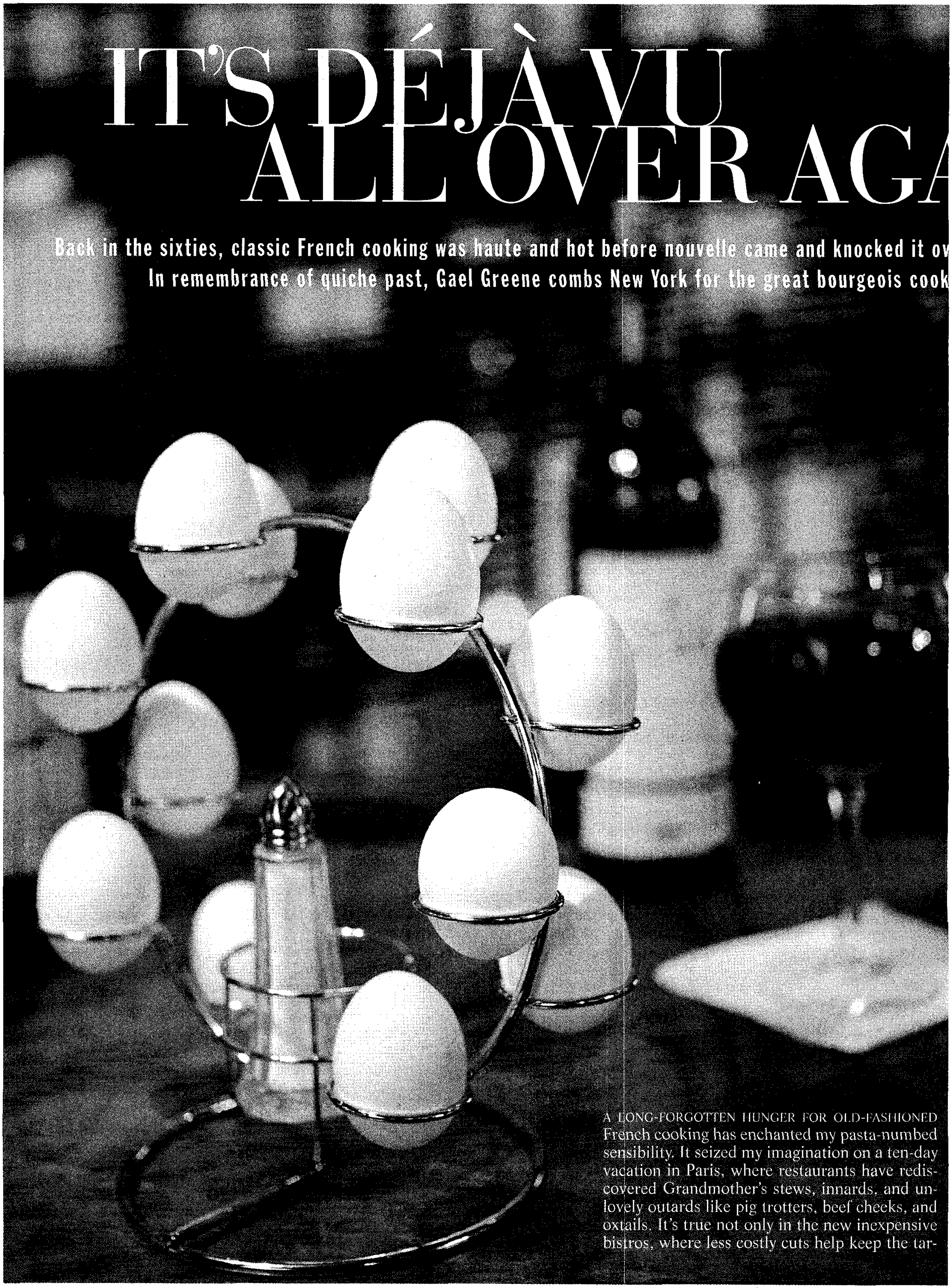
Arthur Liman and Barry Diller at a Spielberg tribute, 1994.



Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, 1993.



Seinfeld and friends, circa 1995.



IT'S DÉJÀ VU ALL OVER AGA

Back in the sixties, classic French cooking was haute and hot before nouvelle came and knocked it ov
In remembrance of quiche past, Gael Greene combs New York for the great bourgeois cook

A LONG-FORGOTTEN HUNGER FOR OLD-FASHIONED French cooking has enchanted my pasta-numbed sensibility. It seized my imagination on a ten-day vacation in Paris, where restaurants have rediscovered Grandmother's stews, innards, and unlovely outards like pig trotters, beef cheeks, and oxtails. It's true not only in the new inexpensive bistros, where less costly cuts help keep the tar-

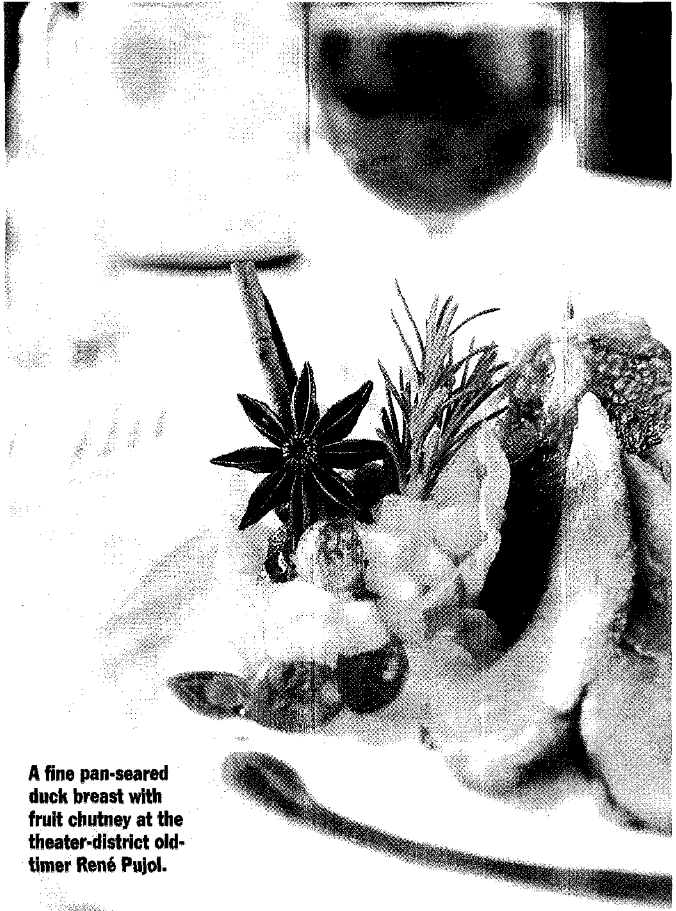
N

he nineties.

PAPIER A CIGARETTES
JOB
ABSINTHE RESTAURANT

Opposite: The bar at Les Halles, a corner of the fourth arrondissement on Park Avenue South. This page: L'Absinthe in the old Le Comptoir space—*plus ça change.*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MELANIE ACEVEDO
FOR NEW YORK



A fine pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney at the theater-district old-timer René Pujol.

iff low, but in the temples of haute saucery as well: At Joël Robuchon, his signature tête de porc with mashed potatoes; at Le Taillevent, pig's-foot sausage buried in truffles.

Here in New York, the backlash against nouvelle cuisine has banished itsy portions, precious arrangements, and dangerous liaisons of unlikely ingredients (or so we hoped). The look of the dish remains a major preoccupation, but now it's more likely to loom architectural, tall on the plate. And the most sensible of the nouvelle edicts—*honor thy market*—is more powerful than ever. Only a few French chauvinists and Francophiles have retreated to country cuisine. Most of our town's chefs, gifted and not, seem hypnotized by pan-cultural fussiness. In New York, you really have to scour the side streets to find decent beef cheeks.

French friends were raving about the homage to old times at **L'Absinthe** (227 East 67th Street; 794-4950), a new name for the strikingly nostalgic Le Comptoir, rechristened now that Jean-Michel Bergougnoux (a veteran of Lutèce, most lately at Raphael) has become a partner. I took along a Parisian chum with a craving for home cooking. Nibbling gougères, small cheese puffs best eaten hot from the oven, we glance at the main menu. It's definitely in tune with the latest culinary buzz: hazelnut mashed potatoes and veal risotto with star anise. We toss it aside in favor of the smaller "Menu d'Antan" describing the shellfish platter, the cheese tray, and a handful of classics. Our expectations soar over wondrous tête de veau (calf's-head salad) surrounded by puddles of fine sauce gribiche, its fattiness cut by the crunch of leek's green. Warm saucisson Beaujolais, sliced so thin, scarcely races the pulse. The famous country chef Mère Brasier might have been embarrassed by the slightly dry poached chicken in a rather vapid truffle broth invoked in her name. But the deep-green al dente cabbage is a fresh-tasting addition. Boeuf mode aux carottes is a near triumph—the meat tender, the sauce buttery (though a shade thin). First-rate hanger steak, steak tartare, and delicious halibut at a later outing make me wish the chef would keep that edge of excellence, even on a quiet Sunday. Perhaps I'm too harsh with Monsieur Bergougnoux. After all, he's got courage. So let us praise a noble effort.

In September, when **La Caravelle** (33 West 55th Street; 586-4252) announced it would celebrate "35 years young" with dishes from the sixties, my appetite was primed. At one time, it was the ultimate local bastion of Gallic snobbism—in 1969 I borrowed an Yves Saint Laurent and begged a financial-world heavy I'd never even met to take me there. La Caravelle has mellowed under its new owners, and has a peachy glow with shaded lamps and pricey blossoms on every table. For a time, a French-trained Japanese chef gave the menu an Asian cast. Now a Frenchman is again at the range, but still there is miso in the sauce of the entrecôte and sesame breading on the calf's liver.

Tonight, the crowd of ancients is here again, risking cardiac arrest to indulge in fillet of sole in a sauce requiring a quart of cream. With crab as high-quality as Caravelle's, the less done to it, the better. As always, just a dab of dressing spells perfection. The ground fish of the quenelle is overprocessed—I acquired my quenelle standards at Le Pavillon, before the food processor reigned. Even the rice is soggy, and the feeble lobster sauce quite scant. Once, I swooned over "Pannequets Caravelle," but they couldn't have been as uninspired as these crab-filled crêpes. How misguided can the contemporary meanderings of French cooking be? Try the snails in a brie-and-herb-scented sauce, or the lobster with sweet-potato purée and redberry coulis. Grilled smoked salmon—its deep slashes filled with roe—poised on a bed of fennel purée with chanterelles is the dernier cri in overkill. Would we like the roast duck crisp? Yes, we said. But it wasn't. The only triumph, besides the crab, is the defiantly retro veal kidney in mustard cream. We asked for it rare. But even medium-rare, it was a taste of the past at its most wonderful.

It seemed the right moment to go back to sixties haunts, I thought—to the venerable outposts that lined the theater-district cross streets in the golden days when we were poor and innocent, first discovering quiche and boeuf bourguignonne. Jean-Jacques Rachou, whose mythic cassoulet survives as hearty as ever among **La Côte Basque**'s (60 West 55th Street; 688-6525) many newfangled notions, told me he relies on **Le Quercy** (52 West 55th Street; 265-8141) for the tastes of home. But merely decent onion soup and cassoulet were not worth risking an austere endive salad, very ordinary entrecôte, pitiful monkfish with cabbage, the owner's chill indifference, the waiter's rudeness. Two doors east, **La Bonne Soupe** (48 West 55th Street; 586-7650) has been swiftly dispensing bargain chow for 23 years. Standees with baby carriages crowd the aisle. Now, absorbed by her handheld computer, the overworked waitress need never look you in the eye. La Bonne Soupe is not as *bonne* as it used to be, not the watery mushroom-barley with lamb, at least. But when money is tight, the ham-flecked quiche, garlicky snails, and tough but flavorful steak-frites might satisfy, if you don't mind paper napkins and your hors d'oeuvre fork being tossed back on the table for the entrée.

Just a sprinkling of businessmen, most of them French, have found their way to lunch today at **Les Pyrénées** (251 West 51st Street; 246-0044), a longtime stalwart. The place is freshly spruced up in matching stripes and paisley at age 33. But almost no one is here to appreciate it. No wonder the waiter seems bored. I must admit, I can't get enough of quiche now that I've rediscovered it. But rubbery pâté, the watery broth of a lackluster cassoulet, and the stodge of the blanquette de veau remind us

LES HALLES, THE DARK AND NOISY BISTRO-CUM-BUTCHER SHOP, BRING ITS PARIS NAMESAKE TO MIND. LONG AFTER THE SNAILS ARE GONE, W CAN'T STOP DABBING OUR BREAD INTO THE GARLICKY BUTTER why we left this world behind.

René Pujol (321 West 51st Street; 246-3023), an old-timer on that French-restaurant row, still throbs with life, especially on matinee day, when Westchester and New Jersey doyennes arrive by the busload. Nicole Franques, a second-generation Pujol, and her husband, Claude, keep up with fashion: Sautéed tuna with red-onion-and-ginger compote in port sauce. Penne with tomatoes and basil. Indeed, the chef's onion tart has no pastry, no cream, no cheese, just caramelized onions in a thyme-scented milk-and-egg custard. He'd already eighty-sixed the old-fashioned headcheese vinaigrette from the upcoming menu because nobody orders it, and he gave us the last piece, delicious and not too fatty, better than the underseasoned country pâté with céleri rémoulade.

My companion, a longtime friend of the family, was invited to order from the dinner menu—fine pan-seared duck breast and a confit of the leg with fruit chutney for me, Provençal braised rabbit (unhappily dry and tough) for him. And Claude offered us a third dish, navarin of lamb, the meat juicy and sweetly glazed, tinged with a hint of rosemary and neatly arranged in the style of today around a hill of fabulous ratatouille. Choose the caramelized custard from the $23 lunch or $35 dinner and you'll forget you had cause to complain.

Every few months, a letter comes from Gérard Donato, *proprietaire* of twenty-year-old **La Mangeoire** (1008 Second Avenue, near 53rd Street; 759-7086), the most recent touting the new chef Patrick Bruot, "a disciple of Alain Ducasse," and his "flavors of the Côte d'Azur." There's a loyal lunch caboodle here, testament to the caring welcome and a setting that is exuberant if not riotous—explosions of dried flowers, hanging lanterns, a potbellied stove. You can taste the Riviera influence in vibrant octopus-and-mussel salad "Vieux Port" with pesto. But excellent mesclun is oversoaked; the porcini terrine, strangely flavorless. Salmon roe overwhelms otherwise pleasant brandade ravioli. I don't understand why the stuffed calamari are cooked separately from the risotto. The calf's liver is neither seared nor rare, despite our requests. And there's no hint of the promised mustard in the sauce on the stringy, dry rabbit.

At the younger, scrappier bistros, chefs seem more comfortable straddling two generations of rebellion in French cooking—nouvelle and let's-not-be-too-nouvelle. Inside **Park Bistro** (414 Park Avenue South, near 28th Street; 689-1360), Max Bernard bustles about the cramped tables, and the air you breathe tastes instantly French. Jean-Michel Diot is back in the kitchen, putting his sunny Mediterranean gloss on bistro familiars—sprightly mesclun, herb sprigs sprouting everywhere. A sardine terrine with red peppers is dense and colorful. The sharp acid of excellent tomatoes brightens codfish brandade with fried eggplant, and red-wine-vinegar sauce sets off sautéed skate with white beans. Fernand Point, the long-gone mythic Michelin-starred chef of La Pyramide who gets a menu credit for the hanger steak, might not comprehend the mushroom-ravioli appetizer, but he'd be pleased with the steak's spicy green-peppercorn sauce.

Across the street, the popular **Les Halles** (411 Park Avenue South, near 28th Street; 679-4111)—the dark and noisy bistro–cum–butcher shop—brings to mind its Paris namesake. So what if the chef can't help sprinkling a few chopped nuts around his céleri rémoulade or adding a tassel of thyme? The onion soup has real flavor, as does the very up-to-date saffron-mussel risotto. Long after the snails are gone from the sizzling caquelon, we can't stop dabbing our bread into the garlicky butter. I ask the waitress to warn the kitchen not to oversalt, and the hanger steak with first-rate fries suits me fine. No pig's feet today, so I order sensational tripe, with carrots and grated cheese on top. The smartly crumbed cassoulet Toulousain in a large flat baking dish rivals the one offered at La Côte Basque for twice the price.

An Armenian-American chef trained at the River Café runs the kitchen at **Quatorze Bis** (323 East 79th Street; 535-1414), the creation of Americans with a crush on France. Like Julia, they've digested the art of French cooking. Proof is in the terrine maison, salty but full of flavor, and in the fine bacon-leek-and-Gruyère tart. Though I seem to have lost my taste for the ooze of warm bacon fat on chicory, my guests still love the time-honored bistro salad. Perhaps our cassoulet got cheated when the meats were doled out. The herb-grilled chicken is flavorful but dry, its twice-cooked fries too hard. But I'd come back just for the luscious braised duck and the thinny-thin apple tart for dessert.

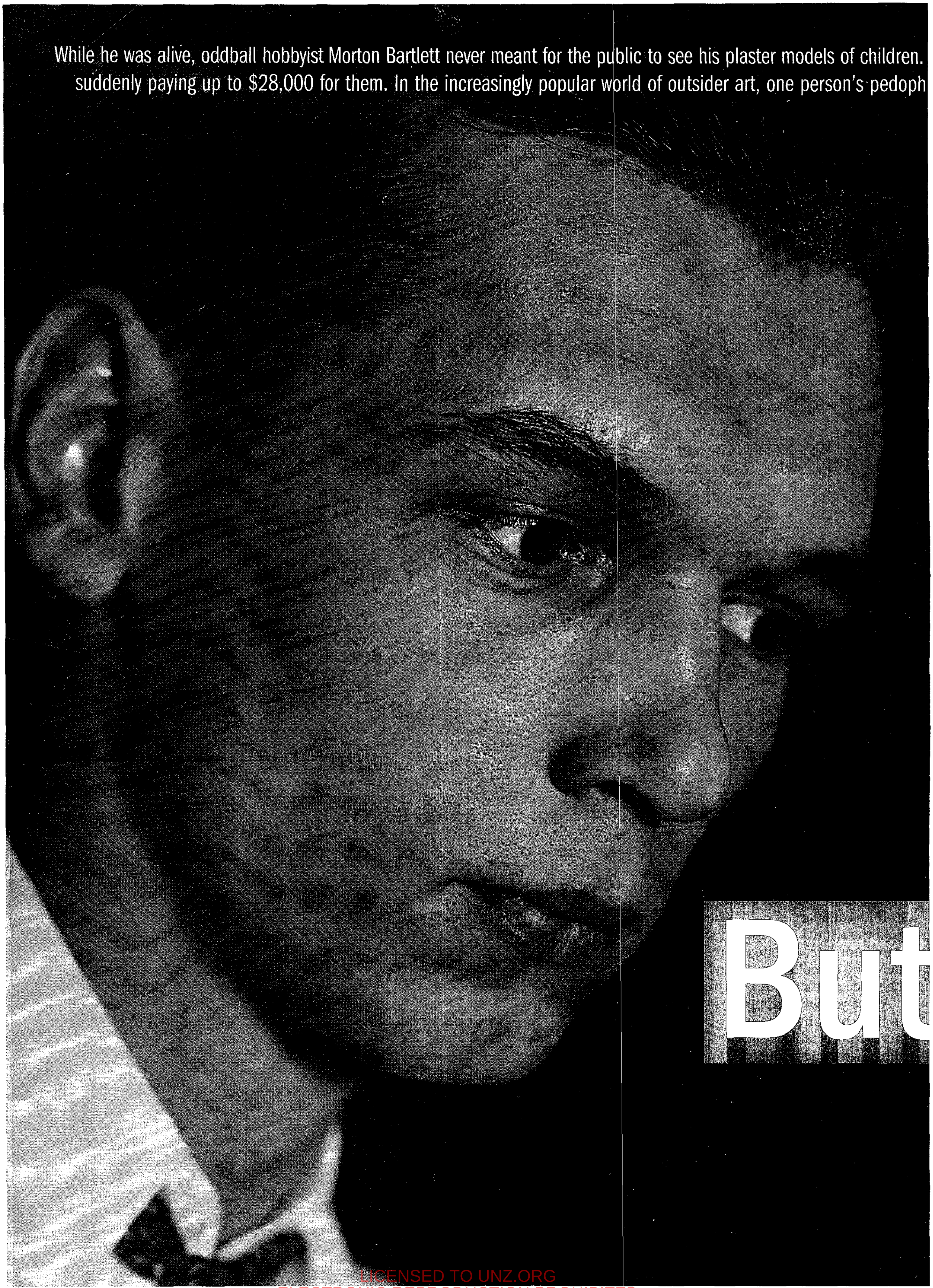
Normandy-born chef Philippe Feret, who prepped in Paris at Prunier, Le Doyen, and Taillevent, stirs up an eclectic stew at **Café Centro** (200 Park Avenue, at 45th Street; 818-1222) with bows to his heritage in a country-style pâté (slightly undersalted), duck-confit salad, crisp roasted duckling with a mod orange-cilantro glaze, and a super-rich Provençal vegetable tart. Pan-seared salmon on a pissaladière with frizzled fried onions, bits of olive, and savory eggplant is Feret going over the edge. And what could be more French than his evocation of Morocco in the b'steeya and the couscous with vegetables or seafood?

Quite clearly, the best bourgeois cooking around is found now in our most celebrated French restaurants. Well-heeled Upper East Siders know **Restaurant Daniel** (20 East 76th Street; 288-0033) for absolute elegance and fanaticism over the seasonal harvest. But foodies can't resist chef Boulud's daily classics: Stuffed and breaded pig's feet with black truffles. Braised veal cheeks with spinach and truffled macaroni gratin. Roast andouillette with winter root vegetables and lentils. **Le Cirque** (58 East 65th Street; 794-9292) honors the past with a salad of crunchy calf's tail and feet. Consommé double with truffle garniture "royale." Braised veal shank with marrow and Swiss chard. And Thursday's pot-au-feu has a loyal following. Antoine Bouterin, in his new namesake Provençal cottage, **Bouterin** (420 East 59th Street; 758-0323), does his mother's agneau à la cuillère—lamb stew cooked for seven hours, till you can eat it with a spoon—as well as duck roasted whole. At **Lutèce** (249 East 50th Street; 752-2225), chef Eberhard Müller still offers André Soltner's Alsatian onion tart and the *ancien* icon of luxe, a whole truffle with foie gras in a croissant, splashed with périgourdine sauce.

At L'Absinthe.

La Luncheonette (130 Tenth Avenue, at 18th Street; 675-0342), in the outer wilds of Chelsea, draws a trendy crowd for mostly tried-and-true staples of the French repertoire: Nutty grilled-sweetbread bits in vinaigrette, and a deftly turned-out whole artichoke with mustardy dressing in a sauce boat on the side. The brains lovers at our table were not impressed by cervelles au beurre noir, nor by a perfunctory couscous. But the civet of rabbit with prunes was worth this stop on desolation row. My hardened New York cabdriver insisted on escorting me to the door.

While he was alive, oddball hobbyist Morton Bartlett never meant for the public to see his plaster models of children.
suddenly paying up to $28,000 for them. In the increasingly popular world of outsider art, one person's pedoph

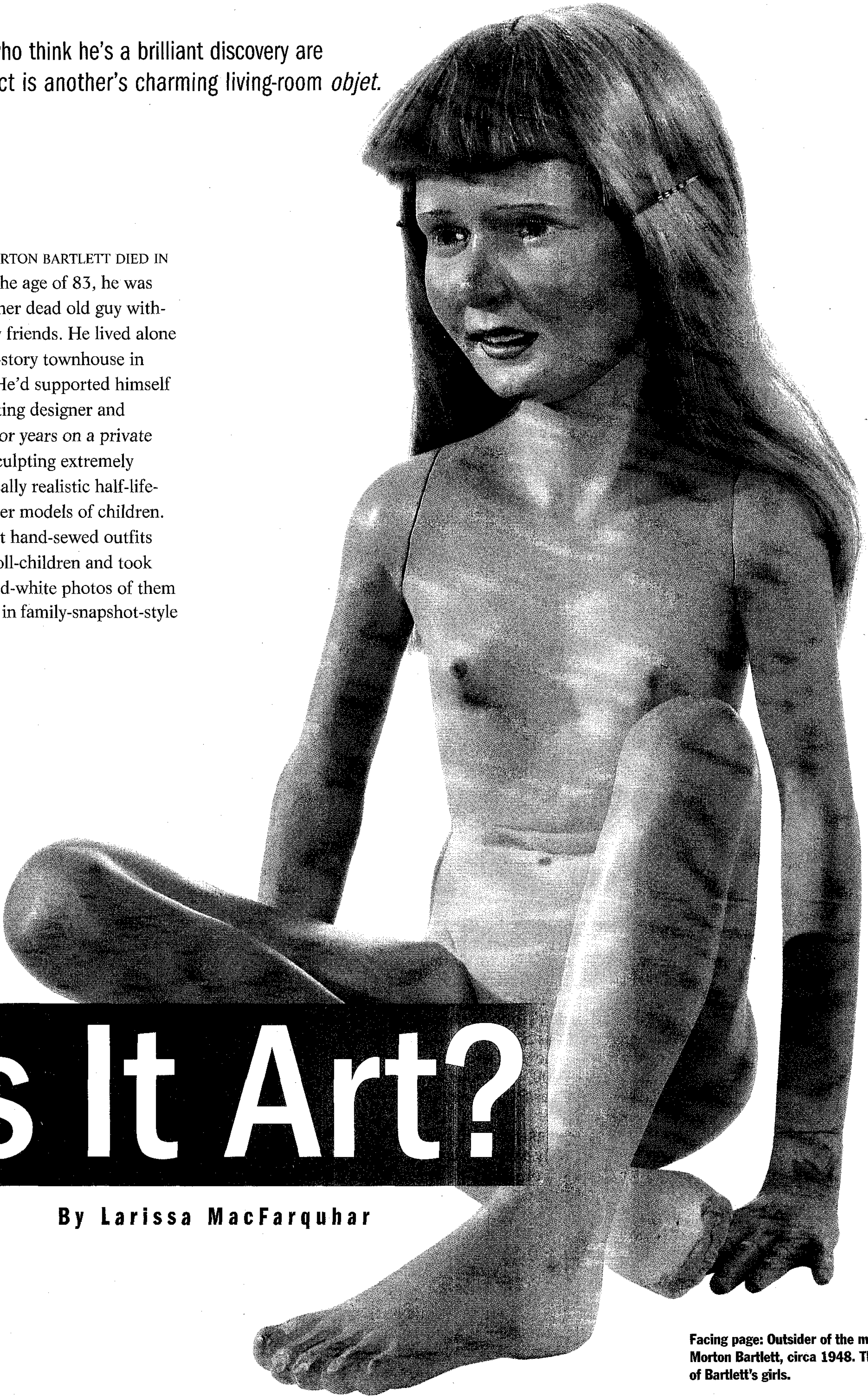


But

ectors who think he's a brilliant discovery are
sh object is another's charming living-room *objet.*

WHEN MORTON BARTLETT DIED IN 1992 at the age of 83, he was just another dead old guy without many friends. He lived alone in a four-story townhouse in Boston. He'd supported himself as a printing designer and worked for years on a private hobby: sculpting extremely anatomically realistic half-life-size plaster models of children.

Bartlett hand-sewed outfits for his doll-children and took black- and-white photos of them arranged in family-snapshot-style



Is It Art?

By Larissa MacFarquhar

Facing page: Outsider of the moment Morton Bartlett, circa 1948. This page: One of Bartlett's girls.

After dealer Marion Harris “discovered” Bartlett’s dolls and photos, she set about creating a market for him.

“The fascination with outsider art is a reaction to our overprocessed world. That y
find a Morton Bartlett, who hasn’t been contaminated by the MTV virus, is v

poses. The pictures were incredibly lifelike—a few looked like pictures of real children at first glance—so they were uncomfortably lacking in the safe campiness of most doll art. Their innocent appearance made them . . . creepy, somehow more reminiscent of artist Hans Bellmer’s sadistic doll pornography than of the Precious Moments snaps they seemed to aspire to.

Bartlett’s estate lawyers found the remains of his hobby stuffed in boxes and passed them on to Massachusetts antiques dealer Bruce Emond, who exhibited them in the fall of 1993 at the Triple Pier Expo in Manhattan. Fifteen years ago, the dolls and photos would probably have been picked up as curios by people who liked their eerie, fetishistic quality. But these days, the creations of eccentric hobbyists like Bartlett are at a premium. “Outsider” or “self-taught” art—art by people who’ve had no formal training or contact with the art world—is a rapidly expanding niche in the New York art market. So Bartlett’s dolls and photos were bought en masse by a dealer, to be marketed as such. At the 1994 Fall Antiques Show at the Pier, Bartlett’s photographs were priced at as little as $800; the dolls, $12,000. Now, just one year later, the dolls sell for up to $28,000, and the photographs for as much as $1,500 each.

THE CURRENT POPULARITY OF OUTSIDER ART is partly a post-eighties thing: The combination of extreme conceptualism, jadedness, and high prices that characterized last decade’s art boom has engendered a somewhat maudlin, neo-modernist longing for art that feels *authentic*—the product of social exile and misery, not northern-lit studios in the Hamptons. Outsider art fits the bill perfectly: A typical outsider either lives in a rural hamlet in the South or suffers some sort of debilitating mental disorder; whereas folk art is created within a local tradition—of quilts or cigar-store Indians—outsider art is supposed to arise, twisted and singular, directly from the unconscious. It’s a Romantic, nineties form of radical chic.

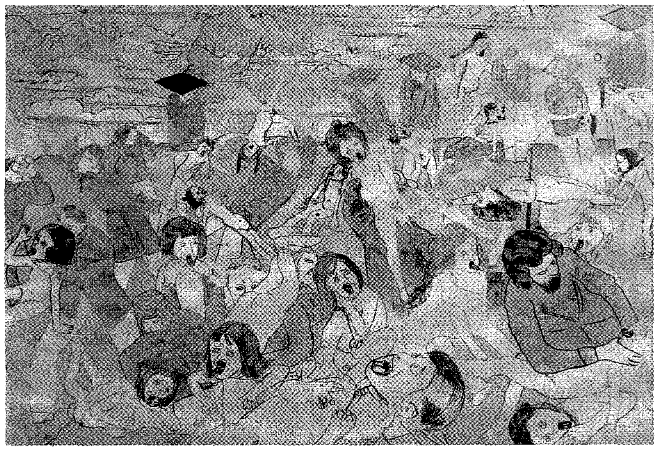
Another factor in its success here is that the outsider world’s center of gravity has shifted from Europe to New York, and now its major annual event is the Outsider Art Fair at the Puck Building. This year’s fair, which takes place this weekend starting January 26, will be inaugurated, for the first time, with a big opening-night benefit.

A combination of press coverage and an expanding stable of hipster celebrity collectors—Tim Robbins and Susan Sarandon, Jonathan Demme, David Byrne—has made more people aware that outsider art exists and that, compared with mainstream art, its “masterpieces” are affordable. Last November, the first museum in the country dedicated solely to self-taught art—the American Visionary Art Museum (AVAM)—opened in Baltimore.

The quality of outsider art varies enormously. There are paintings that belong in the thrift stores they were probably found in, and there are Henry Darger’s spectacular, sick, cartoonlike watercolors of little girls getting sliced up and throttled; Thornton Dial’s jaw-droppingly sexual pastels reminiscent of de Kooning’s “Women” series; Achilles Rizzoli’s obsessively intricate drawings of people he knew rendered symbolically as buildings. It’s difficult to talk about the appeal of outsider art as such without sentimentalizing and exaggerating its originality: After all, if an outsider artist isn’t formally schooled, his eye has certainly been developed by TV, movies, and advertisements. Still, one reason outsider art is so intriguing is its unpredictability. Since there’s no art-historical narrative to place it in, there never seems to be an answer to the question of why an outsider paints or sculpts the way he does. Why sliced-up little girls, for instance? Why buildings?

As outsider art has quickly developed from an ad hoc designation into a coherent milieu and economy, spinning an artist as an outsider has become a specialized skill—one quite different from the skills required to market a conventional artist. Many collectors believe that to be interesting, an outsider can’t just be good; he’s got to be weird as well. Eccentric life stories are very important. Outsider mavens look for artists that are “compulsive,” “obsessive,” and “visionary.” Dealers know this, and many tailor their clients’ biographies accordingly.

Photograph by Mojgan B. Azimi.



Henry Darger's astoundingly violent works appeal to the many collectors attracted to outsider art that hints at dark sexual appetites.

Marion Harris, the dealer who bought all the Bartletts, is a specialist in self-taught art, based in Simsbury, Connecticut. She is loud, Scottish, and short. Her hair buzzes and spits off her head into a fierce brown frizz; her eyes are the pale-blue color of a husky's and aggressively awake. On her stationery, she has replaced the *i*'s in her name with exclamation points. She is a persistent, disconcertingly intense saleswoman.

At the Triple Pier Expo, Harris decided that Bartlett was the most exciting discovery to be made in a while, so in order to corner the market on his work, she immediately bought everything Emond had: fifteen dolls (mostly depictions of girls ranging in apparent age from a few months to 16 years), about 200 photos, about 50 spare doll feet and hands, 40 or 50 ears, and 28 heads. She took her booty back home and began looking into Bartlett's life. He was a pretty borderline outsider, as it turned out: He'd attended Exeter and Harvard in the late twenties. Still, he'd been fairly lonely, and could certainly be called "obsessive": He'd conformed to a rigid daily schedule (a malted-milk shake at exactly noon; a glass of sherry at exactly five) and spent years working on his dolls in order, Harris thought, to make up for the real offspring he'd never had.

n still
freshing."

Having established Bartlett's outsider credentials to her own satisfaction, Harris set about putting together a catalogue of his work. The catalogue had to serve a number of functions: It had to legitimize Bartlett's art from an aesthetic point of view, confirm that he was a genuine outsider, and head off suspicions that he'd been an actual, practicing pedophile. Dark sexual appetites can be appealing to collectors, but Harris believed strongly that the dolls were innocently conceived, and she wanted others to see them that way. (One of Bartlett's only extant comments about his hobby is tantalizingly ambiguous: "Its purpose is that of all proper hobbies—to let out urges which do not find expression in other channels.")

The finished catalogue contained six admiring articles about Bartlett; several of Bartlett's photographs of the dolls (clothed, except for the one of the 16-year-old girl); and a few new color photographs of the dolls (naked). Harris was ready to present Bartlett to the world. She rented a stall at last year's outsider fair, and set it up with the dolls, the photos, a couple of heads, and her husband, Jerry, a dentist, to help her with customers.

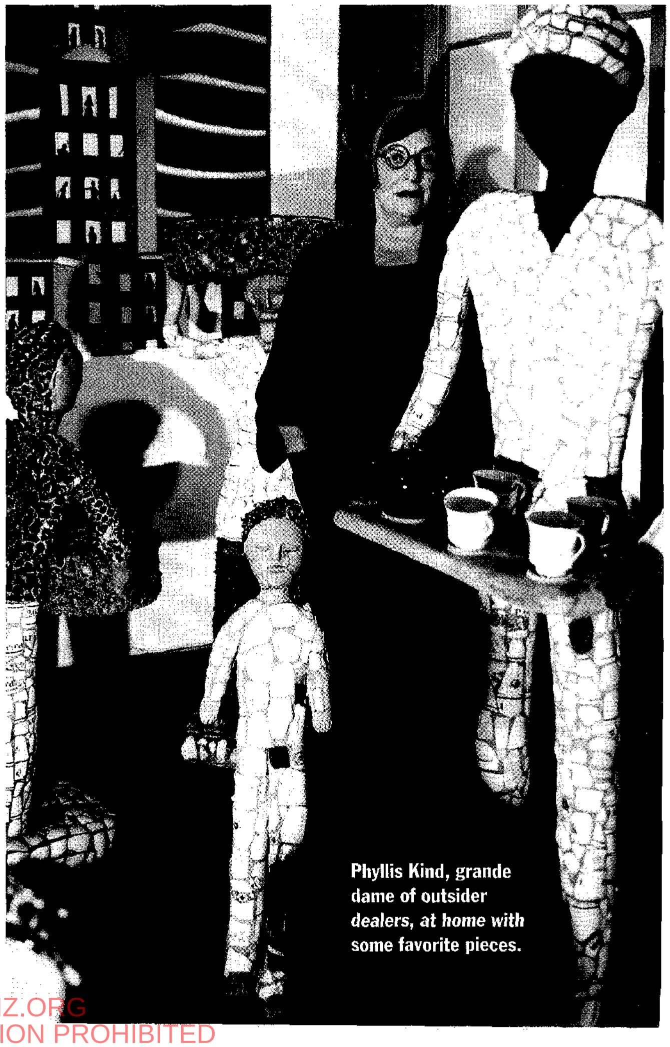
When I met up with Harris at the fair, she had an air of extreme urgency about her—perhaps because her stall was stuck in the backwater of the exhibition, across from the snack bar. She launched immediately into her pitch. Had I had seen the articles that mentioned Bartlett's work? Did I have a copy of the New York *Times* piece about the event? I would be interested to know that she'd already sold one of Bartlett's figures to a Long Island couple, the Hanfts. I really should meet them—they'd promised to drop by her stall. A few people arrived to peer at the dolls, and Harris's eyes began to twitch back and forth from me to her prospective customers. I told her I would call her later, and hurried off into the room.

Harris had good reason to worry about being stuck in Siberia. The fair is a microcosm of the business, and dealers seem to be positioned in order of importance. In the first room were New York dealers Phyllis Kind, Roger Ricco, Frank Maresca, and Luise Ross, and a prominent dealer from Germany, Suzanne Zander. In the second room were Chicago dealer Carl Hammer, John Ollman from the Janet Fleisher Gallery in Philadelphia, Aarne Anton from the American Primitive Gallery in SoHo, and Shari Cavin and Randall Morris, whose gallery is a couple of doors up the street from Morris on lower Broadway.

Phyllis Kind, who occupied booth No. 1, is one of the matriarchs of American outsider art. She has a marvelous, gravelly voice that fits her stature. Kind has been dealing in outsider art since the sixties, when several of her contemporary artists drew her attention to the powerful, nightmarish drawings of Mexican schizophrenic Martin Ramirez, who had been institutionalized in a hospital in L.A., and Joseph Yoakum, who started sketching eerily stylized, flattened landscapes at age 76.

Kind believes that there aren't many Ramirez types around anymore because mental patients are so often treated with psychotropic drugs. "It's a partial frontal lobotomy is what it is," she mourns. "Your entire head is swathed in a cotton ball. I've looked for work in institutions but I haven't found any. I've had a few prison art shows, though. Those people are not given drugs, and for some of them their anger is enough obsession."

The Galerie St. Etienne on West 57th Street has been around for longer than Kind's gallery has—it was founded in Vienna in 1923 and moved to New York in 1939—but it deals primarily in work from the "classical" period of American self-taught art: the Horace Pippins, Morris Hirshfields, and Grandma Moseses that now cost in the high-five and mid-six figures. Kind was one of the first American



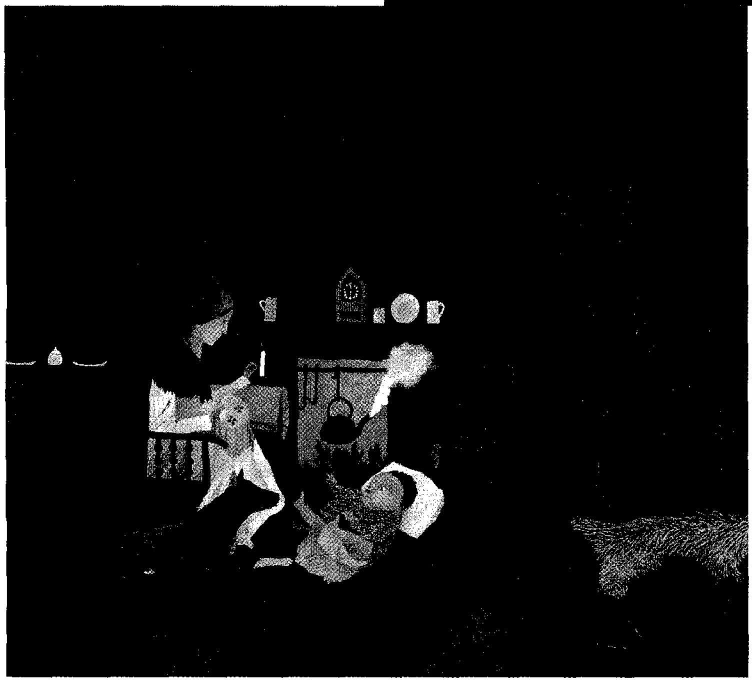
Phyllis Kind, grande dame of outsider dealers, at home with some favorite pieces.

Photograph: top, Ricco/Maresca Gallery; bottom, Mojgan B. Azimi.

dealers to sell works by outsiders discovered since the war. Most of the other New York galleries have opened since 1980.

During that time, the outsider business has become much more professional and, consequently, nicer to artists. In the early days, self-taught art made its way to New York via pickers, who trolled around the back roads of the South looking for visually oriented wackos, bought their work in bulk, and sold it for a big profit. Several indignant articles were written about how extortionate and colonial these transactions were—though in fairness to the pickers, it should be said that a lot of them were branching out from the antiques business, in which a profit of several hundred percent is considered perfectly normal. These days, most pickers have either moved on or opened up galleries of their own, and many of the artists have wised up and applied to New York dealers directly.

When the American Visionary Art Museum was putting toget
someone whose stationery was printed with the title "Vision



Horace Pippin's 1940 painting *Six o'Clock*. His work, from outsider art's "classical" period, has been exhibited at the Met.

The process of bringing outsiders to SoHo has also been facilitated by the art-therapy programs now offered in mental hospitals, old-age homes, and homeless shelters. Margaret Bodell of the Bridges + Bodell gallery on East 7th Street found a number of her artists while working at New England mental facilities. Kerry Schuss, an artist who runs a gallery out of his loft on Franklin Street, discovered Freddie Brice and Philip Travers while working with the art program at a psychiatric senior center on the Upper West Side. Dealers often have preferred forms of outsiderness: Schuss likes work by people over 80; Bodell specializes in artists with autism.

Though most eccentric 80-year-old painters still haven't heard of self-taught art, their grandchildren have. Dealers get solicited all the time by relatives of elderly painters, and even by artists declaring themselves outsiders. When AVAM was putting together its first show, it got a letter from someone whose stationery was printed with the title "Visionary Recluse" and gave a fax number.

The savviest of the newly savvy outsiders is the Reverend Howard Finster, a painter from Georgia who was discovered in the seventies, appeared on Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show* and designed album covers for R.E.M. and Talking Heads. Finster has employed a small army of relatives to help him turn out new works and copies of past bestsellers at an astonishing rate (he has signed off on more than 36,000 paintings in twenty years, an average of about five a day), and has set up a special hotline for his customers: 1-800-FINSTER. On request, his manager will send you a price list of standard-issue Finsters: You can buy a 2-by-6-foot *Coke Bottle* or *Marilyn Monroe* for $5,000, or go for the low end and buy a *Howard (Holding the World)* for $150.

As I wandered around last year's fair at the Puck Building, someone close by in the crowd began singing—to the tune of the Tina Turner song—*What's art got to do, got to do with it?* At the Ricco/Maresca exhibit, a tall man in a dark suit produced a compact and carefully powdered his nose and forehead. Suddenly I was startled to hear my name called in a full-throated yell. It was Harris, churning wildly toward me through the crowd. Her collectors, the Hanfts, had arrived at her stall, she cried, and she wanted to introduce me.

The Hanfts, Adam and Flora, were both about five feet five. Adam, who works in advertising, was wearing color-speckled plastic-framed glasses. Flora wore black. As Harris looked on, fidgeting, the Hanfts explained why they liked Bartlett. "You know how things just seem to talk to you?" Flora sighed. "Well, part of it was that. I love the mystery about his life. I think he had a real need to express himself in this way." "Bartlett's obsessive streak appealed to us," Adam added. "I think the fascination with outsider art is a reaction to our overprocessed world. The notion that you can still find someone like a Morton Bartlett, who isn't contaminated by the MTV virus, is very refreshing."

After the fair, I talked to some of the big collectors. Bob Greenberg, a Manhattan special-effects mogul, recently bought a Bartlett child he found particularly disturbing: a prepubescent blonde girl sitting with one knee up, the other knee splayed out to the side, and an expectant expression on her face. Greenberg first got interested in Bartlett because he was being compared to three other outsiders he believes he may be the largest collector of: Calvin and Ruby Black and Henry Darger. The Blacks, childless like Bartlett, carved, dressed, and perfumed close to 60 wooden likenesses of various people and displayed them around their rock-and-crystal shop in Yermo, California, in the fifties. Darger, these days one of the priciest outsider artists around (his pictures sell for $20,000 to $50,000 apiece), is speculated to have escaped from an institution for the "feebleminded" in 1908 when he was 16, and later gotten a job as a janitor. At night he worked on what became a 19,000-page dystopian epic about seven little girls enslaved by vicious men, *The Story of the Vivian Girls in What Is Known as the Realms of the Unreal, or the Glandelinian War Storm or the Glandico-Abbienian Wars as Caused by the Child Slave Rebellion.* He illustrated the story with pen-and-watercolor drawings that resemble sweet thirties coloring books, except for the girls being throttled, stripped, and stabbed so often. *Vivian Girls* was found in Darger's apartment after his death in 1973, along with a 2,600-page autobiography and hundreds of pairs of smashed eyeglasses, pairs of shoes, and balls of string.

Greenberg, with his taste for the disturbing side of self-taught art, is a spiritual descendant of the European strain of the outsider tradition, *art brut* ("raw art")—a term coined by Jean Dubuffet in 1945. Dubuffet, along with Klee, Kandinsky, and the Surrealists, became fascinated by and began publicizing the art of institutionalized mental patients. Collector Gael Mendelsohn, co-chair of this year's

Photograph courtesy of Galerie St. Etienne.

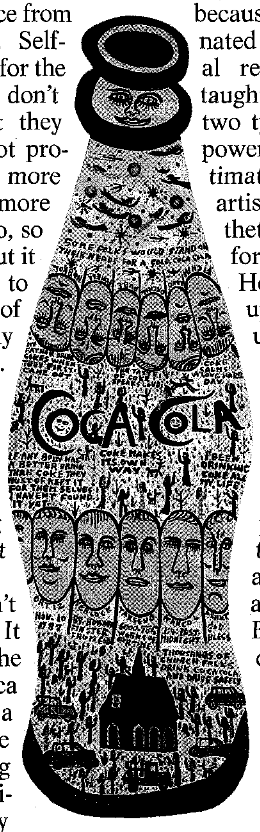
Outsider Art Fair benefit, represents the second, very different strain of the outsider-art tradition, which derives from American folk art. Like Bob Greenberg, Mendelsohn has a number of the Blacks' "Possum Trot" dolls, but unlike Greenberg, she likes them for their cute, Norman Rockwell aspect.

"One of the things I enjoy about outsider art is telling people about the artist's background," Mendelsohn says. "Everything has a terrific story behind it. Once I went to visit Thornton Dial. My husband and I were staying at the Ritz-Carlton in Georgia, and I took him out of this beautiful, plush hotel and made him drive three hours to Alabama, where we stayed in Thornton Dial's house with about thirteen other people. For breakfast we had bacon from the pig we'd met the night before. Mrs. Dial made all the southern black fried food that I've never had before, with the grease and the oil and about 6 million grams of fat. My husband wanted to kill me at the time, but I said, 'In a couple of years, this is going to be a wonderful experience to talk about,' and now he agrees with me."

first show, it got a letter from cluse" and gave a fax number.

Appropriately, perhaps, many collectors take pride in their distance from the mainstream art world. Self-taught art, after all, is perfect for the kind of people who say they don't know much about art but they know what they like: It's not produced by artists who know more about art history (or lead more glamorous lives) than they do, so it leaves them free to say about it exactly what they please and to react to it purely in terms of pleasure. Collector Anthony Petullo is just such a person. "I'm not an artist," he says. "Never took an art course in my life. I'm a self-taught collector. I've lectured at the Museum of American Folk Art, and I always make a big point of that. I tell them, 'Just choose what you like!' "

Most outsider dealers don't mind this kind of attitude. It broadens the audience for the work. And as Frank Maresca puts it, you don't have to be a horticulturalist to appreciate a flower. Still, it's worrying that the new American Visionary Art Museum actually encourages this Perot-style championing of the proud ignoramus.



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The museum's founder and president, Rebecca Hoffberger, does not have a background in art. She was, it's true, the first American to apprentice with Marcel Marceau in Paris, but that, she says, is ancient history. When she conceived the idea for the museum, she was working for a program called People Encouraging People at Sinai Hospital in Baltimore. Hoffberger compares academic art to a child who gets pushed out in front of people to sing. "It's charming," she says, "because children singing is charming. But it's very different than when you come across a child who has no idea that you're there and who's singing to himself. That's a much more holy experience. What's marvelous about visionary art is knowing the artist and hearing their observations of life—really fresh genius thoughts, you know? I suppose we're all bored with the conversation we usually get at parties."

Collector Gael Mendelsohn and her husband, Michael, in their Westchester home.

Hoffberger's patronizing, slightly mawkish outlook is disconcerting because her museum has been designated by Congress the official national repository for American self-taught art. There have always been two types of outsider fans: the empowerment types like Hoffberger, ultimately more interested in the artists than their work, and the aesthetes, interested in the art for its formal qualities. But the fact that Hoffberger was the one to drum up the funding to start a museum may mean that the empowerment crew gets to wield undue influence on the way self-taught art is perceived by the public.

Not that there aren't problems with the less sentimental, purist aesthetic approach. Aesthetes would like to see outsider art considered as contemporary art, on a strictly formal basis. But of course it makes all the difference in the world that self-taught artists aren't responding to the academic tradition as contemporary artists are, and that distinction is useful. Aesthetes also tend to overreact to the fact that outsiders' wacky life stories are such a large part of their appeal to collectors. While rich white people eager to meet poor black artists clearly have the potential to be irritating, life histories are often helpful explanatory substitutes for the art history that puts contemporary works in context.

And though, as these outsider histories go, Bartlett's is rather mundane, his debut was a decided success and at this point he seems destined for a profitable career. So far, Harris has managed to get him into a show at the Ronald Feldman Gallery on Mercer Street. She has sold Bartlett pieces to a few of the most prominent outsider collectors in the world.

The irony of Bartlett's becoming a self-taught artist, though, is that while he was alive, he was himself trying to tap into the very same nonintellectual authenticity that collectors look for in supposedly primitive outsiders. ". . . I seek to become more perceptual than conceptual," he wrote in his Harvard College twenty-fifth-reunion yearbook. ". . . I do not find this easy. . . . But a concept is the end product of the human intellect . . . confining and limiting . . . whereas in percept, there are ever new horizons opening, new visions and understandings of the meaning and truth of life. . . ." No precultural innocent, Bartlett was consciously engaged in a struggle, à la Dubuffet, to rid his mind of inhibiting analytic filters: to become the instinctive, id-driven artist that now, in his posthumous career as an outsider, he is assumed to have been. ■

Photograph: top, Mojgan B. Azimi; bottom, courtesy of Phyllis Kind Gallery.

BEST BETS

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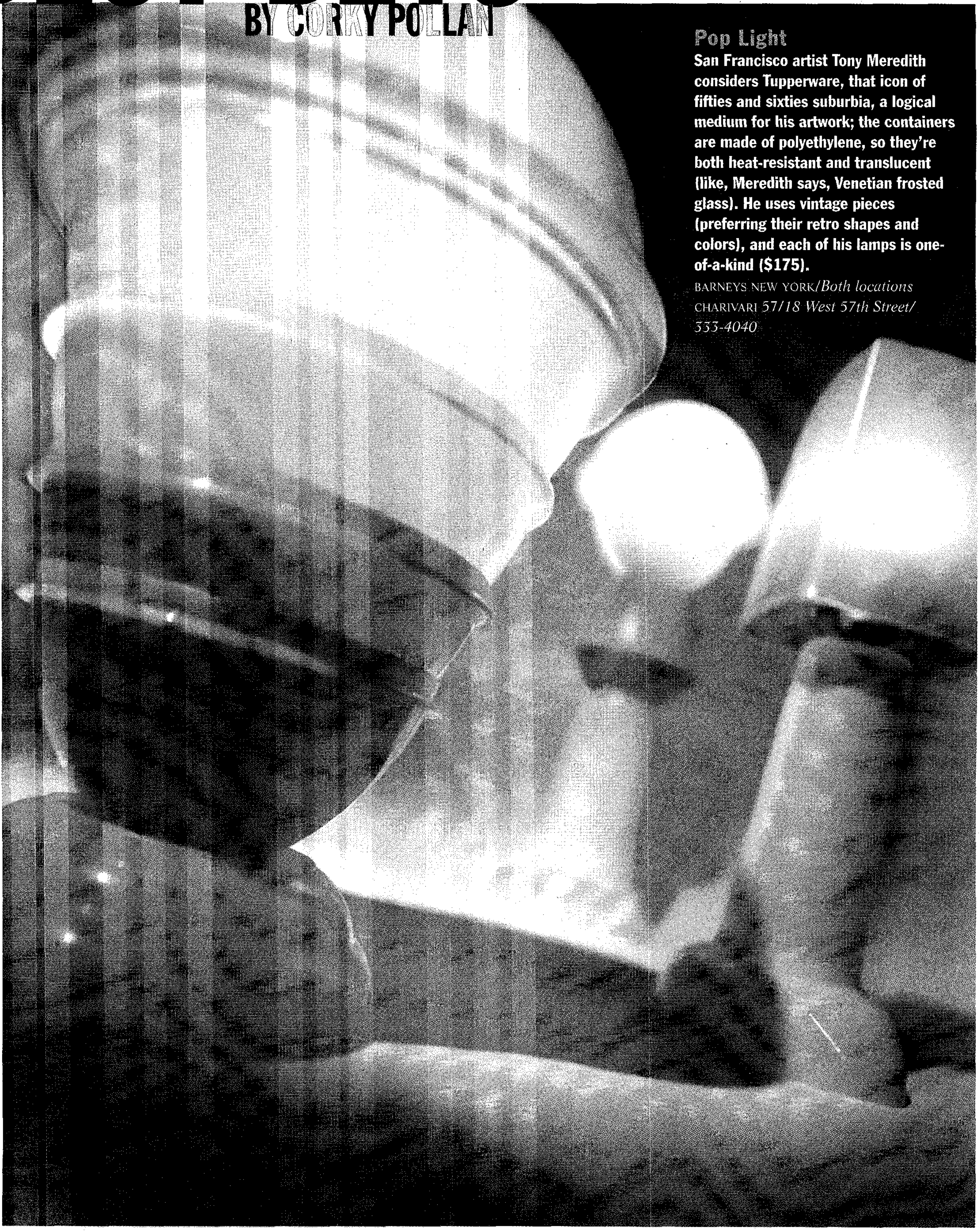
BY CORKY POLLAN



Pop Light

San Francisco artist Tony Meredith considers Tupperware, that icon of fifties and sixties suburbia, a logical medium for his artwork; the containers are made of polyethylene, so they're both heat-resistant and translucent (like, Meredith says, Venetian frosted glass). He uses vintage pieces (preferring their retro shapes and colors), and each of his lamps is one-of-a-kind ($175).

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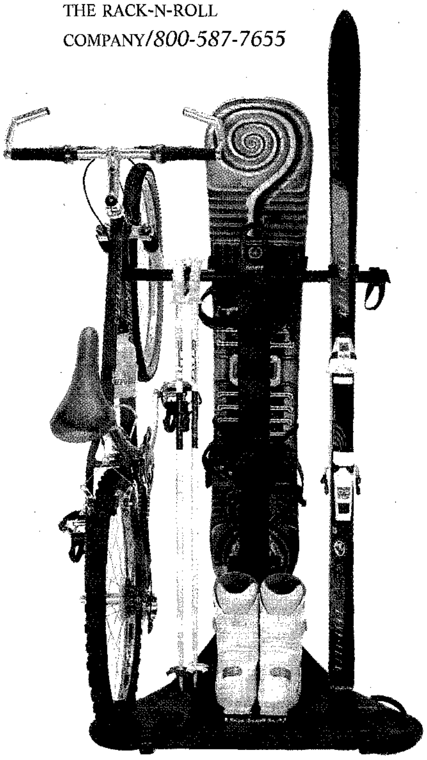

Old Yeller

Curiously, the demand for fountain pens continues to grow—as does the number of reproductions of vintage pens by savvy manufacturers. Now, for Luddite nostalgists, the Parker Pen Company has reintroduced its Duofold Mandarin Yellow Fountain Pen from the twenties. It's solid, hand-cast acrylic, and trimmed in eighteen-karat gold, with an eighteen-karat-gold nib ($850).

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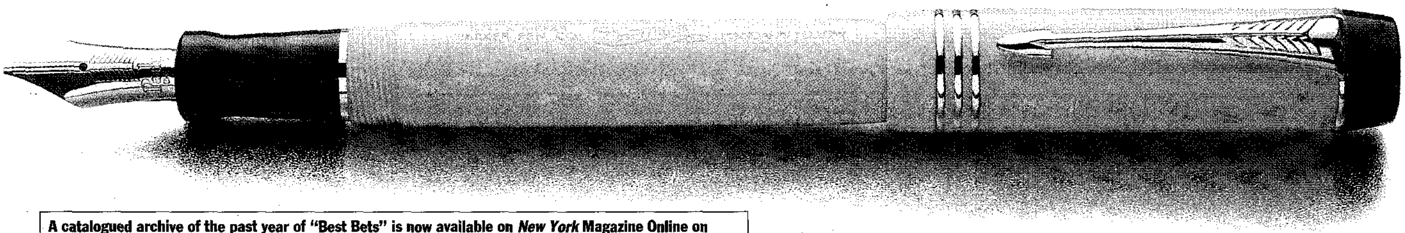

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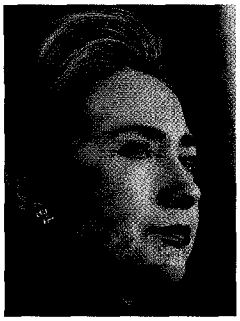
BOOKS **JUDITH SHULEVITZ**

The Virtue Monger

Hillary Rodham Clinton's book on child-rearing is filled with intelligent thinking. But there's no getting around her smug insistence that we be perfect.



Politics of Meaning redux: Clinton, pushing a communitarian approach to child-rearing, has a vision that is suffocating in its maternalism.

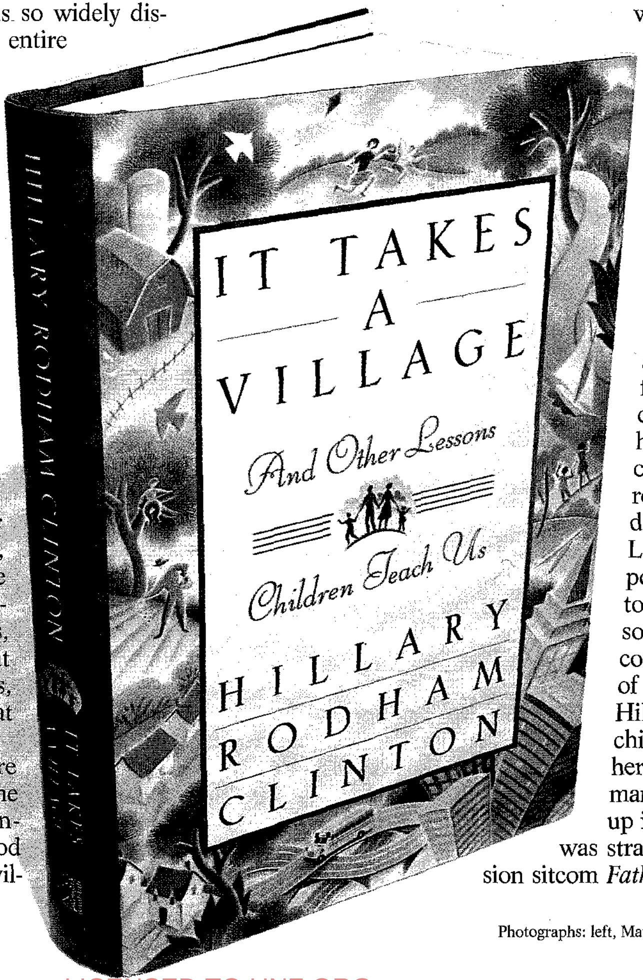
It Takes a Village:
And Other Lessons Children Teach Us
BY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
Simon & Schuster; 319 pages; $20

IN *The Story of the Amulet,* A CHILDREN'S STORY WRITTEN in 1906 by Fabian socialist Edith Nesbit, four children from sooty London visit the future, a generally pleasing Shangri-la of plashing fountains and happy babies attended by caretakers of both sexes. The first person they actually talk to, however, is a boy sobbing on the ground. He's been kicked out of school: "I—I tore up a sheet of paper and threw it about the playground." Later, they meet his mother, a woman of dauntingly progressive views, and receive rhyming lessons in citizenship: "I must not pick the public flowers,/They are not *mine,* but they are *ours.*" Hillary Rodham Clinton's new book, *It Takes a Village,* is about children, not for them, but it's suffused with Nesbit's earnest Shavian utopianism, if less of her gentle irony. Not to say that there aren't surprises. The book's opening is a sweet description of childbirth under unusual circumstances: "Bill was then governor of Arkansas, and my pregnancy was so widely discussed I thought the entire state might show up for the delivery. A lot of folks did, although no one took pictures, or I'm sure you would have seen them by now." Soon, however, the flesh-and-blood Chelsea is replaced by a universal child, designed to tickle the fancy of the parent in all of us: "From the moment they are born, [children] depend on a host of other 'grown-ups' . . . Adults police their streets, monitor the quality of their food, air, and water, produce the programs that appear on their televisions, run the businesses that employ their parents, and write the laws that protect them."

It is not long before we are smack-dab in the middle of Hillary Clinton's vision of the good society, an American "village" revitalized by down-home, neighborly values. An attractive, Capraesque place it is, too: "[N]eighborhoods organize to close down crack houses and protect children as they walk to school. Businesses adopt family-friendly policies, open child-care centers, offer parent education and marriage counseling. Churches, synagogues, and other religious institutions expand their traditional activities to include everything from aerobics classes and recovery groups to intergenerational day-care centers."

How . . . nice. I'm not sure where this "village" is, but I'm moving there. Especially once I get pregnant. There's just one catch: I'm concerned that the America Hillary Clinton would create—enlightened and civil yet primly old-fashioned in that newly fashionable communitarian way—might not let me in, or, if it did, might drive me, too, to collapse on the ground sobbing. For Clinton and the child-development experts, nonprofit workers, and political scientists whose ideas she espouses—notably William Galston, the administration's former deputy domestic-policy adviser, and Amitai Etzioni, America's best-known communitarian—reverse the classic bleeding-heart paradigm. They see clearly that people who raise their children badly are not just victims of difficult circumstance—they're weak. Reformers to the core, Clinton and Galston, et al., can't just make America an easier place in which to live or raise a child and let it go at that. They have to make us better people too.

I'm tempted to say that the hints of condescension that mar this otherwise humane and intelligent book reflect a flaw in Hillary Clinton's own character. But I suspect that her smug assumption that she can serve as the book's chief role model is a necessary condition of books by First Ladies, forced by custom and politics to represent their all too real and messy lives as somehow exemplary. Who could doubt that the pressures of the upcoming campaign led Hillary to portray her own childhood as poster-perfect or her marriage to the First Gentleman as, um, illustrious? "I grew up in a family that looked like it was straight out of the 1950s television sitcom *Father Knows Best,*" she writes;



Photographs: left, Mark Peterson/Saba; bottom, Wayne Simpson.

"the ideal landscape in which to plant a child," she later explains. Her relationship with Bill has had its strains—she declines to talk about them—but her strong feelings about divorce have induced her "to bite my tongue . . . and to think instead about what I could do to be a better wife and partner."

But Hillary Clinton's settlement-house-style zeal to improve character also echoes the larger communitarian project. It is this social conservatism, combined with an eagerness to involve itself in our personal lives, that distinguishes it from classical, value-neutral liberalism. That makes it appealing to the right-feinting Clintons, and should make it disconcerting to the rest of us. The private-citizen side of me may share a number of Hillary Clinton's beliefs about the importance of a moral community, but that doesn't mean I want her taking it upon herself to call for "character education" in the schools, or advocate spiritual values (it's hard to credit her claim that "if more parents introduced their children to faith and prayer at home . . . I'm sure there would be fewer calls for prayer in schools"). Nor can the future wife in me work up much enthusiasm for imposing waiting requirements on no-fault divorce.

There are, however, a lot of wise ideas in this book. To make them as nonthreatening as possible, Hillary Clinton swathes them in little homilies and tales of her own or Bill's or Chelsea's childhood. The formula gets tiresome by chapter five or so, but it lets her make a case for a host of beneficent administration initiatives or priorities—easier adoption laws; early-education programs; free prenatal care; guaranteed 48-hour stays in hospitals for new mothers; better-enforced family-leave policies; corporate funding for day care; national service; and so on. It's not clear how we are going to finance such programs these days, but a lack of pragmatism doesn't make her any less right. Who could refute that investing in our children now will pay off later?

But there is also a lot of wrongheaded preaching here. Let us grant that the more outré strands of her communitarianism, as well as the title (which comes from the African proverb "It takes a village to raise a child") is meant to do a kind of bipartisan duty—to imbue the book with an aura of Republicanism. If the Clintons need this gloss of family values to win a second term, so be it. But even as a pander (which I don't think it is), the book seems to misread the current electoral mood, which is more concerned with getting rid of government than it is with enforcing particular values. It only clinches the general sense of claustrophobia when she ends the book by comparing the world encircling the child—from family to government—to the ever fatter husks of a Russian matrioshka doll. Government is a big round mother trapping us in the dark? I'm having trouble breathing. ▬

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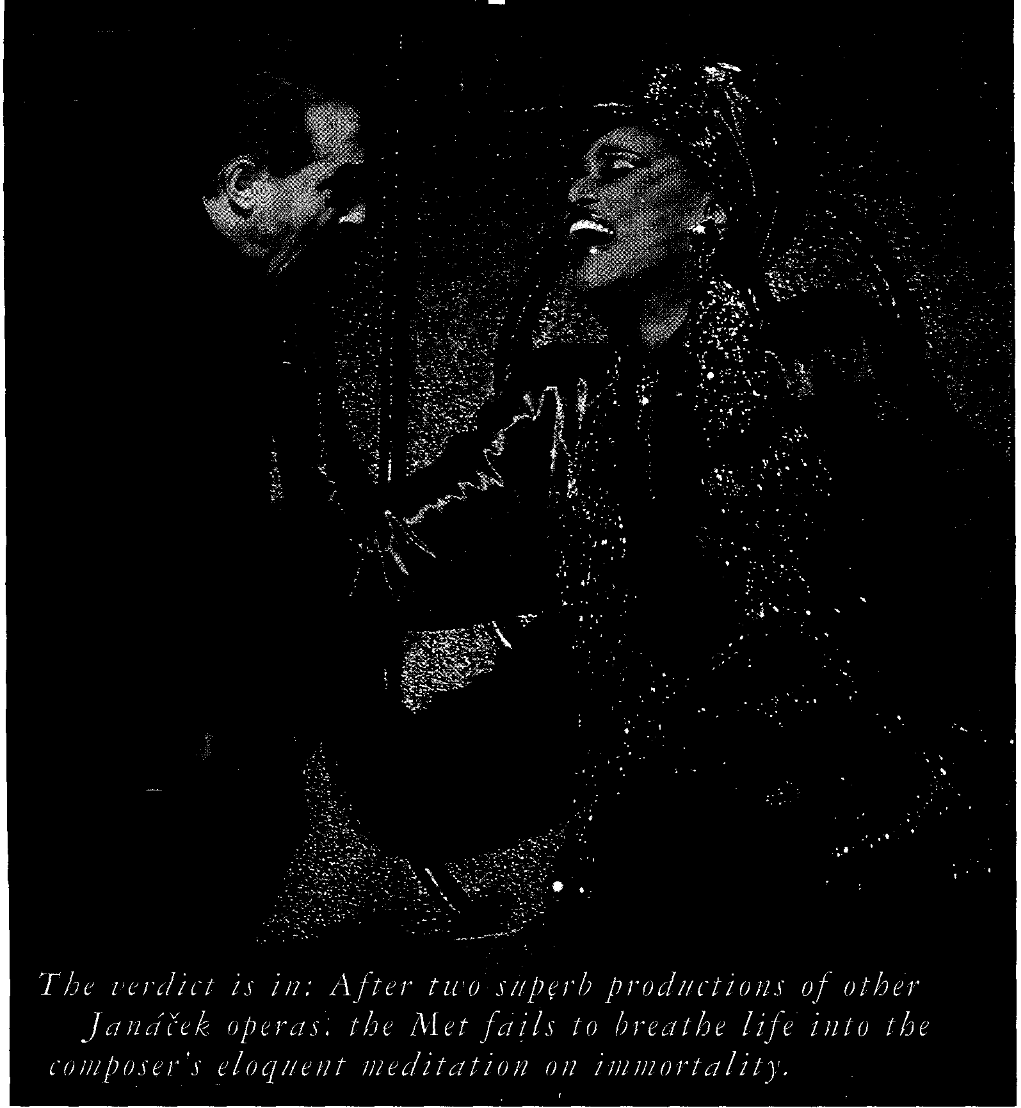
DESIGNER PREVIEWS

CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

The Makropulos Curse

The verdict is in: After two superb productions of other Janáček operas, the Met fails to breathe life into the composer's eloquent meditation on immortality.



Above: Graham Clark is all but eclipsed by terminally diva-ish Jessye Norman in *The Makropulos Case.* Opposite: Dana Hanchard spars with David Daniels in *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* at BAM.

OPERA IS OFTEN ALL ABOUT DEATH, BUT THE AUdience at the opening-night performance of Leoš Janáček's **The Makropulos Case** not long ago at the Metropolitan Opera was not prepared to be given such a tragic real-life reminder. Moments after the curtain rose, Richard Versalle, a 63-year-old character tenor perched high on a ladder, apparently suffered a fatal heart attack and toppled to the floor after singing: "Too bad, you can only live so long." Filing out of the house after the performance had been suspended, many dazed operagoers inevitably recalled the last time a singer died on the Met's stage: in 1960, when the great baritone Leonard Warren collapsed during Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* in mid-aria, one that begins, *"Morir! Tremenda cosa!"*—"To die! A momentous thing!" The Makropulos curse was still operating a few days later when the second scheduled performance also had to be canceled, this time thanks to the great blizzard of '96.

On the third try, the audience finally got to see the opera, a major twentieth-century work new to the Met, and by then its message must have struck most everyone as doubly ironic. No composer celebrated the forces of nature more joyously or embraced the realities of human life more passionately than Janáček, and *The Makropulos Case,* based on the 1922 play by the Czech dramatist Karel Čapek, must be his most naked statement on the subject. Imagine—an opera that not only rejects the enticing notion of an indefinitely extended life span but also actually extols the practical necessity of dying punctually in the normal course of events.

After all, lots of mundane but vitally important matters that make life function smoothly—marriage, wages, contracts, insurance, pensions, probate, etc.—are predicated on the fact that most of us survive no longer than the biblical threescore-and-ten, give or take. But Janáček, through the 337-year-old heroine of his opera, Emilia Marty, sees even more compelling reasons to let nature take its course. After assuming dozens of identities over more than three centuries, Emilia is bored to death because at some point during this protracted existence, her soul died. "Fools," she tells the assembled company before renouncing her chance to live another 300 years. "You are blissful for the trivial reason that you are going to die soon. You believe in humanity, in greatness, in love! But in me life has come to a halt and can go no further! What hideous solitude!" With that she rejects the secret formula that has prolonged her life, the document is consumed in flames, and Emilia enters into eternity singing her own secular requiem—one of the most thrillingly eloquent finales in all opera.

For most audiences, this grand lyrical climax is the chief glory of *The Makropulos Case,* the most uncompromisingly severe and conversationally dense of Janáček's eight operas. But the composer never wastes a word or a note as he explores Emilia Marty and her long past, the tangled lawsuit that has brought her back to Prague, and the many people who stand between her and repossession of the formula for the life-giving potion that her father, the Greek physician Hieronymus Makropulos, concocted and administered to her in 1585. When he completed the opera in 1925, Janáček had perfected his singular style—an expressive song-speech that rides easily and naturally over an ingenious network of cellular instrumental motifs—and he brings to life a galaxy of sharply etched, pungent personalities. Emilia is the piti-

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

fully isolated figure at the center of this human comedy, an extraordinary operatic creation whose volatile moods unpredictably turn her from haughty prima donna to giddy little girl, motherly parent to impulsive lover, and finally into a tragic heroine. Needless to say, it's a role any soprano would kill for.

The Met's new English-language production was clearly designed as a vehicle to showcase Jessye Norman, but unfortunately the soprano and the role are incompatible. Although this Emilia Marty certainly looms large as a striking stage presence, she seems more like a generalized *objet d'opéra* than like a complex character brought to life by a compelling singing actress. Always the imperious prima donna, Norman gives a stiff and un-nuanced performance, never suggesting the warm breath of humanity that transforms Emilia from a self-centered egoist into a transcendent figure who, during her painful final moments, represents each one of us. Beyond that, Norman's voice has become increasingly unreliable as it ages and the registers separate, and her excursions into the upper octave are now risky adventures that seldom turn out well. She also has an annoying tendency to pitch notes imprecisely—a major flaw when singing this carefully notated score—and her inflated treatment of the composer's easy conversational idiom is both affected and self-consciously operatic.

If the production is ever revived with a different Emilia Marty, and one hopes that it will be, something will have to be done about one of Anthony Ward's bolder scenic effects: a huge, grainy close-cropped photograph of Norman glowering out at the audience. The other eye-catching visual element, an elaborate drop-frame curtain containing arcane writing and symbols (presumably the secret Makropulos formula itself), is apt enough, as are the angular, shallow Art Deco interiors. Elijah Moshinsky's staging at first struck me as a clumsy stop-and-go affair until I realized what the real problem was: the Met's new seat-back titles, in this case a lethally distracting element that needlessly duplicates the English text, irritatingly anticipates the singers' lines, and actively competes with the performance. Switch the things off on *Makropulos* nights.

Without an effective Emilia to set the tone, the men who spar with her on a variety of amorous and legal matters are bound to seem a bit dim. And so they do here, although all five—Graham Clark (Albert Gregor), Håkan Hagegård (Jaroslav Prus), Donald McIntyre (Dr. Kolenatý), Anthony Laciura (Hauk-Šendorf), and William Burden (Janek)—might possibly make a more vivid impression when playing opposite a more charismatic heroine. David Robertson encourages the orchestra to savor the snarl and bite of the score's spiky instrumental surfaces, but not its underlying lyrical passion.

Too bad. After it presented such superb performances of Janáček's *Jenůfa* and *Kátă Kabanová* in recent years, it's sad to see the Met stumble with this truly ill-fated production of *The Makropulos Case.*

JUST ONE DAY AFTER PAUL KELLOGG'S APPOINTMENT WAS announced, we were given a taste of what to expect from the New York City Opera's new general and artistic director. Kellogg has held the same post at Glimmerglass for the past seventeen years, over which time he has helped to develop a tiny regional operation, upstate in Cooperstown, into a major summer operatic attraction. Last week, Glimmerglass's much-admired 1994 production of Monteverdi's **L'Incoronazione di Poppea** arrived in town for a five-performance run at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Majestic Theater, and many people who had been nervous about the City Opera's future since Christopher Keene died last October seemed to be feeling a lot better.

One can imagine a more hands-on approach to *Poppea* than Jonathan Miller's unadorned production, which unfolds leisurely against John Conklin's stern, unchanging architectural set of Roman stonework. The simplicity of it all is deceptive, however. We already know that Nero is a power-mad psychopath, that Poppea is a ruthlessly manipulative slut, and that their victims are just as corrupt but less adroit at getting their way. In short, certain things in life never change, and showing the sheer ordinariness of it all as evil triumphs at the end only makes opera's first genuine masterpiece (1643) seem more chilling than ever.

David Daniels's dangerous Nero was particularly distinctive, venomously characterized by quicksilver mood changes and the cutting brilliance of this remarkable singer's articulate high countertenor. An insidiously understated Poppea, Dana Hanchard was no less effective as she went about her dirty work, looking and sounding like a dream. Score trims detracted from Phyllis Pancella's stately Ottavia, Drew Minter seemed off his form as Ottone, and the period-instrument orchestra had frequent intonation problems while responding to Jane Glover's rhapsodic time-beating. No matter. The performance coalesced beautifully even so, and the opera itself has never seemed more relevant or up-to-date.

". . . In 'L'Incoronazione di Poppea,' David Daniels's dangerous Nero was particularly distinctive, venomously characterized by quicksilver mood changes . . ."

NOW IN ITS TWENTY-EIGHTH SEASON AND ONE OF the few community-based opera groups left in the city, the Bronx Opera Company recently made one of its biannual treks south, to the John Jay College Theatre in Manhattan, bringing along a production of **Tartuffe** by Kirke Mechem. A 70-year-old composer now living in San Francisco, Mechem may be only a name to the East Coast musical Establishment, but his *Tartuffe,* completed in 1980, is one of the more popular American operas to appear in recent years, having been performed more than 150 times in this country and abroad. And small wonder. It is an accessible but closely worked-out score that uses traditional operatic forms with freshness, tonal clarity, and unabashed lyrical abandon, matching Molière's verbal wit with hilarious musical puns and parodies of its own. No new operatic ground is broken, but how many other composers nowadays can be trusted to take a classic stage play—especially one that depends on elegant language and rapier characterization for its effect—and translate it into music of such substance and theatrical energy?

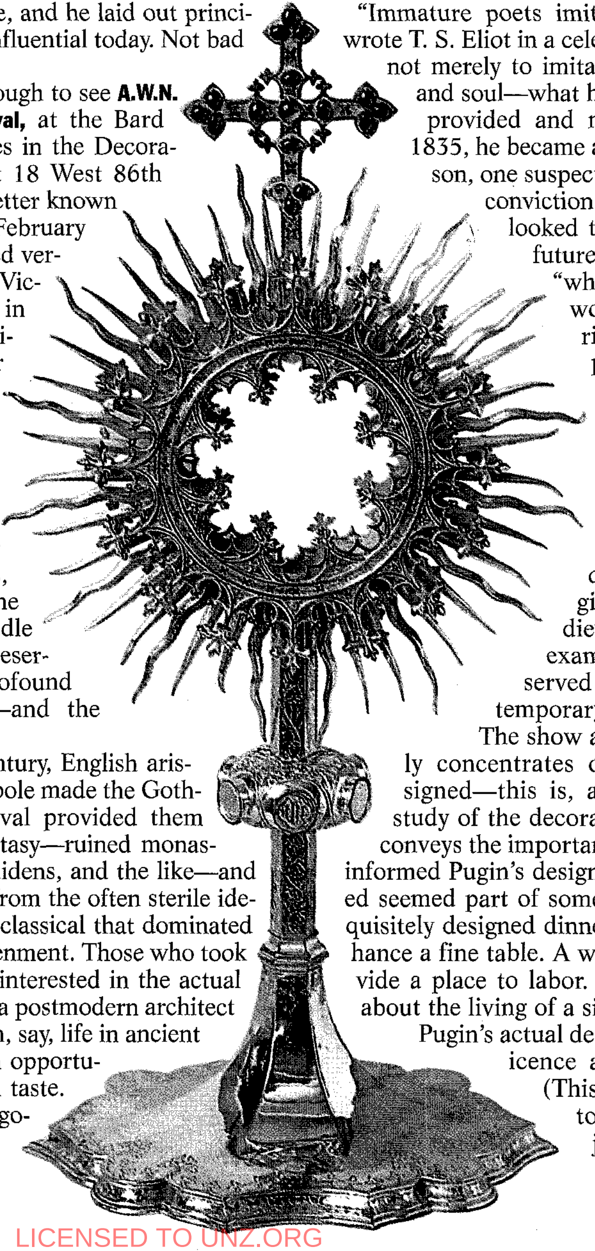
Nestled in a handsome period set by Kis Knekt, the lively production brought out the best of the Bronx, a first-class ensemble effort staged by Lucinda Winslow and conducted by Michael Spierman that danced and bubbled merrily and never flagged. Led by Eric Thomas in the title role, the cast of ten young singers displayed a consistency of vocal polish and stage skill that set high standards, even for this resourceful opera troupe. ■

Photograph by Dan Rest.

ART MARK STEVENS

Gothic Romance

Pugin, the designer-architect who once flouted his contemporaries' obsession with classicism, now offers a powerful foil to our own revivalist mania.



Pugin's richly gilded monstrance was used to display the sacramental Host and bless the congregation.

Photographs courtesy of the Bard Graduate Center.

A.W.N. PUGIN (1812–52) IS THE ARTIST MAINLY responsible for establishing the Gothic as the national style of England in the nineteenth century. He was the architect of buildings ranging from cathedrals to barns, and he designed the interior of the new Palace of Westminster, which includes the Houses of Parliament. He created Gothic-inspired rooms, furniture, jewelry, metalwork, pottery, clothing, stonework, typefaces, stained glass. As a polemicist, he challenged more effectively than anyone else of his time the dominance of "the classical" in Western culture, and he laid out principles of design that remain influential today. Not bad for a man who died at 40.

That would be reason enough to see **A.W.N. Pugin: Master of Gothic Revival,** at the Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts (an institution at 18 West 86th Street that deserves to be better known to New Yorkers) through February 25. But the show—a reduced version of an exhibition at the Victoria & Albert Museum in London—should also fascinate those engaged in our own contemporary struggles over style. Today, many postmodern artists and architects are, like Pugin, obsessed with the past. Yet Pugin offers a powerful and poignant contrast to our own revivalist enthusiasms, for he sought to find in the past (in his case the Middle Ages) not just a delightful reservoir of form but also a profound criticism of the present—and the promise of a new world.

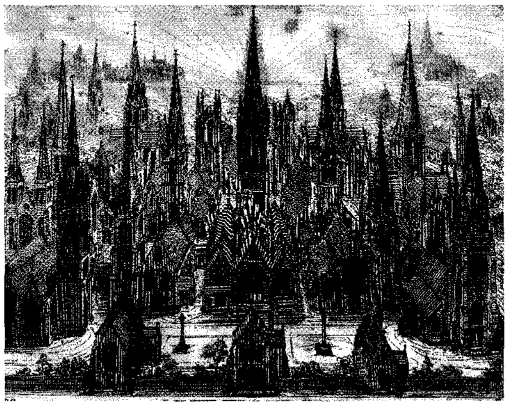
In the late eighteenth century, English aristocrats such as Horace Walpole made the Gothic fashionable. The medieval provided them with a darkly romantic fantasy—ruined monasteries, knights, blushing maidens, and the like—and offered a theatrical escape from the often sterile idealization of reason and the classical that dominated thinking during the Enlightenment. Those who took up the style were no more interested in the actual reality of medieval life than a postmodern architect would today be interested in, say, life in ancient Greece. The Gothic was an opportunity to irritate conventional taste. It was the next act in the ongoing play of style.

Pugin was himself attracted to the picturesque charm of the medieval and certainly knew how to employ fashion to generate business. For "The Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations, 1851," held in the Crystal Palace, he concocted a fantastic "medieval court"—a kind of stage set where the public could buy his secular and ecclesiastical objects. What elevated Pugin's passion for the Gothic above the usual marketing of fashion, what gave his designs the conviction of serious art rather than the sentimental allure of nostalgia, was that he was also brave and foolhardy enough to be in deadly earnest about the medieval.

"Immature poets imitate; mature poets steal," wrote T. S. Eliot in a celebrated aside. Pugin sought not merely to imitate but to recapture—body and soul—what he thought the Middle Ages provided and modern life destroyed. In 1835, he became a Roman Catholic. The reason, one suspects, was only partly religious conviction. Pugin was a utopian who looked to the past rather than the future for a conception of social "wholeness"—for a unified world with everything in its right place. In 1836, he published a polemical tract called "Contrasts, or a Parallel Between the Noble Edifices of the Middle Ages and Corresponding Buildings Showing the Present Decay of Taste." In this book, he was not only interested in the religious or fanciful side of medieval society. He argued, for example, that its architecture served the poor better than contemporary architecture did.

The show at the Bard Center naturally concentrates on the objects Pugin designed—this is, after all, a center for the study of the decorative arts—yet successfully conveys the importance of the wider vision that informed Pugin's designs. Everything Pugin created seemed part of some larger enterprise. An exquisitely designed dinner plate did not simply enhance a fine table. A workbench did not just provide a place to labor. Each served a larger idea about the living of a significant life.

Pugin's actual designs combine wit with reticence and fantasy with reserve. (This is a quality rarely found today, when sobriety seems joyless and fantasy belabored.) Even a gorgeous golden monstrance in the shape of a sunburst—a liturgical object created to inspire an ecstatic contemplation of the sacramental Host—does not challenge an orderly idea of space. Much like the great modernist architects, Pugin despised ornament for ornament's sake, arguing that "all ornament should consist of enrichment of the essential construction of the building." And he believed that structures should not engage in trickery: ". . . there should be no features about a building that are not necessary for convenience, construction or propriety." In short, the stylist was also a moralist.



The frontispiece to Pugin's bold manifesto "Apology for the Revival of Christian Architecture."

One way Pugin hoped to locate an essential honesty in art was through scholarship. With study, he would pass through the persiflage of contemporary style to the deeper truth; clarify the sources, in other words, and the world might yet find redemption. It is almost impossible to imagine a comparable situation today when scholarship habitually seems to hollow out historical meaning. Pugin lived in the best intellectual circumstances for a utopian. Scholarship in his day could teach him more than a little—enough to distinguish him from the trivial stylists—but not too much. He could deepen his dream without overcoming it with fact.

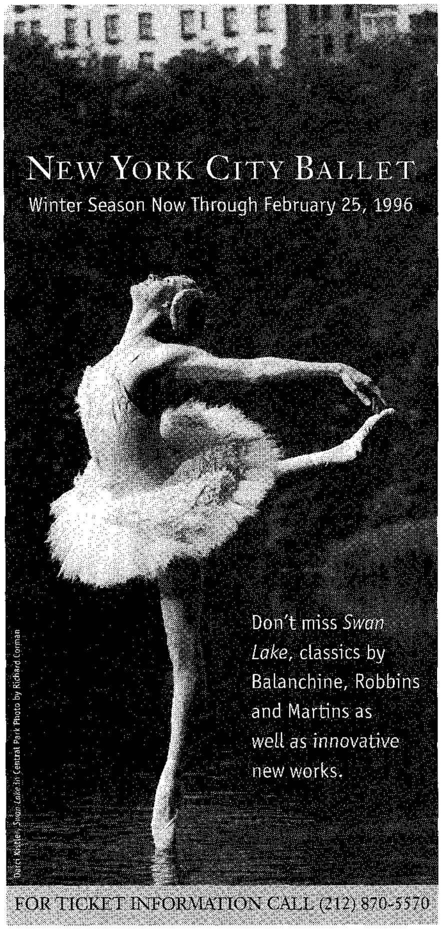
For Pugin, Gothic design was a way to challenge the increasingly abstract character of modern life. He disliked "the classical" partly because it seemed to him an imported sense of rules, imposed from above upon local English culture. He revered English Gothic art because it appeared largely homegrown. He liked to work with local materials. He understood the idiosyncratic and would have agreed with William Blake that "improvement makes straight roads; but the crooked roads, without improvement, are roads of genius." In our day, it's proved increasingly difficult for art to extract the same conviction from "the local," which now seems just one strategy among others.

Like many great nineteenth-century artists and intellectuals, Pugin was not afraid to redesign the world. Apart from all the other difficulties that attend this ambition, the horrific experience of the twentieth century—when political world-makers of both the right and the left caused such suffering—has forced the best artists, architects, and designers of today to be more circumspect. That's too bad. The decorative arts can be a delightful toy and a stylish bait for attracting money. They can also be something more than that. You can find a better world in a bowl.

ELLEN GALLAGHER, WHO WAS, UNTIL RECENTLY, little known in the art world, aroused a great deal of favorable comment at last year's Whitney Biennial. Now she is having her first show at the Mary Boone Gallery, through February 24. An African-American woman who is 30 years old, Gallagher is exhibiting seven pictures that, remarkably enough, can please constituencies in the art world that normally have little in common.

At a distance, Gallagher's pictures look rather like the grids of Agnes Martin. The marks and lines are often faint. Gallagher plays with subtle tones, which sometimes resemble the yellowing of paper as it ages; this gives her work a gentle flicker. An austere eye that enjoys formal contemplation will respect such pictures. At the same time, many of her tiny marks also have the shape of a minstrel's lips. Those who like political art—and typically despise "formalist" art as elitist—will be attracted to that aspect of her work. The political style is famous for its visual shouting, which makes her whispering memorable.

Gallagher adds an occasional, overtly cartoonish accent. She uses materials in a way that recalls Robert Rauschenberg, joining sheets of paper in a patchy, collagelike style. This patchiness may suggest a quilt, an art form associated with women. The highly elegant surface may also, paradoxically, suggest the poverty of a sharecropper's shack. Is this work merely a pastiche, clever but shallow, by an artist who wishes to have it all ways? Or is Gallagher an artist of unusual complexity who is finding a way to reconcile, in a fascinating form, the competing demands placed upon contemporary art? I like the questions and the uncertainty. They complement the ambition of a young artist and provoke a strong desire to see more. ■



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Darci Kistler, *Swan Lake* in Central Park Photo by Richard Corman

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No Smirking

On her brilliant ten-part HBO series, Tracey Ullman eschews soulless postmodern comedy for something far more durable and infinitely funnier.

Tracey Ullman engaging in adolescent behavior in *Tracey Takes On...*

COMPOUNDED IN UNEQUAL PARTS OF GERTRUDE Lawrence, Elsa Lanchester, Carol Burnett, Silly Putty, and Spaldeen; a penguin, a duck, a witch, and a chameleon; a Red Queen and a Blue Meanie, Tracey Ullman is her very own music hall and multiple-personality disorder. She was a chart-topping pop singer in England before she ever showed up in movies, where she has been stealing scenes ever since from Meryl Streep, Whoopi Goldberg, and Woody Allen. She was too good for Fox in her late-eighties variety show—from which, of course, *The Simpsons* derived—winning an Emmy only after she'd been canceled. She returns for ten weeks to cable television in a half-hour theme-specific series called **Tracey Takes On . . .** (Wednesdays, starting January 24; 10:30 to 11 P.M.; HBO), and I hope it runs forever.

In "Romance" and "Charity," the first two episodes of *Tracey Takes On . . .*, you will recognize—in addition to Michael Tucker and Cheech Marin, who seem to be enjoying themselves more than either has for years, and Julie Kavner, who was a regular on the Fox show—variations on the usual Ullman obsessions. Condé Nast, for instance: Ullman's send-up of her British editrix character in Robert Altman's *Ready to Wear* gets a wicked reprise on HBO, with Tracey stuffing a homeless poet on office-party hors d'oeuvre, in return for monthly copy. And animals: The anthropologist Ceci Beckwith, a Jane Goodall–Dian Fossey caricature on Fox, working out her kinks among monkeys in Africa, reappears in the guise of an Australian zookeeper at a Home for Aged Animal Actors ("animal seniors"). And golf: On Fox, a recurring character was South African golf pro Kiki Howard-Smith; on HBO, Tracey and Kavner must cope not only with the rigors of the Ladies Professional Tour but also with The Love That Dare Not Speak Its Name.

There are, besides, prick songs and descants on a leatherized lounge singer ("I've had four husbands . . . one of them was mine"), a Middle Eastern cabbie with a glove compartment full of French ticklers, a cockatoo with Alzheimer's, and a college coed who loses her voice reading to the blind. Unlike network sitcoms, however, Ullman's comedy really is situational. And what begins as caricature actually ends as character. Meet, for example, the Rosenthals (Ullman and Tucker). She is hennaed unto some Levantine-harem wet dream and specializes in bad-taste charity events. He combs his hair from one ear to the other, sort of like a foreskin, and specializes in doting on her. In Florida, of course, they mount a Wild West song-and-dance show to raise money for diseased children, with tumbleweeds, cacti, and hundreds of Rock Cornish game hens dressed up in cowboy boots on their tiny drumsticks. The setup's enough to bring a blush to the stricken mug of Philip Roth. And yet (how is this possible?) we are persuaded that these two know how to love the Other Significantly.

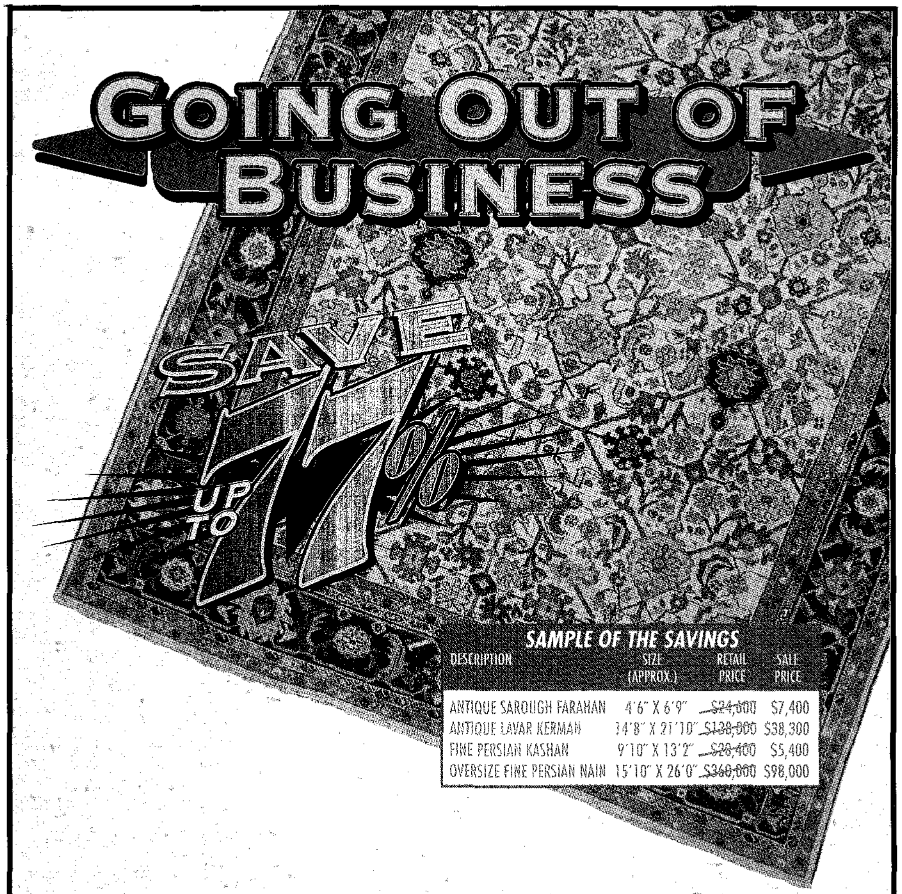
Or that golf tour: Julie is the pro, who hasn't won an event in years; Tracey is her "nutritionist," sick to death of having to deny their real relationship. The jokes are knowing but also edgy, especially in light of the dump-

Photograph by Doug Hyun/HBO.

ing by CBS of golf analyst Ben Wright for his remarks about lesbians on the LPGA Tour. And as circumstances conspire to circumscribe, as options hook into trees and sand, as choices narrow to a putt, somebody will actually have to write a way out of the pain of this playlet; something will be revealed. What happens is funny but also transfiguring. Comedy redeems us when its misunderstandings open trap doors into vertiginous possibility. When it's merely punitive, we're all diminished. Ullman's remarkable gift as a clown is to laugh us past our shudders into the surprising and perdurable.

I switch off network sitcoms after a few strained minutes of twitch and snatch: a prat that falls, a laugh track that bullies, Medusa-like mugging, shticks and clones, and so many friends that hell must be a beer commercial. On cable, at least they take adult chances. There is *The Larry Sanders Show,* after which Dave and Jay seem clumsy counterfeits somehow only approximate to their own neediness and egomania. Or *Dream On,* reminding us there's some sort of collective Jungian unconscious to our muddled vehemence, our discombobulation. Or *Politically Incorrect,* whose displacement next January from Comedy Central to ABC, right after *Nightline,* will likely make it impossible to ever take Ted Koppel seriously again.

Ullman is almost premodern, a throwback to a time when a comic would tether herself like a scapegoat in the clearing, inviting the tigers of our wrath. Postmodern comedy is like everything else postmodern: affectless. There is no such thing as linear progress, rational planning, intelligent action, or even redemptive humor. Instead of causality, continuity, and history, we are stuck with spectacle and juxtaposition, each of us a hopeless vector of forces we can't even locate, much less modify. Spare me. All over the world, parents and teachers are trying to raise children to ethical principle, coherent purpose, and intelligent action; and writers persist in writing epics of emancipation; and entire peoples are still engaged in Enlightenment. It's not as if we had never before felt somehow lost, antsy, and uncertain during the great "decenterings" of Babel, Mongol, plague, Copernicus, and Darwin. It's not as if, before Yale and the Sorbonne explained the bankruptcy of the great "metanarratives" of scientific progress, class struggle, and Oedipus complex, we had never had the blues. That's why we tell each other stories to get us through the *Nightline*. If you are unmoved by what happens at the end of the playlet about love on the links, at the eighteenth hole and in the TV announcers' booth, you have been watching too much *Seinfeld.* To life itself, you wear a prophylactic smirk. ■



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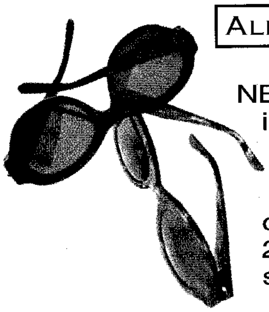

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE

LEONORE FLEISCHER JANUARY 29, 1996

SALES & BARGAINS

For the kids: an Upper West Side play center–toy store;
for brides-to-be: vintage turn-of-the-century wedding gowns.

Sac Exchange

THIS SAMPLE SALE OF LESPORTSAC totes and accessories has thousands of pieces of practical day, sport, and travel merchandise from the Classic Collection, the F9 Collection, and a limited quantity from the Citysac Collection at wholesale prices. LeSportsac totes and accessories are available in every size and shape, and they're made of lightweight ripstop nylon with strong zippers. Now, wallets, belt bags, and cosmetic bags, here $3–$17.50; handbags, here $13–$80; backpacks, here $14–$80; tote bags, here $8–$80.50; luggage, here $32.50–$82.50. *LeSportsac, 320 Fifth Ave., near 32nd St., seventh floor (736-6262); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Wed. and Thurs., 1/24 and 25, 10 a.m.–4 p.m.*

Plum Choices

THIS LITTLE SHOWROOM HAS WOMEN'S TAILORED clothing in classic styles and colors and fine fabrics, sizes 4–14, some in 16, for sale: braid-trimmed designer-look bouclé, lightweight wool-crêpe, or silk suits, some with pants and some with skirt, in winter colors of plum, brick, and truffle, retail $350–$600, here $99 for the skirt suit, $149 for the pantsuit; day dresses, coat style, in wool crêpe, retail $240, here $49; fully lined pants in sizes 4–16, retail $225, here $99; sportswear includes cashmere sweaters, retail $250, here $49; alpaca-and-wool wrap coats, retail $375, here $99. *Roy Ogden, 570 Seventh Ave., near 41st St., Suite 305 (575-8806); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. (ring bell) 11 a.m.–4 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Get Your Fixe

DINE EARLY AT THIS EAST SIDE RESTAURANT (4–6:30 P.M. Monday through Friday, 5–6:30 P.M. Saturday and Sunday) and take advantage of a great deal: For just $11.95 per person, the fixed-price dinner includes a choice of appetizer, entrée, and dessert. The appetizers include purée of roasted-acorn-squash soup (à la carte $3.95); and mixed-green mesclun salad with roasted-garlic dressing (à la carte $4.95). Main courses include linguine with julienne winter vegetables in a marinara sauce (à la carte $9.95); spinach-and-ricotta ravioli with fresh tomato and basil (à la carte $9.95); and chicken piccata with roasted potatoes and vegetables (à la carte $11.95). Desserts include raspberry or lemon sorbet; vanilla or chocolate gelato (à la carte $4–$4.95); plus coffee or tea (à la carte $1.50). *Sorelle, 994 First Ave., near 54th St. (753-0520); A.E., D.C., Disc., M.C., V. accepted; reservations accepted.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.*

Huge Savings

THIS CLOTHING SHOP CARRIES WOMEN'S sizes 14–24 (certain styles may fit up to size 32). It is now having a clearance sale of one- and few-of-a-kind samples of current merchandise plus stock from earlier seasons—pants, skirts, tops, dresses, tunics—at only $19 and $29 each. Winter and holiday styles include a rayon plaid tunic in neutral colors, was $195, now $59; chenille sweater, was $138, now $49; patchwork blazer, was $450, now $189; black wool-jersey dress with gold-and-pearl embroidery, was $189, now $69; brown wool-crêpe pantsuit, was $400, now $169; purple or black wool-crêpe A-line dress, was $395, now $159. *Ashanti Bazaar, 872 Lexington Ave., near 65th St. (535-0740); A.E., Disc., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 8 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

The Place to Be

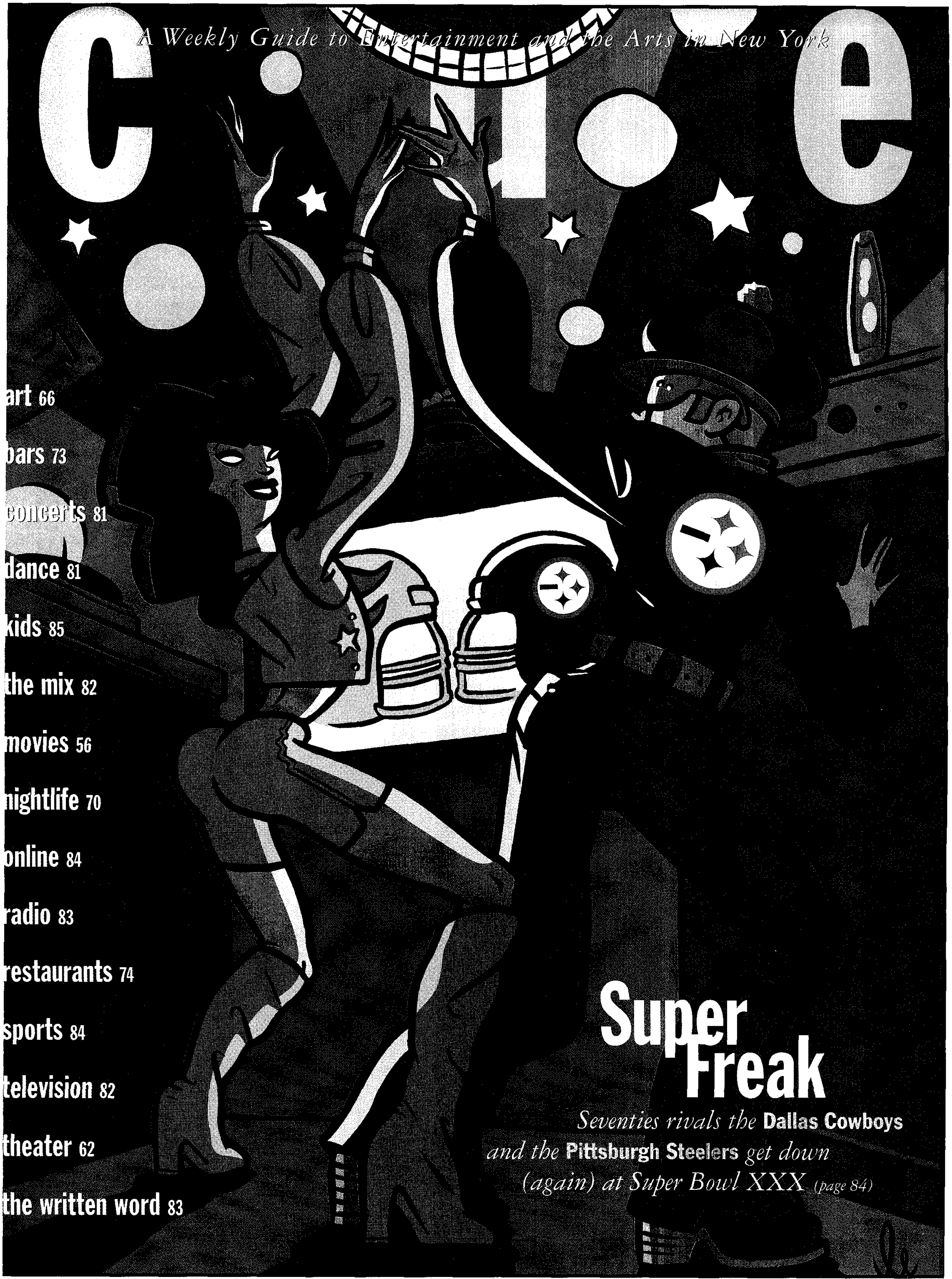
MY FAVORITE PLACE, ON THE UPPER WEST Side, is a great new playspace-cum-toy store for children that also offers music and dance sessions and has colorful large rooms you can rent for parties. This week, there's 25 percent off the prices of all toys and playroom time (admission of $8 for up to three hours' playtime, now $6). Toys include limited stock of Brio and Playmobil sets and a good supply of Thomas the Tank Engine sets and individual cars and engines at 25 percent off; solid-maple painting easels, were $100, now $75; Erector sets, were $25–$120, now $18.75–$90; Capsela science kits, were $15–$100, now $11.25–$75; Creativity For Kids craft kits, were $10–$30, now $7.50–$22.50. *My Favorite Place, 265 W. 87th St. (362-5320); cash only; all sales final; 9:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m. seven days a week; 1/24–29.*

Palma Matter

MOST OF THE CLOTHING IN THIS SOHO BOUTIQUE is designed exclusively for the shop. Now the winter and holiday collections, in sizes 8–12, are 30 percent off. Rayon- or wool-crêpe dresses, were $265–$410, now $185–$287; wool-crêpe pants, from narrow taper to wide leg, were $165–$240, now $115–$168; lined wool-crêpe skirts, were $160 for a short straight skirt to $275 for a long circular wrap, now $112–$192; very dressy long ball-gown skirts of silk taffeta with lace petticoats underneath, were $550, now $385; silk-jacquard blouses, were $260, now $182; vintage-look lace-trimmed chiffon dresses, were $95, now $66; men's black or white novelty shirts, were $58 for rayon and $98 for cotton, now $40 and $68, respectively. *Palma, 521 Broome St., near Thompson St. (966-1722); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Tues.–Sat. noon–7 p.m., Sun. 1–5 p.m.; closed Mon.; while stock lasts.*

Constants in Opal

THIS SMALL SHOP STOCKS ONE-OF-A-KIND bridal gowns from the turn of the century to the sixties, in sizes to fit from 2 to a small 10. Now the gowns are 30–50 percent off: For example, a chiffon dress with satin bodice and lace sleeves from the fifties, was $550, now $300; lace-trimmed cotton dress from the Edwardian era, was $500, now $200; forties satin gown with a train, was $585, now $300; thirties bias-cut satin with Juliet sleeves, was $650, now $300; fifties short-sleeved silk-organza gown with train, was $650, now $300; Edwardian lace gown with flowered panel, was $1,200, now $800. An appointment is necessary. *Opal White, 131 Thompson St., near Prince St. (677-8215); A.E., checks accepted; all sales final; alterations additional; phone for appointment Thurs.–Sun. noon–5 p.m.* ■



Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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Super Freak

Seventies rivals the **Dallas Cowboys** *and the* **Pittsburgh Steelers** *get down (again) at Super Bowl XXX* (page 84)

movies

The White Balloon...Prelinger Archives at AMMI

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

New Films

The American President—President Andrew Shepherd (Michael Douglas) is a Democrat and a centrist liberal, highly intelligent but with a tendency to waffle; he also has a general "character" issue hanging over his head. In other words, he's very much like Bill Clinton—except he's a widower. President Shepherd falls for a liberal environmental lobbyist (Annette Bening), and his principal opponent (Richard Dreyfuss) denounces him as immoral. The suspense builds. Will the president stick with his girl? Will he sell out the environmentalists in order to get his crime bill passed? As the big tuna, Douglas gives a self-assured star performance; Bening, however, flutters about like a leaf in a storm. Not only does Shepherd rush her off her feet; director Rob Reiner does too. In fact, Reiner never quite finds the rhythm of his story; he's too paralyzed by the awe of the presidency to liberate the material from self-consciousness. (Denby; 11/20/95) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *34th Street East; Baronet/Coronet.*

Angela—The story of a young girl who becomes obsessed with the rituals of Christianity as a means of counteracting the unpredictability of her manic-depressive mom. Written and directed by Rebecca Miller. Winner of the 1995 Sundance Film Festival's Filmmaker Trophy. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Angels & Insects—William Adamson, a young naturalist in 1850s England, marries the daughter of a wealthy collector of fauna. Overwhelmed by his familial responsibilities, he immerses himself in the study of ants with a poor yet attractive relative, and the behavior of the insects and the humans eventually merge. With Mark Rylance, Patsy Kensit, and Kristin Scott Thomas. Directed by Philip Haas. (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Bed of Roses—Christian Slater stars as Lewis, a shy botanist who anonymously courts a driven, ambitious investment banker (Mary Stuart Masterson) with his elaborate floral arrangements. Written and directed by Michael Goldenberg. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Big Bully—Tom Arnold is Roscoe "Fang" Bigger, a former schoolyard bully who relishes the chance to once again pounce on his former prey (Rick Moranis), a successful novelist who returns to his old high school to teach creative writing. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Area theaters.*

Bio-Dome—Pauly Shore and Stephen Baldwin play two losers who accidentally wander into a Biosphere-like experiment and wreak havoc. Directed by Jason Bloom. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; 62nd and Broadway; Metro Cinema.*

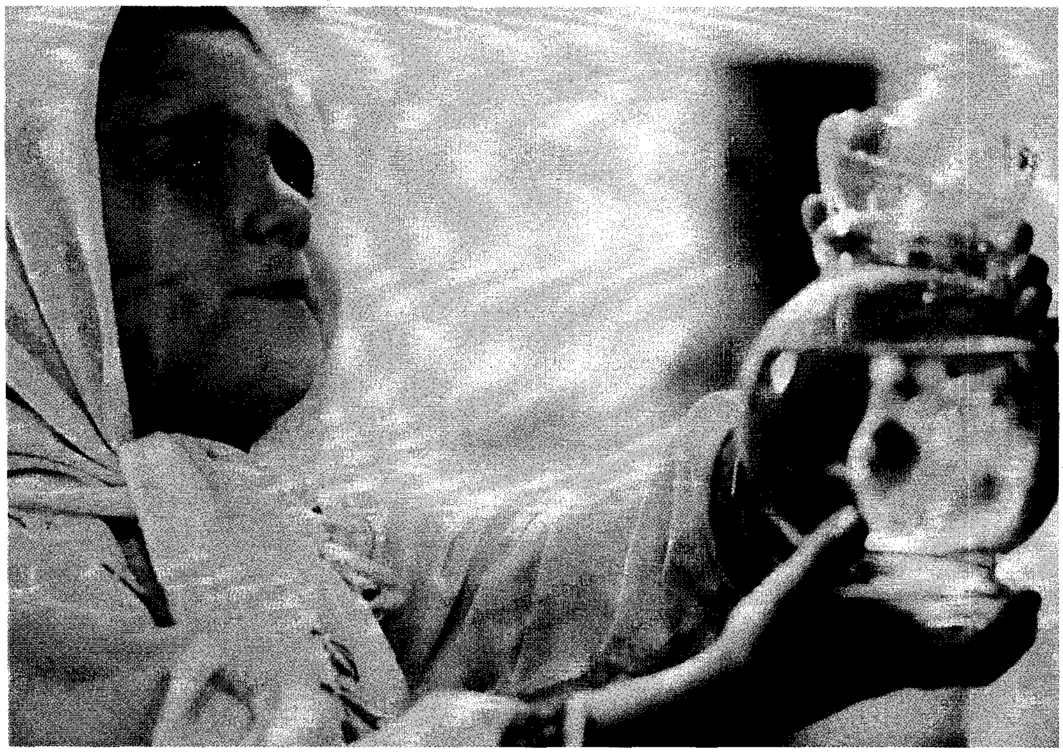
Casino—The mob has bought the Tangiers Hotel in Las Vegas and set up Sam "Ace" Rothstein (Robert De Niro), a longtime mob bookie and gambler, as boss. Sam depends on the muscle of his old friend Nicky (Joe Pesci), who frightens away other gangsters and serves as enforcer of the casino's good health. *Casino* means to be a sorrowful epic: These two street guys had control of everything, and they blew it. But do we care? With Sam and Nicky at the center, the movie never develops much in the way of emotion or even ordinary human interest, and both they and the beautiful Vegas hustler (Sharon Stone) they get involved with are limited, obsessed people. What Scorsese has done earlier—discovering the lyrical, even operatic possibilities of gangster life—he can't or won't do this time. (Denby; 11/27/95) (3 hrs. ; R) *National Twin; 86th Street; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza Twin.*

The City of Lost Children—A fantasy about a mad scientist named Krank who, aging prematurely because he cannot dream, kidnaps children and taps into their dreams. Photographed by Darius Khondji (*Seven*). Directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

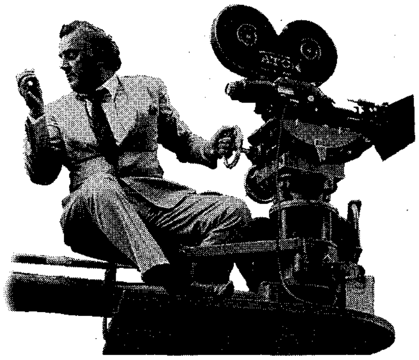
Dead Man Walking—A few minutes of Sean Penn's performance and you know he's got the role of Louisiana death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet down right. He defines "shifty"; he's mean, cut-off, mocking. His Poncelet tries to bully and seduce a nun, Sister Helen Préjean (Susan Sarandon) who takes an interest in his case; when she proves to be tougher than he thought, he slowly opens up to her. Based on a book by the actual Helen Préjean, this is the story of Matthew Poncelet's redemption and death. Poncelet has been convicted of murdering

Opening
Babes in Arms

'The White Balloon' (opening January 24), director Jafar Panahi's elegant reminder that national boundaries mean little when it comes to getting between a feisty 7-year-old (Aida Mohammadkhani, pictured) and her desires, is itself the subject of some heated international bickering. The Iranian government has been unsuccessfully attempting to withdraw the movie from Academy Awards consideration, to publicly protest U.S. policy in the region.



"Cue" cover illustration by Mark Matcho.



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two teenagers, and as Sister Helen defends him, she takes abuse from the parents of the dead kids. Robbins observes the parents' rage neutrally, without turning them into vengeful hysterics. But at the end, the filmmakers blow the case they are plainly making against capital punishment; the implication is that Poncelet shouldn't be executed because he has accepted God and may become a good man. But if you are truly against capital punishment, you're against executing the redeemed and unredeemed alike. (Denby; 1/8/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Don't Be A Menace . . .—A parody of the recent spate of inner-city coming-of-age movies like *Boyz N The Hood* and *Menace II Society.* Written by Marlon Wayans, Shawn Wayans, and Phil Beauman. Directed by Paris Barclay. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza .*

Dunston Checks In—Jason Alexander stars as a hotel manager who must corral his most unruly guest yet: an orangutan. Also starring Faye Dunaway. Directed by Ken Kwapis. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street Showplace; National Twin; New Coliseum.*

Eden Valley—Billy (Darren Bell) is a young petty criminal who is given his last chance at rehabilitation by the courts, which sentence him to live with his estranged father out in the country. With Brian Hogg and Mike Elliot. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Eye for an Eye—Sally Field turns in yet another distraught mom performance as a woman seeking revenge against her daughter's killer (Kiefer Sutherland). Directed by John Schlesinger. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Four Rooms—The much-delayed anthology piece by directors Alison Anders, Quentin Tarantino, Robert Rodriguez, and Alexandre Rockwell, about the bizarre goings-on in four separate hotel suites on New Year's Eve. With Tim Roth. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Gemini Twin.*

French Twist—A suburban housewife (Victoria Abril), turned off by her husband's relentless philandering, is suddenly turned on by a woman, with whom she begins an affair. The plot takes a series of twists and turns, exhausting nearly all options for a possible ending. Written and directed by the star, Josiane Balasko. (2 hrs. ; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

From Dusk Till Dawn—From the people who won't go away: Robert Rodriguez directs Quentin Tarantino and George Clooney as two brothers who have a wild night with Harvey Keitel, Juliette Lewis, and—in a trend the hipsters are a bit too behind on—vampires! (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza .*

Georgia—Sadie Flood (Jennifer Jason Leigh) is a country-rock singer without talent. She is also a heroin addict and an alcoholic, a liar, a user, and a hanger-on, traits not uncommon in rock stars but intolerable in one so inept musically. She's madly jealous of her sister Georgia (Mare Winningham), who has become a big star singing exactly the same repertory; Sadie keeps on singing because of Georgia, but what is it that she wants from her sister? Love? Hatred? Recognition of her suffering, perhaps. This is a remarkably brave movie, but it's also an outrage, for the heroine of *Georgia* is not the successful sister but the talentless monster Sadie Flood. Leigh's technique is astonishing (Sadie is blindly self-involved, and Leigh knows every desperate maneuver), but Leigh is doing to us almost the same thing Sadie is doing to people in the movie—daring us to reject her. She seems to be slipping into a confusion of painfulness with truth, a confusion unworthy of her talent. Misery, after all, is no more true than any other emotion, but Leigh is turning sickness and failure into a mark of integrity. Directed by Ulu Grosbard. (Denby; 12/11/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Grumpier Old Men—The sequel to 1993's *Grumpy Old Men.* This time, Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon attempt to keep newcomer Sophia Loren from turning their bait store into a restaurant. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Halfmoon—Three short films based on three stories by Paul Bowles, who would have been better served if the filmmakers—writers and directors Frieder Schlaich & Irene von Alberti—had concentrated their energies on but one story. In each vignette, the action is extremely internal; without an understanding of exactly who these characters are, it is difficult to feel anything but ennui. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Film Forum.*

★**Heat**—Director Michael Mann has mounted the production on a grand scale. There are not one but two obsessional figures—Neil McCauley (Robert De Niro), the head of a frighteningly determined group of thieves, and Vincent Hanna (Al Pacino), a haggard but still potent LAPD detective. The mental duel between the hunter and quarry, redoubled by the implicit rivalry between Pacino and De Niro, holds the film together—at one point, they pause in their furious activities and meet over coffee, exchanging views with ironic politeness, like two rival novelists. Mann has created a mythic moment; Pacino and De Niro have never appeared in the same scene together. But he underdramatizes the meeting, and the double meanings catch up to us slowly. *Heat* is yet another explanation of the male mystique of professionalism and violence, yet it's one of the best—an action film with an intellectual grip that never lets go. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Jumanji—Robin Williams stars as a man who has been trapped inside a mystical board game called Jumanji for 25 years. Once he's freed, however, the animals who have pursued him throughout the game are unleashed into the outside world. Directed by Joe Johnston. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

L'America—Gianni Amelio's tale of two Italian entrepreneurs (Enrico Lo Verso and Michele Placido) who attempt to take advantage of the political and economic upheaval in post-Communist Albania. Winner of Italy's Nastri D'Argento for Best Picture and Best Director. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Last Summer in the Hamptons—Three generations of an acting dynasty convene at their annual summer retreat for the last time. Starring the late Viveca Lindfors, Roddy McDowall, Victoria Foyt, Martha Plimpton, and Andre Gregory. Directed by Henry Jaglom. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Cinema Village 12th St.; Angelika 57; Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

Lawnmower Man II—A cyber-sci-fi action thriller starring Patrick Bergin and Matt Frewer. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Movieplex 42.*

★**Leaving Las Vegas**—Ben Sanderson (Nicolas Cage) is drinking himself to death—purposefully, and without regret. After making a bonfire of his belongings, Ben heads for Las Vegas, where he meets the one girl for him, a good-looking hooker named Sera (Elisabeth Shue). We don't need explanations as to why she falls in love with Ben; we can see that she's touched by him. He needs tending, and her taking care of him is a way of leaving prostitution without leaving it. Ben and Sera have gone deep into self-hurting pleasures, and they're not coming back. Director Mike Figgis accepts them with something like awe: the doomed nature of their love transfigures it. *Leaving Las Vegas* is absent of lamentation and refuses to grieve over a wasted life. It's the most accomplished American movie of the year. (Denby; 11/13/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Plaza; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Mr. Holland's Opus—Richard Dreyfuss stars as a musician who somewhat unwillingly becomes a teacher—and therein finds his greatest satisfaction.

Retrospective

Great Dame

Before movies could talk, Asta Nielsen (1881–1972) was an internationally known diva of the screen. During World War I, both French and German soldiers pinned her photo to the walls of their trenches. Greta Garbo said of her, "She taught me everything I know." From January 26 through March 15, the Museum of Modern Art will offer its own tribute by showing all of her surviving films in a series called "Asta: The Tenth Muse." (This title, borrowed from Nielsen's autobiography, is a pun in Danish, the actress's mother tongue, in which the same word means "tenth" and "silent.")

Though trained in the drama school of Copenhagen's Royal Theatre, Nielsen did most of her work in Germany, playing in comedies as well as the romantic tragedies—sex! violence! shame! retribution!—to which she seemed innately suited. Not only did she cross boundaries of genre, but she also portrayed women of widely disparate ages and strata of society, as if the eternal female she embodied could not be contained by conventional categories. Granted, her acting lacks the mystery and radiance of a Garbo, but it nearly makes up for those missing dimensions with its tantalizing combination of intelligence and eroticism. Nielsen, who exercised firm control over her screenplays, analyzed her roles minutely, inventing for herself the details of movement and facial expression that make a silent character convincing. At the same time, her onscreen persona exudes an untamed sensuality with which she appears to mesmerize herself as much as the player she happens to be seducing. For sheer personal force, subtly deployed, there's no one to match her. Nielsen commands any space she enters: She fills the screen, the auditorium of the movie house, and your memory. She seems to order the flickering images eroded with age to hold steady; she refuses to vanish.

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Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

Directed by Stephen Herek. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Nico-Icon—A top model of the sixties, Nico (as the young Christa Paffgen was renamed by a photographer) went on to flirt with a film career (she appeared in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*), have affairs with quite a few artists (Jim Morrison and Lou Reed among them), pursue music (she sang with the Velvet Underground), and get her son hooked on heroin. Suzanne Ofteringer's documentary is neither sneering nor too reverential; all she wants to do, it seems, is learn more about this compelling creature. But for all Ofteringer's digging, only one thing about Nico is certain: She was most brilliant at being enigmatic. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Nixon**—Anguish is not an emotion that Oliver Stone has ever shied away from, but tenderness is a new one for him. The most surprising thing about his fascinating new movie is how much warmth he extends to Richard Milhous Nixon (Anthony Hopkins). There's a generous soulfulness here, an intimacy with defeat and rage, particularly in the scenes between Dick and Pat (Joan Allen, who is a revelation). It seems necessary *to say that this is an interpretation*—necessary because some very distinguished journalists cannot understand this commonplace idea. Drawing on archival and biographical materials, Stone and his screenwriters combine, condense, and recast, and rewrite. Is this falsification? Can there be drama without something like it? As Nixon, Anthony Hopkins responds emotionally to everything—a man this vulnerable could not have made it to the White House. The fault is Stone's, perhaps, more than Hopkins's. If we had seen more of Nixon the executive, the masterful strategist, his fall into bathos would have been more striking. But this punishing, lugubrious yet oddly tender movie is at least a step in a new direction. (Denby; 1/8/96) (3 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Othello—In this production, everyone is very young and inexperienced. Othello and Desdemona are freshly in love—each, perhaps, for the first time—and so little known to each other that their sexual passion seems unconnected to anything else in their natures. Iago's subtlety and cruelty, we feel, are not even needed to destroy their love; even ordinary life would have brought it down from this daring, thoughtless height. Iago has been made almost superfluous, yet Kenneth Branagh's performance is the best thing in the movie—as always, he speaks the verse as if he and Shakespeare had just spent some time together at a local tavern. Laurence Fishburne, however, pronounces his part rather than acting it. He glowers and holds his dignity through everything, and one sometimes gets the impression that dignity is more important to him than expression. Director Oliver Parker has simplified the play in ways that reduce it, and has eliminated almost every trace of excitement. (Denby; 1/15/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Paris Theater.*

★**Persuasion**—A generally intelligent and moving BBC adaptation of Jane Austen's last completed novel, though as heroine Anne Elliot, Amanda Root has a prim, tight-lipped demeanor (the movie is about delayed passion, not repression). But many of the other British stalwarts are wonderful. (Denby; 10/23/95) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Richard III**—Director Richard Loncraine and actor Ian McKellan have cut and rearranged the text of Shakespeare's melodramatic potboiler, and moved the power struggle between the houses of Lancaster and York from the fifteenth century to the England of the mid-1930s. Indeed, there is something in the play that illuminates the despair of between-the-wars Europe—the sense that affairs of state are slipping out of control, the nauseating realization that the most energetic and decisive person in the country is also the most evil. Ian McKellan gives a mischievous, startlingly candid performance. He is the most supremely conscious of Richards, an adventurer playing the cards that have been dealt him—physical deformity, intellectual superiority—without illusions. Generally, director Loncraine uses realistic settings in a theatrical manner, pushing beyond realism, but not too far. The movie is not serious or essential, but it's thoroughly alive. (Denby; 1/15/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Opening

A Budding Courtship

Christian Slater—who has proved quite convincing as a hapless, fragile romantic (*Untamed Heart, True Romance*)—is a besotted botanist who ardently pursues a reticent investment banker (Mary Stuart Masterson) in *Bed of Roses* (opening January 26).

Sabrina—Sydney Pollack's slow, heavy valentine to old-fashioned Hollywood filmmaking. The chauffeur's daughter (Julia Ormond) has to choose between the playboy son (Greg Kinnear) of her father's employer and the playboy's stern older brother (Harrison Ford), who runs the family business. *Sabrina* drips the patriarchal attitudes of yesteryear, yet there's some wit in the screenplay—and the chance to see Ford doing his peculiarly effective version of a leading man. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Tower East; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Screamers—Based on the short story by Philip K. Dick in which a handful of surviving soldiers on the war-ravaged planet Sirius B must defeat their own creation: self-replicating machines bent on obliterating all human life. With Peter Weller. Directed by Christian Duguay. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; National Twin; Gemini Twin; 84th Street Six.*

★**Sense and Sensibility**—Emma Thompson adapted Jane Austen's novel herself, and has brought the material as close to conventional romantic comedy as possible without betraying the anxieties behind the story: In the England of the 1800s, property gets passed along through the male line, and women without a dowry enjoy very few options. Two wealthy young men make advances to the Dashwood sisters (Thompson plays the elder, Elinor, and Kate Winslet is Marianne), and then turn away, causing the women extreme anguish. Taiwanese director Ang Lee stages the walks, dinners, teas, and balls very directly, without pomp; the emotional and erotic goings-on become intimately connected to the flowing lawns and great rooms. And Thompson and Lee get the relationship between the two sisters right, the play of strength and weakness, candor and concealment—sense and sensibility merging in each sister, until both Marianne and Elinor become complete human beings. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

The Sexual Life of the Belgians—Director Jan Bucquoy's autobiographical comedy, which chronicles his sex life, from his misadventures as a teen to his experiences in the sexual revolutions of the sixties and seventies. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Shanghai Triad—Director Zhang Yimou (*Raise the Red Lantern*) sets this gangster tale in thirties Shanghai, and we experience everything through the eyes of a 14-year-old country boy named Shuisheng (Wang Xiaoxiao), who must attentively serve a gang-lord's spoiled, petulant moll. *Their relationship becomes the crux of the* film, and Yimou craftily avoids clichés in rendering a double coming-of-age tale. With Gong Li. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Sudden Death—The latest in action from Jean-Claude van Damme. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *National Twin; 86th Street.*

★**Toy Story**—In Disney's new animated feature, a group of plastic toys fear that they will no longer be useful; life as a plaything is not all play. Their 6-year-old master, Andy, is having a birthday, and disaster strikes: Woody, an old-fashioned pull-string cowboy, gets replaced as Andy's favorite by a smugly confident space action figure, Buzz Lightyear. Anguish and tumult tear apart the toy world. As in many of Disney's other cartoons, there's an underlay of anxiety and fear—but this time, the "parent" figure is himself a child, Andy, who takes his toys for granted, and the villain is another child, Sid, who mutilates toys. The movie has gravity, in both senses of the word. Disney and the specialists as a computer-animation company called Pixar have developed new techniques that give the figures a three-dimensional look, and the postmodernist jokes give the movie a spark. With the voices of Tom Hanks and Tim Allen. Directed by John Lasseter. (Denby; 12/4/95) (1 hr. 21 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; Lincoln Square.*

Twelve Monkeys—James (Bruce Willis) is a prisoner who is barely living in the future, and his only option for survival is this: travel back in time to 1996, just before the endtimes, and determine the exact cause of the near-annihilation of humans from the face of the earth. With Madeleine Stowe, as the psychiatrist/love interest, and Brad Pitt. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; Beekman; 84th Street Six.*

Two If by Sea—The talented, perpetually irate comic Denis Leary (*No Cure for Cancer, The Ref*) plays a thief who is simultaneously attempting to pull off one last heist and prevent his girlfriend (Sandra Bullock) from leaving him. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Waiting to Exhale—Whitney Houston, Angela Bassett, Loretta Devine, and Lela Rochon are four single women who bond over the sorry state of their love affairs. A disjointed narrative is weakened by the incessant blaring of the soundtrack throughout the entire film; the overall effect is quite jarring. Based on Terry McMillan's novel. Directed by Forest Whitaker. (2 hrs. ; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Movieplex 42; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

The White Balloon—Seven-year-old Razieh has a singular goal: to buy a goldfish. She has only a few hours before the city shuts down for New Year's Day, she has lost the money her mother has given her, and none of the street vendors seem to grasp the enormity of her problem. Shot in real time. Winner of the Camera d'Or at the Cannes Film festival. Directed by Jafar Panahi. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Four Rooms; From Dusk Till Dawn; Georgia; Restoration; Shanghai Triad; The City of Lost Children.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Twelve Monkeys.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Last Summer in the Hamptons.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Nico-Icon.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Eden Valley; French Twist; Persuasion; The Postman; Smoke.* Opening 1/26: *Angela; The Sexual Life of the Belgians.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Holland's Opus; Nixon; Richard III; Two If By Sea.* Opening 1/26: *Angels & Insects; Screamers.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Bio-Dome; Dead Man Walking; Heat; Jumanji; Sabrina ; Sense and Sensibility; Toy Story.* Opening 1/26: *Bed of Roses.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Waiting to Exhale; Eye For An Eye.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Dead Man Walking; Eye For An Eye; Heat; Mr. Holland's Opus; Sense and Sensibility; Two If By Sea.* Opening 1/26: *Bed of Roses; Screamers.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Nixon; Sabrina .*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *The American President.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Dunston Checks In; Eye For An Eye; Leaving Las Vegas.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *From Dusk Till Dawn; Jumanji; Leaving Las Vegas; Richard III; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Mr. Holland's Opus; Two If By Sea.* Opening 1/26: *Bed of Roses.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Home for the Holidays.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Last Summer in the Hamptons.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Eye For An Eye.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Sense and Sensibility; The American President.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Postman; The City of Lost Children.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *A Month by the Lake.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Last Summer in the Hamptons; Mr. Holland's Opus; Nixon.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Bio-Dome; GoldenEye; Heat; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Two If By Sea; Waiting to Exhale.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Waiting to Exhale.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Postman.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *From Dusk Till Dawn.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Toy Story.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be A Menace . . . .*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be A Menace . . .; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Lawnmower Man II; Waiting to Exhale.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Casino; Dunston Checks In; Sudden Death.* Opening 1/26: *Screamers.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Othello.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (505-CINE#587) *Leaving Las Vegas.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Father of the Bride Part II; Toy Story.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Babe; The Brothers McMullen; The Crossing Guard; The Usual Suspects; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Twelve Monkeys.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Restoration.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Casino; Sudden Death; Twelve Monkeys.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Mr. Holland's Opus; Don't Be A Menace . . . .*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Twelve Monkeys.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Dead Man Walking; Eye For An Eye; Grumpier Old Men; Richard III; Two If By Sea.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Four Rooms; Jumanji.* Opening 1/26: *Screamers.*

Festival Anthropology 101

The manifestations of Cold War anxiety in everything from personal hygiene to workplace conformity to teenage recklessness (as in 1950's *Last Date,* above) is the unifying theme in the fascinating series Millennial Mysteries: Continuing Revelations from the Prelinger Archives, which itself holds 33,000 educational, industrial, advertising, and amateur films. At the American Museum of the Moving Image, January 27–February 11. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for information.)

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Heat; From Dusk Till Dawn.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Leaving Las Vegas; Two If By Sea.* Opening 1/26: *Bed of Roses.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Sabrina .*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Sabrina .*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Bio-Dome.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Twelve Monkeys.* Opening 1/26: *Screamers.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *French Twist; Georgia; L'America; Mighty Aphrodite; Shanghai Triad.* Opening 1/24: *The White Balloon.* Opening 1/26: *Angels & Insects.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Across the Sea of Time; Dead Man Walking; Heat; Into the Deep; Jumanji; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Holland's Opus; Nixon; Sabrina ; Sense and Sensibility; Toy Story; Two If By Sea; Wings of Courage.* Opening 1/26: *Bed of Roses.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Bio-Dome; Heat.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; From Dusk Till Dawn; Waiting to Exhale.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Waiting to Exhale.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Casino; Jumanji.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Wild Bill.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be A Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Mr. Holland's Opus; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Two If By Sea; Waiting to Exhale.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Bio-Dome; Dunston Checks In; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Eye For An Eye; Mr. Holland's Opus.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be A Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Mr. Holland's Opus; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Two If By Sea; Waiting to Exhale.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Bio-Dome; Dunston Checks In; Eye For An Eye; Father of the Bride Part II; From Dusk Till Dawn; Lawnmower Man II; Mr. Holland's Opus; Toy Story; Two If By Sea.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Twelve Monkeys; Dead Man Walking.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Twelve Monkeys.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Mr. Holland's Opus; Othello; Sense and Sensibility.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; Heat; Jumanji; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Lawnmower Man II; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Mr. Holland's Opus.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Eye For An Eye; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Bio-Dome; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Twelve Monkeys; Two If By Sea.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Dunston Checks In; Jumanji; The American President; Waiting to Exhale.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Don't Be A*

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of the Moving Image.

Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Lawnmower Man II; Waiting to Exhale.

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Othello; Waiting to Exhale.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Copycat; Get Shorty; GoldenEye; Home for the Holidays; Money Train; Nick of Time; The American President; Toy Story.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Bio-Dome; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Mr. Holland's Opus; Toy Story; Two If By Sea; Waiting to Exhale.*

Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be A Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Waiting to Exhale.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Toy Story; Eye For An Eye.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Dunston Checks In; Grumpier Old Men; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Heat; Lawnmower Man II.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Jumanji; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Two If By Sea; Waiting to Exhale.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; Eye For An Eye; Sabrina ; Toy Story.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Two If By Sea; Sense and Sensibility.*

Fresh Meadows—190-02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Dead Man Walking; Eye For An Eye; Father of the Bride Part II; Jumanji; Mr. Holland's Opus; Sense and Sensibility; Twelve Monkeys.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Twelve Monkeys.*

Main Street—72-66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Sabrina ; Twelve Monkeys.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Bio-Dome; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Dunston Checks In; Heat; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Mr. Holland's Opus; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Shanghai Triad; The Postman.*

Plaza —103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *From Dusk Till Dawn; Don't Be A Menace . . . .*

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be A Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; From Dusk Till Dawn; Two If By Sea.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *From Dusk Till Dawn; Waiting to Exhale.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Eye For An Eye; Jumanji; Sense and Sensibility; Twelve Monkeys.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Mr. Holland's Opus.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Bio-Dome; From Dusk Till Dawn; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Mr. Holland's Opus; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys.* Opening 1/26: *Screamers.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Waiting to Exhale.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Bio-Dome; Dunston Checks In; Father of the Bride Part II; From Dusk Till Dawn; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Mr. Holland's Opus; Sabrina ; Sense and Sensibility; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Two If By Sea; Waiting to Exhale.*

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

Retrospective

Action Hero

Douglas Fairbanks Sr. was post–World War I America's most beloved action-comedy star, an actor with an irrepressible sense of humor who performed stunts half-naked until he hit his forties and went flabby. Film Forum pays tribute to the man with the wry mustache in "Douglas Fairbanks: King of Hollywood" (January 26–February 15). (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Museums, Societies, Etc.

A Different Light—1/28: *Tank Girl* (1995). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

American Museum of the Moving Image—1/27-2/11: "Millenial Mysteries: Continuing Revelations from the Prelinger Archives." 1/27: "Money in the Air" and "The Cinema of Cleanliness." 1/28: "For the Children" and "Trained for Reliability: Mid-Century Etiquette." 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Donnell Media Center—1/23: *Illusions* (1982) and *Pinky* (1949). 1/25: *Merce Cunningham and Dance Company: Event for Television* (1977) and *Beach Birds for Camera* (1993). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Through 1/25: Paul Morrissey's *Forty Deuce* (1982). Beginning 1/27: "Douglas Fairbanks: King of Hollywood." 1/26-1/27: *The Mark of Zorro* (1920) and *When Clouds Roll By* (1919). 1/28 and 1/29: *Robin Hood* (1922) and *His Majesty, the American* (1919). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 1/25: "The Fifth Annual New York Jewish Film Festival." 1/23: *City Without Jews* (1924). 1/23-1/25: *Altalena* (1994) with *Inside God's Bunker* (1994), and *Dealers Among Dealers* (1995). 1/24: *Without Me* (1993) with *Genghis Cohn* (1993). 1/24 and 1/25: *1968, Happy New Year* (1993). 1/25: *You, Me & Jerusalem* (1995). 1/26-3/7: "Polish Cinema from 1930 to the Present." 1/26: *Border Street* (1948) and *Knife in the Water* (1962). 1/26 and 1/27: *The Easter Week* (1995). 1/26 and 1/28: *Johnny the Musician* (1930). 1/27: *Decalogue, Part One* (1993) with *From the Point of View of the Nightwatchman* (1977). 1/28: *General Pankratov's Daughter* (1934). 1/29: *The Girls From Nowolipki* (1937) and *The Ghosts aka Anxiety* (1938). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—1/23: *L'Auberge rouge* (1951). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Japan Society—1/26: *Youth of the Beast* (1963). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"The Films of John Frankenheimer" 1/22: *The Young Savages* (1957) and *The Young Stranger* (1961). 1/23: *All Fall Down* (1962) and *Birdman of Alcatraz* (1962). 1/25: *The Train* (1965. 1/25 and 1/27: *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962). 1/25 and 1/28: *Seconds* (1966). 1/26: *Grand Prix* (1966). 1/26 and 1/28: *The Fixer* (1968). 1/27: *Seven Days in May* (1964). (See also "Museum of Television & Radio.") Through 3/15: "Asta: The Tenth Muse" 1/26: *Poor Jenny* (1912), *Dance of Death* (1912), *As The Mask Drops* (1912), *Girl Without a Country/A Romany Spy* (1912), and *Lulu/Loulou* (1923). 1/27: *Tragedy of the Street/Women Without Men* (1927) and *Lusts of Mankind (1927)*. 1/28: *The Merry-Go-Round* (1920), *Sins of the Fathers* (1912), *The Militant Suffragette* (1913), and *S.1.* (1913). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Directed by John Frankenheimer: The Television Work." 25 West 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

Symphony Space—1/23: *Metropolis* (1926) and *Dr. Strangelove or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* (1964). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $7.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Beat Culture and the New America: 1950-1965." 1/25: *The Lenny Bruce Performance Film* (1968). 1/28 and 1/31: *Greenwich Village Story* (1961). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

Movie Listings Online

***New York* Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at *go* NYMAG.**

theater

Shaggy *Dog* Stories...Desert Romance

Broadway

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Christianne Tisdale plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

The Father—Written almost a century before *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf,* August Strindberg's 1887 tale of marital viciousness is modern theater's founding treatment of mind (and power) games between the sexes. Richard Nelson's new adaptation stars Frank Langella as the Captain. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. Through 2/18. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Jeff Trachta ("The Bold and the Beautiful") as bad boy Danny Zuko and Joe Piscopo ("Saturday Night Live") as the deejay. $30–$67.50. Mon.–Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Hello, Dolly!—Over four decades, everybody's played her, from Pearl Bailey and Ethel Merman to Ginger Rogers and Barbra Streisand. But so what? Even now, the role of matchmaker and busybody Dolly Gallagher Levi in Jerry Herman's 1964 *Hello, Dolly!* remains somehow inseparable from the nasal purr and mile-wide grin of Carol Channing, currently having a high old time in the—good heavens—thirty-first-anniversary revival of her signature show. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/28. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (575-9200). 2 hrs 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. John Stamos (*Full House*) recently replaced Matthew Broderick in the starring role. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's story of a woman blind from birth who, owing to the efforts of an ambitious ophthalmologist (Jason Robards) and a Micawberish husband (Alfred Molina), regains partial vision after 40 years but—feeling that an essential dimension of her personality has been

Onstage

Passion! Heartbreak! Sand!

In all probability, King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba were just good (diplomatic) pals. But if historical precision were the point in musicals, how many big second-act love ballads would make the cut? The Jewish Repertory Theatre's production of 'Sheba,' a sort of 'West Side Story' set in the ancient Near East, is at Playhouse 91, 316 East 91st Street (831-2000), through February 18.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

lost in the process—ultimately chooses to revert to sightlessness. "You will be glad to see a play as fine as brian Friel's *Molly Sweeney;* you'll be thrilled to catch three performers making drama the way a marvelous chamber group plays, say, the Fauré trio; and you'll be telling your grandchildren that you saw, at the apex of this triangle, Catherine Byrne as Molly. Do not, I implore you, miss this play, miss this cast, miss Ms. Byrne's self-tamed tiger burning bright." (Simon; 1/22/95.) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theater at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Pomp, Duck & Circumstance—An "entertainment-and-dining extravaganza" imported from Berlin and performed in Salon Zazou, a thirties-vintage circus tent; actors sing, dance, juggle, clown, and otherwise disport themselves as you're eating a gourmet meal. $95–$150, tax and gratuity included; beverages charged separately. Tues.–Thurs.: Opens at 6, dinner and performance at 7:30. Fri.–Sat.: Opens at 6:30, dinner and performance at 8. Sun: Opens at 5:30, dinner and performance at 7. Through 3/31. *DeWitt Clinton Park, Eleventh Ave. at 53rd St. (307-4100).*

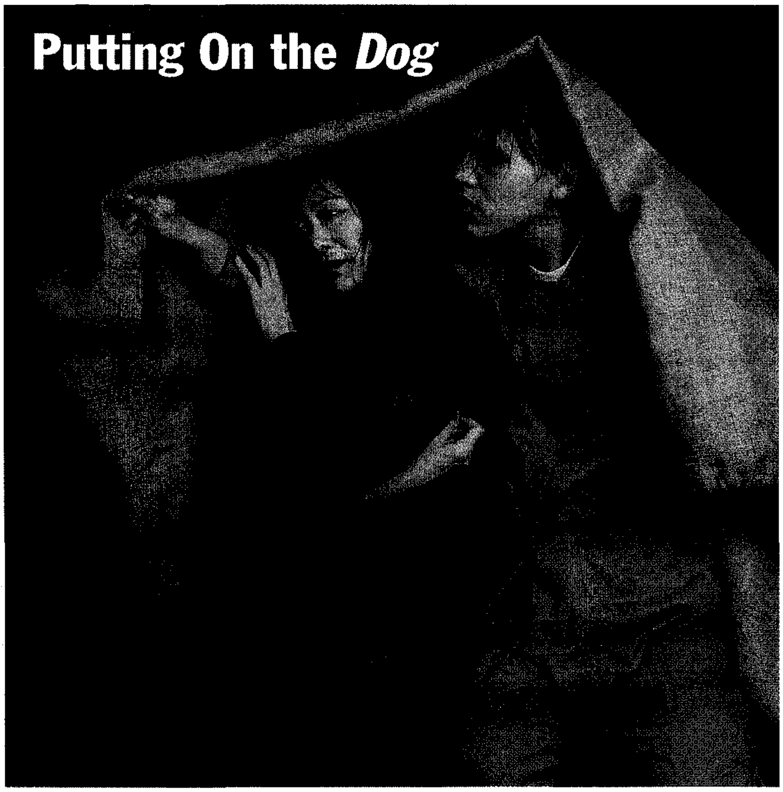
Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest. (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Putting On the *Dog*



Of all non-American theater traditions, those of Asian cultures probably have been the least known in the U.S. Check out *Dog and His Master,* an English adaptation of Chinese playwright Liu Jinyun's *Uncle Dog's Nirvana* that chronicles the hard-knock life of a peasant named Dog as he survives assorted waves of political revolution and land reform in the 25 years following the 1946–49 revolution. At the Chelsea Playhouse.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Bed and Sofa—The creative team responsible for 1986's *Goblin Market* is back on the scene, this time with a musical adaptation of Abram Room's 1926 cult film about the birth of the modern age in twenties Moscow. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/1 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Dog and His Master—$15; $10 students/seniors. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Opening 1/28. Through 2/11. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (279-4200).*

Frank Pig Says Hello—It's been four decades since the screwball psychiatrist Frederic Wertham testified in all seriousness before a Congrssional subcommittee that reading comic books leads impressionable kids down the path to—well, shall we say, severe mental disturbance? The claim was and is absurd, but one supposes it's somewhat more plausible that comics could push a child already on the edge over it. That's the case with the young Irish lad at the center of Pat McCabe's stage adaptation of his novel *The Butcher Boy*, whose madness, together with his reading habits, causes him to assume the persona of a pig. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. Beginning performances 1/23 for a 1/28 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

King Lear—Having had a chance to work up the deranged, embittered notes of his performer's persona as Salieri in the film version of Peter Shaffer's *Amadeus*, Academy Award–winning actor F. Murray Abraham is currently putting them to the test in the title role of the greatest play ever written. The story of a fond and foolish old king stripped of pride to confront mortality (and whose famous next-to-closing line Vladimir Nabokov, in a brilliant bilungual pun, imagined in French as a five-fold repetition of the phrase "N'est vert!") is No. 30 in the New York Shakespeare Festival's ongoing Shakespeare Marathon. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opening 1/25. Through 2/18. *Anspacher Theater at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Mata Hari—A revival of the 1967 musical by Edward Thomas, Jerome Coppersmith, and Martin Charnin about World War I's most notorious intelligence officer, vamp division. $30–$35. Tues. at 7, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Opening 1/25. Through 2/18. *Theatre at St. Peter's, Citicorp Center, 54th St. at Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

The Preservation Society—Southern, fine. Southern debutante, fine. *Lesbian* Southern debutante—well, *that* gets a little complicated. William S. Leavengood's new comedy imagines how it might play out. $33–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/11. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Rent—The latest project of Jonathan Larsen—the triple-threat writer/composer/lyricist whose outdoor spectacle *J. P. Morgan Saves the Nation* brought the history of capitalism to the steps of its Wall Street headquarters last summer—reimagines Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30.

Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Beginning performances 1/25 for a 2/13 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club early last year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories is currently a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan and Rita Moreno and Jerry Stiller replacing Barbara Barrie and Larry Keith. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. The Latino Theatre Collective's production is returning to the stage after a hiatus of several months following a successful run earlier this year. $20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

The Coyote Bleeds—A drama by Tony DiMurro about police misconduct. $22.50–$27.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. *Worth Street Theater, 173 W. Broadway at Worth St. (279-4200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Valerie Harper, Kelly Bishop, and Brian Reddy; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Dick Gregory Live—The satirist and political crusader returns to the live stage for the first time in twenty years. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *47th St. Theater, 304 W. 47th St (315-0112).*

An Epidog—Rose, the dog star (forgive us for that) of Lee Breuer's "Animations" series, has shaken off mortal coils in this latest installment to take up residence in the *Book of the Dead*-described Bardo State. $25–$30. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 2/4. *HERE Arts Center, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-9684).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much *he* knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

The Grey Zone—A new drama by Tim Blake Nelson about the *Sonderkommando*, the contingent of Jews at Auschwitz who complied with Nazi mandates in order to save their families. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/27. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

The Hope Zone—Olympia Dukakis stars as a recovering alcoholic who makes it through all twelve steps of her AA program only to founder on the thirteenth one—reconciling with a no-prize daughter—in Kevin Heelan's new dark comedy. Previews $25–$35; after opening, $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/28. *Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. bet. Thompson and Sullivan (239-6200).*

Jam on the Groove—Several months ago, GhettoOriginal, a troupe of first-generation hip-hop performers from pioneering groups like Magnificent Force and Rock Steady Crew, unveiled at P.S. 122 a stage show—a considerable critical and popular success—that used street music and dance in the service of dramatic storytelling, and that was also called GhettoOriginal. This proved confusing. *Jam on the Groove* is (as they say) the Same Thang with a New Name, and exhilarating as ever. And what evolution, really, could be more natural? American musicals have been driven by another dance (tap) with its roots in street-corner improv for 70 years or so, so these guys may be working in a more established tradition than they think. $29.50–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (420-8000).*

The Lady from the Sea—The play by Ibsen. $24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/25. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Major Barbara—Ninety years after it was written, George Bernard Shaw's witty and incisive look into the morality of arms production—a subject wherein religion, sociology, and capitalism appear, at least in the playwright's view, to have equally unassailable claims—is still asking the unanswerable-but-provocative questions that need to be asked. $24, $19 seniors, $12 students. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Measure for Measure —Among Shakespearean repertory companies, you might argue, a reliable index of sophistication is the approach taken to the so-called problem plays, whose complex mixture of straightforward seriousness and dark comic irony requires expert balancing. Accepting that challenge, Theatre for a New Audience, the acclaimed Off Broadway company that's drawn raves for its breathtaking versions of (the relatively straightforward) *Titus Andronicus* and *Henry VI* over the past several years, has chosen what's perhaps the knottiest of all the Bard's scripts as its season opener. $32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30 at 8. *Playhouse at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art, the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with gi—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A musical adaptation of the award-winning ABC-TV children's series. $20–$25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sheba—$30. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:45, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of Northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Mary Beth Peil, John Cunningham, Derek Smith, and comedienne Jan Hooks (*Saturday Night Live*) in the title, or canine, role. Directed by John Tillinger. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/28. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Too Jewish?—A one-man musical written and performed by Avi Hoffman, in which the author, a self-taught anthropologist of sorts, re-creates songs and comedy routines from *der Goldener Zeit* of Jewish vaudeville. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Mon. and Wed. at

Talent

Broadway Bound?

Alison Fraser, right, gets all het up about the whole sex thing in *Oh, That Wily Snake!*, a one-act romantic comedy that's one of three plays representing the cream of the crop in the 21st Century Playwrights Festival's national competition for undergraduate and graduate writers. They'll be running in rotation through February 11 at the Theatre Row Theatre (279-4200); call for a detailed schedule.

2, Sun. at 1 and 4. *Westside Theatre Downstairs, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Universe—Unlike Pascal, the unnamed protagonist of Richard Foreman's new stage piece isn't frightened by the eternal silence of those infinite spaces: After blinding himself to free his eyes from the pain of a woman too beautiful to bear, he finds himself speaking directly to—whoa—the cosmos at large. $15 Fri.–Sat.; $10 other performances. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/31. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Virgins & Other Myths—Colin Martin's solo performance about a personal journey through stages of sexual innocence, New York hustling, and (whew) inner peace. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 7. Through 2/25. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Waiting For Godot—$24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

When Ladies Battle—A new translation by Michael Feingold of Eugene Scribe and Ernest Legouvé's *Bataille de Dames,* featuring high jinks and intrigue among the French aristocracy from the founding father (Scribe) of the "well-made play" tradition. $16–$21 in previews, $21–$26 after opening. Tues., Thurs.–Fri. at 8., Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 1/27. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place (598-9802).*

Wonderful Time—A new romantic comedy by Jonathan Marc Sherman (*Sophistry*). $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Yiddish Trojan Women—What, you thought that Euripides crowd had it rough? Check out Carol Braverman's story of four Jewish women braving personal dilemmas, political crises, and the whole Life thing, *tateleh.* $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Extra shows 1/27, 2/3 at 2; no show 1/25, 30. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Off-Off Broadway

21st Century Playwrights Festival—"Oh, That Wily Snake!" and "Where I'm Headed": 1/24, 31, 2/3, 4 at 2; 1/23, 26, 27, 30, 2/1, 7, 9, 10 at 8. "Finding Rose": 1/24, 25, 31, 2/2, 3, 6, 8 at 8; 1/27, 28, 2/7, 10, 11 at 2. $15. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

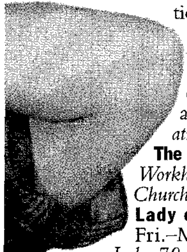
Barbed Wires—$12. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Creative Voices, 750 Eighth Ave. (841-1778).*

The Beautiful People—The comedy by William Saroyan. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/11. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St., at Charlton St. (219-2085).*

Catfish, Guns and Corndogs—$8, plus two-drink minimum. Mon. at 8. *Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Club Hellfire—$15; $12 students/seniors. Fri. at 9, Sat. and Sun. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. *HomeGrown Theatre Company, 2628 Broadway (961-0962).*

Dark Ride—$15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/3. *Soho Rep, 46 Walker St. (334-0962).*



The Fall of the House of Usher—A new adaptation of the Poe *conte.* $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (532-6719).*

Iken's Perversion—$12; $7 students. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat.–Sun. at 3. Through 1/28. *Cucaracha Theatre, 500 Greenwich St. (966-8596).*

The Impostor—$12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *Workhouse Theatre, 41 White St. bet. Church St. and Broadway (967-0400).*

Lady of Fadima/Face Divided—$12. Fri.–Mon. at 8. Through 2/12. *Tribeca Lab, 79 Leonard St. bet. Broadway and Church (966-9371).*

Quatre Chats et Un Loup—$10. Fri.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 1/28. *Riant Theatre, 161 Hudson St., 4th floor, bet. Hubert and Laight Sts. (925-8353).*

Rapid City—$8; $6 students/seniors. 1/26–8, 2/2–4 at 8. *La Tea, 107 Suffolk St. at Rivington St. (533-6152).*

Spyz—$8. Sat. at 10:30. Through 3/2. *Workhouse Theater, 41 White St. bet. Church and Broadway (946-4440).*

Photograph: opposite, Carol Rosegg.

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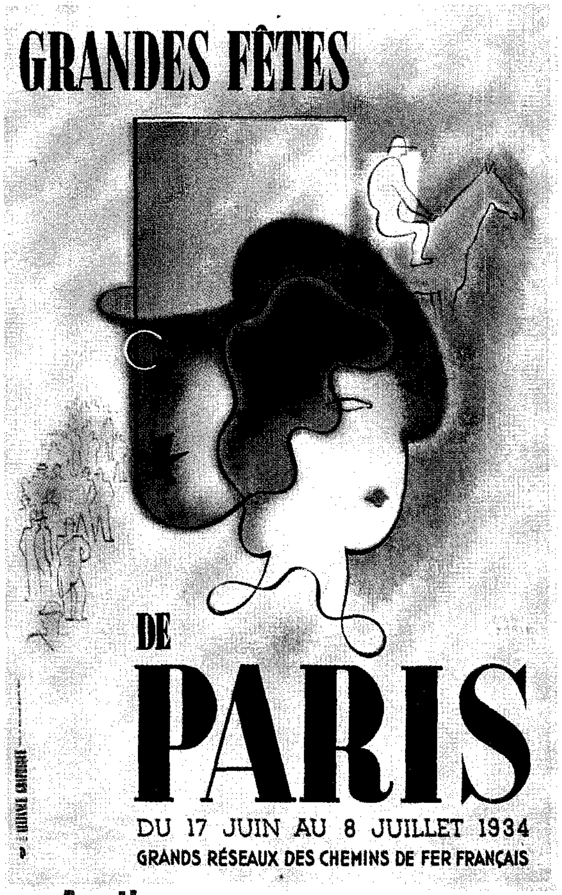
art

Dan Graham...Jim Goldberg...Poster Auction

Openings

The **Outsider Art Fair** returns to New York from January 26 through the 28th, bringing with it dealers from across the United States who specialize in self-taught artists. It takes place at the Puck Building, at the corner of Lafayette and Houston Streets; hours are Fri. 11–8, Sat. 11–7, and Sun. 11–6; admission is $10. In order to get you in to see its **Mondrian** and **Brancusi** exhibitions, MoMA has extended its hours on Friday, January 26, and Saturday, January 27, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. Admission is "pay what you wish" between 5:30 and 10 P.M.


GRANDES FÊTES
DE
PARIS
DU 17 JUIN AU 8 JUILLET 1934
GRANDS RÉSEAUX DES CHEMINS DE FER FRANÇAIS

Photograph courtesy of Swann Galleries.

Auction
Wanted Posters

If the word 'poster' makes you think of thumbtacks and college dorms, then you clearly haven't seen the selection of stylish vintage ones at Swann Galleries. Its "Posters" auction is a marvelous (and, for now, still relatively affordable) way to invigorate plain-Jane Sheetrock walls. On Thursday, January 25, 104 East 25th Street, at 2:30.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Richmond Burton—Nine new oil paintings and a group of drawings and prints in which the artist's allover shapes have a greater variety of scale than in previous works; 1/26–3/2. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Joseph Cornell—Box constructions and collages by the reclusive New York artist (1903–1972); through 3/2. C & M Arts, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Emily Evelth/Elizabeth King—Recent paintings/New sculptures; through 3/2. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Christopher Wilmarth—Seven sculptures dating from 1971 to 1982, including the artist's early, etched-glass and steel-cable pieces; his more robust steel and glass free-standing works; and a single blown glass "head" from the "Breath" series of 1979–1981; through 2/10. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

57th Street Area

Josef Albers—A survey of the artist's drawings, from his little-known representational sketches from his early years to his vivid color studies for the "Homage to the Square" series of the sixties; through 2/17. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Alexander Calder—A survey of sculpture and paintings from the fifties; through 2/17. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Stephen Ellis—New paintings that are built up of many layers of oil and alkyd and scraped down, in areas, to reveal the grid structure beneath; 1/25–2/24. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Dan Graham—A new full-scale pyramidal sculpture pavilion and four new sculpture pavilion models; through 3/2. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Loren Madsen—A seven-year survey of the artist's sculpture, from his strict, faceted metal-plate constructions to the ongoing series of carved wood sculpture seen in this exhibition for the first time; through 2/10. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Andre Masson—Paintings and drawings made by the Surrealist between 1941 and 1945, when he was living in the United States; through 3/2. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Alice Neel/Robert Mapplethorpe—A survey of the artist's paintings of nude pregnant women/Mapplethorpe's little-known photographs of children, many of which have not been previously exhibited. Through 2/3. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

John Newsom—Paintings that juxtapose whimsical, fairy-tale images and take their inspiration from the old-fashioned vignettes of turn-of-the-century chromo-lithographs and early black-and-white cartoon features produced by MGM; through 2/17. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Arnaldo Pomodoro—The artist's first solo show in the United States since 1987 consists of 22 monumentally scaled bronze sculptures created over the past ten years that continue his use of basic geometric shapes interrupted by erratic, jagged cuts; through 2/10. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Nina Roos—Paintings of thin veils of color on Plexiglas panels, by a Finnish artist; through 3/2.Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Jose Maria Sicilia—New assemblages that incorporate ancient Spanish texts and are contained within outer layers of wax; 1/24–2/24. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Rita Ackermann—Eight paintings that depict a snapshot-like series of images of a boy on a mountain excursion and whose titles come together to form a poem; through 2/24. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Robert Beck—Video, drawings, Polaroids, and fabricated crime novels from his ongoing series of crime-related projects, "Habeas Corpus"; through 2/17. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Elizabeth Berdann—Recent paintings, including a series of six oil-on-copper portraits of elderly women who are residents of a community nursing home; through 2/24. Cristinerose, 395 W. Broadway (431-1862).

Maurizio Cannavacciuolo—New paintings; through 2/17. Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (431-3685).

Jonathan Rogers Clark—The artist, who created *Linearism*, a method inspired by Gothic stained glass that involves the application of a three-dimensional "drawing" to create a two-dimensional picture, continues this technique in his latest works, the sale of which will benefit The ABC Trust for scholarships in poetry and painting; through 2/10.

Willie Doherty—Large-scale photographs mounted on aluminum and a video installation; through 2/17. Alexander and Bonin, 59 Wooster St. (925-2343).

Manny Farber/Adam Siegel—Recent paintings that depict arrays of objects as seen from an aerial perspective/The Chicago-based artist's first solo show in New York consists of paintings that depict figures and faces emerging from earth-toned backgrounds of rhythmic marks and related works on paper. Through 2/17. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Ellen Gallagher—The first solo show in New York for this artist who was included in the Whitney Biennial last spring and whose paintings, which at first appear to be minimal and monochromatic, deal with the learning and reinforcement of racial stereotypes; through 2/24. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Larry Johnson/Allen Ruppersberg—New works by both; through 3/2. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Melissa Meyer—Recent large-scale abstract paintings in which the oil paint is allowed to spread and flow, forming aqueous fields and veils of color; 1/27–2/24. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Cathy de Monchaux—Biomorphic sculptures that refer to sexual ambiguity and the human form, made with rusted steel, leather, glass, brass, paper, and concrete; through 3/2. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (627-1455).

Forrest Myers—Recent jazz-inspired sculptures of densely woven wire, bent pipe, stainless steel, anodized aluminum, and found objects; through 2/17. Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800).

Peggy Preheim—Clay sculptures inspired by the artist's collection of dolls and heavily built-up graphite drawings; through 2/10. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Joseph Raffael—New paintings and works on paper that depict the flowers in the artist's garden and the sky reflected in the surface of a pond; through 2/28. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Robert Rauschenberg—Works from the late sixties and early seventies, including "Cardboards" made of cardboard cartons; "Jammers," composed of silk and bamboo poles, and "Carnal Clocks" that use clockwork mechanisms, electric lights, and silkscreened images; through 2/17. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Lydia Rubio—Paintings and sculpture that are based on the Cuban-born artist's investigations concerning the seas that surround Florida and separate it from Cuba; through 2/17. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Steven Skollar/David Halliday—Paintings that depict modern still-life objects in odd juxtapositions and classical lighting/Sepia-toned photographs of still life that reflect the artist's recent travels in Russia, Tonga, and Italy. Through 2/10. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Ilyse Soutine—Recent photographs and a "room painting"; through 2/11. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

Stephen Greene/Aaron Fink—Recent abstract paintings by this artist who studied with Philip Guston/New works on paper. Through 2/10. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Alan Turner—A series of small paintings executed over the past two years that depict the artist's familiar images of eyes, hands, and apertures in the shapes of eyes and hands; through 2/10. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Alan Uglow—Recent abstract works on paper and photographs from his "Stadium Series"; through 3/16. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Carrie Mae Weems—A series of photographs with text that explores the depiction of African Americans in photography and was commissioned by the J. Paul Getty Museum last spring when they asked the artist to respond to a collection of nineteenth-century daguerrotypes of African Americans; through 2/10. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Elyn Zimmerman—New granite sculptures whose forms reflect basic male and female elements; through 2/17. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Other

Anthony Caro/Jules Olitski—Figure studies by these two artists who have been friends and colleagues for more than 30 years; through 2/24. New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466).

Peter Dayton/Robert Adams—Paintings collaged with color laser Xeroxes of greatly-magnified flower photographs cut out from seed catalogues/Works on paper that depict subjects from the bible's Book of Revelations in a style reminiscent of Vincent Foster's *Learn to Draw* books and are drawn in various body fluids. Through 2/18. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Maria Elena Gonzalez—A site-specific installation titled "House of Games" that transforms the gallery into a kinetic playroom; through 2/24. Rotunda, 33 Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047).

Scott Lyall—A sculpture based on a warehouse dance scene that raises questions about the relationship between images and constructed physical environments; 1/26–2/11. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Anima Mundi," an exhibition exploring the diverse ways in which contemporary artists use animals in their work, with paintings, photographs, drawings, prints, and sculpture by 28 artists, among them Joe Andoe, Elizabeth Butterworth, Judith Cotton, Duncan Hannah, Alexis Rockman, and Hiroshi Sugimoto; through 3/2.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). Paintings and photographs of New York City by Thomas Hart Benton, David Johnson, Ernest Lawson, John Marin, George L. K. Morris, Jerome Myers, Charles Sheeler, Alfred Stieglitz, and others; through 3/2.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). Objects, collages, assemblages, paintings, prints, and photographs that use the gun as a central image and/or theme, by Berenice Abbott, Arman, Jonathan Borofsky, Al Hansen, Robert Mapplethorpe, Tom Sachs, Andy Warhol, and others; 1/27–3/9.

57th Street Area

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5135). Paintings, sculpture, and photographs that take the house as their subject, by Siah Armajani, Richard Artschwager, Bernd and Hilla Becher, Tony Berlant, James Casebere, Guillermo Kuitca, Gordon Matta-Clark, Joel Shapiro, and others; through 3/2.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885), Mon.–Fri, 8–6. "Six Bridges: The Making of the New York Megalopolis." An exhibit that was organized in collaboration with the Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum and is the first to examine the impact of six major bridges erected between 1927 and 1964 that radically reshaped the relationship of New York City to its surrounding region; 1/25–4/19.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Folk paintings by Lawrence Lebduska, Abraham Levin, and Israel Litwak, New York artists who were discovered in the thirties and forties when the folk-art field was first coalescing; through 3/16.

Schmidt Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). A survey of works that are predominantly blue, by Arman, William Baziotes, Mark Tobey, Joyce Treiman, John Wilde, others; through 2/24.

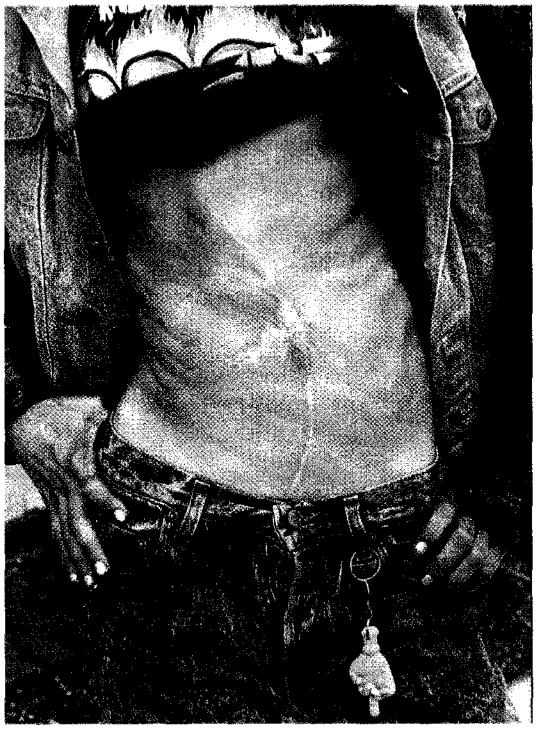
Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). Works by William Baziotes, Gerald Kamrowski, and Jackson Pollock, as well as a collaborative painting from 1940 that was executed by all three artists one evening in Kamrowski's studio; through 2/24.

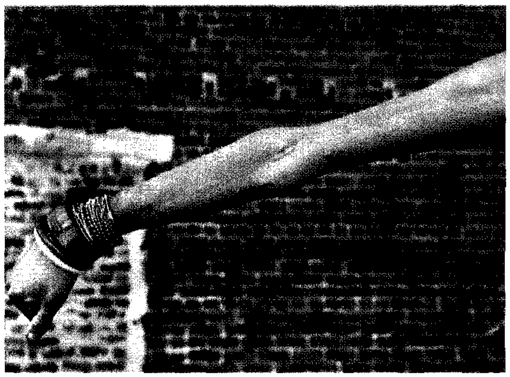
Photography

Mean Streets

They have names like Tweeky Dave, Echo, and Rag Doll. They live on the streets of Los Angeles and San Francisco, scrounging through garbage bins, shooting up, getting pregnant much too young, and dying much too early. They are runaway teenagers and the subject of Jim Goldberg's harrowing "Raised By Wolves," the multimedia but mostly photographic essay he began in 1985 and completed in 1994.

Goldberg is not a Larry Clark. Even in its vastly scaled-down version at PaceWildenstein-MacGill, "Raised By Wolves" is an elegiac, empathic documentary, though it only hints at the intensity of the monumental traveling exhibition it's derived from. The narrative of the original installation, driven by Tweeky Dave (below), who has since died, and Echo, who was his friend, is gone. Even so, Goldberg's vision—of recording the kids' own stories as truthfully as possible—remains surprisingly intact. And it offers no easy answers to the question once posed to him by a homeless boy named Marcos: "Why do kids run from their families?" **EDITH NEWHALL**





My Mom WAS A 15 ye old Junkie slut
who I Aint neveR seen
My old MAN IS A Biker From Hell
the Fucked uP Asshole shot me in the
gut when i was 10 yrs old
Aint gone home since OR HAD ONE

Photograph by Jim Goldberg/PaceWildenstein/MacGill.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Unnaturally Yours," with works that use the natural elements (air, earth, fire, and water) as a point of departure by Alejandro Berlin, Nicole Carstens, Daniel O. Georges, Wendy Lewis, Ben Jones, and Peter Whitney, selected by Willie Cole; "Exhibit A: Design/Writing/Research," a design installation by J. Abbott Miller and Design/Writing/Research; through 3/16.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Wall Drawings '96," features site-specific wall works by Barry McGee, Tania Mouraud, and Mark Dean Veca; through 2/10.

Feldman—31 Mercer St. (226-3232). Drawings by 32 artists, among them Eleanor Antin, Arakawa, Chris Burden, Buckminster Fuller, Ilya Kabakov, and Todd Siler; through 2/17.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Images of the Chrysler Building in paintings, drawings, sculpture and other media by 24 artists, among them Richard Haas and Judith Turner; through 2/29.

Klein—40 Wooster St. (431-1980). "Constructions," with works by Michael Askkin, Tony Cragg, Jackie Ferrara, Fischli/Weiss, Rita McBride, and Matthew McCaslin; new abstract collages by Paul Laster titled "Webs"; through 2/24.

Knowlton—568 Broadway (966-2625). Works on the theme of the great outdoors by Michael Byron, Kirill Doron, Gaylen Hansen, Wade Hoefer, Kazuma Oshita, Helen Miranda Wilson, Timothy Woodman, and others; 1/25–2/17.

Lombard-Freid—470 Broome St. (334-5060). Sculpture and installation by four Polish artists who live and work in Lodz, Poland; photographs by the Polish artist Maciej Toporowicz; through 2/17.

Room—25 Thompson St. (226-1831). "Balancing Act," with works by Nancy Cohen, Sally Elesby, Max Gimblett, Dennis Hollingsworth, Gary Komarin, Thomas Nozkowski, Anthony Ocone, Sean Scully, and Stephen Westfall; through 2/24.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). The gallery's annual "Young Artists" exhibit features works by Richard Barnet, Charles Clough, Mark Gibian, Alexis Portilla, and others; through 2/25.

65 Thompson Street—65 Thompson St. (219-2219). A benefit exhibition for Friend's House, a new residence for AIDS-afflicted homeless adults, with works by John Chamberlain, Mark DiSuvero, Dan Flavin, Nancy Holt, Joseph Kosuth, Brice Marden, Marisol, Malcolm Morley, and Donald Sultan; through 2/1.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). One large-scale work each by Francesco Clemente, Julian Schnabel, and Cy Twombly; through 2/17.

Swiss Institute New York—495 Broadway (925-2035). "A Path Through the Mountains: 500 Years of Swiss Map-Making"; through 2/10.

Thorp—103 Prince St. (431-6880). Paintings, sculpture, photography, and installation that are the artists' response to the word "epitaph"; through 2/24.

Other

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Twisted Sisters—Drawing the Line," with comic art by M.K. Brown, Julie Doucet, Aline Kominsky-Crumb, Caryn Leschen, Fiona Smythe, Darcy Stanger, Carol Swain, and others; "White Room Program," with works by Craig Bruns, Virgil Marti, and Scott Meikle; through 2/18.

World Financial Center—225 Liberty St. (245-0505), Tue.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. and Sun. 12–5. "Art, Design, and Barbie: The Evolution of a Cultural Icon" celebrates the world's most popular doll in works by more than 50 modern and contemporary artists, architects, and designers, among them John Baldessari, Zaha Hadid, Robert A. M. Stern, Andy Warhol, and William Wegman; through 2/10.

Photography

Alfred Eisenstaedt—A retrospective of works by the preeminent *LIFE* Magazine photographer; through 3/1. LIFE Gallery, 28th floor, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center (522-3200); Tue. and Fri. 11–3 and by appointment.

Sally Apfelbaum—Photographs of Claude Monet's gardens at Giverny and the gardens at Varengeville-sur-Mer, which were planned by Gertrude Jekyll and surround a house designed by the English art-and-crafts architect Edward Luytens; through 2/10. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Tom Baril/Rocky Schenck—Photographs of flowers and seascapes/Romatic, heavily-toned photographs of trees, highways, the sea, and houses that bring to mind the Pictorialist period. Through 2/24. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Lola Alvarez Bravo—Two exhibits of the work of the Mexican photographer (1907–1993) who was a pioneer of the modernist esthetic in Mexico, was a staunch supporter of Mexican artists (she gave Frida Kahlo her first one-person show), and served as head of the photography department at the Instituto Nacional de Bellas Artes in Mexico City for three decades. At the Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (249-8950), Tues.–Sun. 12–6, through 2/25, and Throckmorton Fine Art, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059), through 3/9.

Peter Campus—New photographs whose disparate compositions of images were created by placing found materials (photographs, pages of text, or paper scraps) and objects collected from nature (flowers, stones, and insects) on a digital scanner; through 2/17. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

Cristinerose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). "Lush," with photographs by Ellen Brooks, Barbara Ess, Jan Groover, and Seton Smith; through 2/24.

Christopher Giglio/Sterck and Rozo—The photographer, who was included in MoMA's 1993–94 "New Photography" exhibition, creates his television-derived images by exposing photographic paper directly to a television screen/Photographs by the Belgian-American collaborators, whose darkly romantic images are the result of multiple generations and manipulated surfaces. Through 2/17. TZ'ART, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Jim Goldberg/Kiki Smith—An abbreviated version of the photographer's traveling exhibition, "Raised by Wolves: Photographs and Documents of Runaways," whose photographs, objects, and texts document the seven years he spent photographing and working with homeless young people living on the streets of Hollywood and San Francisco/Recent color photographs, some of which were taken during the production of her sculptures at the Art Foundry in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Through 2/24. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Fazal Sheikh: A Sense of Common Ground." Portraits of refugees from Sudan, Ethiopia, Somalia, Rwanda, and Mozambique living in the African camps; "Highlights from the ICP Permanent Collection: One Hundred Years of Documentary Photography and Photojournalism"; through 3/31.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.-Sun. 11–6. "Eve Arnold: In Retrospect." Black-and-white and color photographs from the photojournalist's 40-year-career. . . ."Country Beside Itself: Lars Tunbjörk." Images of Swedes enjoying themselves in a thoroughly commercialized world of organized leisure and consumption; through 2/11.

Larry Clark—Color photographs of skateboarding kids taken over a three-year period; through 2/24. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Michael Johnson—Photographs of midwestern landscapes taken with a large-format camera; 1/24–3/2. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

David Mosconi/Jos Van Der Hamsvoord—Twenty-by-24-inch Polaroid triptychs depicting images of stars, nebula, constellations, and a solar eclipse/Photographs of decaying fruit and vegetables set against dainty floral fabrics or the grid of a strawberry basket. Through 2/10. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

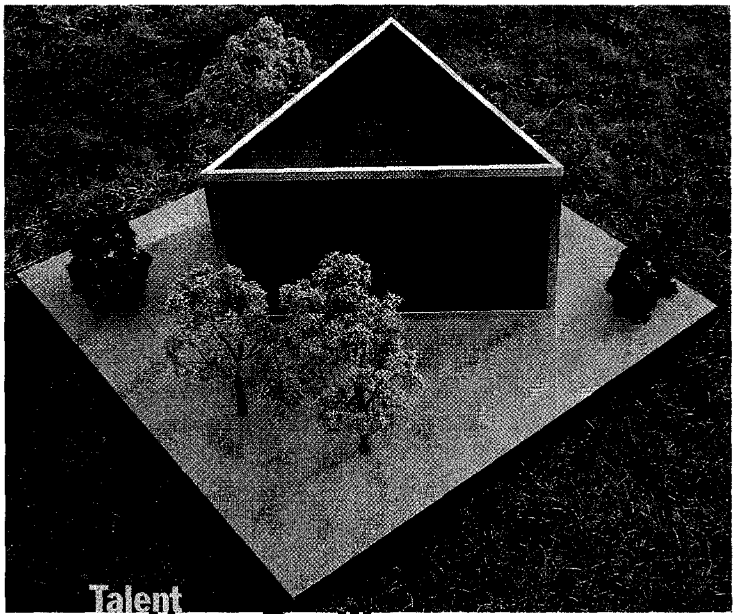
New York Transit Museum—Photographs documenting the last days of the Third Avenue El by Ann Shanks; through 3/24. 130 Livingston St. (718-330-5839); Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10–4, Wed. 10–6, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 adults; $1.50 students and seniors.

Gilles Peress—Five of the photographer's projects from the past 25 year, among them photographs of the civil rights struggle in Northern Ireland; of Turkish immigrant workers in Germany from 1973 to the present; and of the effects of the war in Bosnia on its population; through 2/10. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). Recent photographs by Micheal McLaughlin, Michael Prince, and Lee Friedman; through 2/25.

Sean McDevitt—Photographs that explore the artist's sexual fetishes and obsessions and the presence of the masculine and feminine in the self; through 2/24. Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334).

Toshio Shibata/Henri Cartier-Bresson—Large-scale black-and-white photographs of Japanese landscapes/Early vintage prints. Through 2/24. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).



Talent
Near Pavilions

Of those artists whose work seems a hybrid of sculpture and architecture, none have eliminated the boundary between the two quite as seamlessly as Dan Graham. His new full-scale-pyramidal-sculpture pavilion and models are at Marian Goodman Gallery (24 West 57th Street) through March 2.

Photograph courtesy of Marian Goodman Gallery.

Tim Maul—A new series of Cibachrome photographs that document the interior of the National Library of Ireland in Dublin; through 3/16. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Neil Winokur—An installation of large color prints of faces, hands, feet, and bodies belonging to various artists; through 2/17. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Wooster Gardens—558 Broadway (941-6210). Recent works by Vik Muniz, Sage Sohier, and Brian Weil; through 2/10.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Made to Order. . . America's Most Wanted Paintings: An Artists' Project." Works by 52 artists that are their interpretations of a poll that surveyed American likes and dislikes in art; through 1/27. 594 Broadway (966-4444); Tue.–Sat. 11–6; contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"White House Collection of American Crafts." Works by 78 American artists working in the craft media of clay, fiber, glass, metal, and wood; through 3/3. . . . "Craft in the Machine Age 1920-1945." A retrospective of crafts made between the World Wars; through 3/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Planet Peru." Aerial photographs of Peruvian landscapes by Marilyn Bridges; through 2/1. . . . "Botanical Art From the Hunt Institute Collection"; through 2/18. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"A.W.N. Pugin: Master of Gothic Revival." The artist, who is best known as the designer of the interiors of the Houses of Parliament, also made books, ceramics, stained glass, jewelry, and metalwork before he died at the age of 40, all of which constitute this exhibition; through 2/25. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000); Tue.–Sun. 11–5 (Thur. until 8:30); $2; $1 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum— "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. . . . "More Room for a View: Large-Scale Works on Paper"; through 2/4. . . . "Elsa Schiaparelli: Surrealism in Fashion From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 3/24. . . . "Steel: Photographs by Patricia Layman Bazelon"; through 2/4. . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 1/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume"; through 6/23/96. . . . "European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23 . . . . "Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web"; through 6/23. . . . "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/23. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"Leandro Katz: Two Projects/A Decade." Two photographic installation works by the writer, filmmaker, and visual artist; 1/25–5/5. . . "Portrait: A Site-Specific installation by Carla Preiss"; 1/24–4/7. . . . "Recent Acquisitions: Works from the Permanent Collection"; 1/25–5/6. . . . "Historia de la Isla: Graphic Works by Puerto Rican Artists, 1968–1980"; 1/25–4/7. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"The Butterfly and the Bat: Whistler and Montesquiou." An exhibit documenting the relationship between Whistler and Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac; through 1/28. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"The Material Imagination." Sculpture and conceptual art works that were acquired for the museum's permanent collection from the late seventies to the present; through 1/31. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Russian Jewish Artists in a Century of Change, 1890-1990." Paintings, sculpture, photographs, and posters, by Marc Chagall, El Lissitzky, Ilya Kabakov, Komar & Melamid, others; through 1/28. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Klee in Munich." One in a series of continuing installations from the Berggruen Klee Collection, which was a gift to the museum in 1984, this exhibit traces the artist's stylistic development during his most formative period; through 6/30. . . . "Pergamon: The Telephos Frieze from the Great Altar." Forty marble sculptures from the Pergamon Museum in Berlin that once decorated the Great Altar of Pergamon in the citadel of Pergamon in northwest Asia Minor; through 4/14. . . . "Haute Couture"; through 3/30. . . . "Howard Hodgkin: Paintings 1975–1995." A survey of abstract paintings by the British artist known for his brilliant use of color; through 1/28. . . . "Textiles of Late Antiquity"; through 4/30. . . . "River of Gold: Pre-columbian Treasures From Sitio Conte, Panama"; through 2/4. . . . "American Schoolgirl Needlework." Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century needlework pictures and samplers from the museum's collection; through 2/18. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum of American Folk Art—"Expressions of Trust: Recent Gifts to the Museum of American Folk Art"; through 2/25. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tue.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Brancusi: Selected Masterworks from the Musée National d'Art Moderne and The Museum of Modern Art, New York"; through 4/23. . . . "Roy DeCarava." A survey of the photographer's works, from his pictures of everyday life in Harlem, through the civil rights protests of the early sixties, to his recent lyrical studies of nature; 1/25–5/7. . . . "Piet Mondrian." An exhibit of 160 paintings and drawings from museums and private collections that emphasizes Mondrian's identity as a modern, abstract artist and surveys the time he spent in Paris (1919–38), London (1938–40), and New York (1940–44); through 1/30. . . . "Projects: Oliver Herring/Leonilson." Ethereal, elegiac knitted and embroidered works that commemorate loss and mortality in the era of AIDS by Herring, an artist who lives in New York, and Leonilsen, a Brazilian artist who died of AIDS in 1993; through 3/12. . . . "Michael Schmidt: U-NI-TY." Black-and-white photographs by the German photographer that are a meditation on national identity and history; through 3/26. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"The Talk of the Town: Rea Irvin of *The New Yorker*." Original covers, drawings, and cartoons by *The New Yorker's* first art director, from the museum's own collection; 1/24–5/5. . . . "Uncommon Threads: Three Hundred Years of New York Style"; through 2/11. . . "Growing Up in New York: The Photography of Arthur Leipzig." Photographs of New York City and its street life taken during the forties and fifties; through 3/31. . . . "Cookie's Harlem." A celebration of the life and times of the legendary dance master Charles "Cookie" Cook; through 2/25. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Tues.–Sat. 11:30–5:30 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 senior citizens, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"A Labor of Love." Works by more than 40 contemporary artists who use handmade folk or craft-oriented processes to create their work; through 4/14. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12–8 (free 6–8), Sun. 12–6; $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters." This exhibit of original manuscripts from the Berg Collection's holdings includes such treasures as the typescript of T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* with handwritten corrections by Ezra Pound; through 4/27. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"New York Celebrates the End of World War II"; through 2/11. . . . "Clement Clarke Moore of Chelsea"; through 2/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Art of the Brontës: Drawings and Manuscripts." Drawings and manuscripts by Charlotte, Anne, Emily, and Branwell Brontë; through 4/14. . . . "A Great Heritage: Renaissance and Baroque Drawings from Chatsworth"; through 4/21. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"City Speculations." Projects, proposals, architectural and conceptual models, videos, and other forms of documentation related to the ideas embodied by the Panorama of the City of New York; through 3/10. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Explorations in the City of Light: African-American Artists in Paris, 1945–1965"; 1/18–6/2. . . ."The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Beat Culture and the New America: 1950–1965." An exhibit that looks at the exchanges and collaborations among poets, artists, musicians, and filmmakers of the Beat generation; through 2/4. . . . "Robert Frank: Moving Out." A retrospective of photographs by the Swiss-born American artist; through 2/11. . . . "Altered and Irrational." An exhibit of works from the museum's permanent collection that examines artists' use of nontraditional materials, altered forms, and unusual processes; through 3/3. . . . "Collection in Context—Joseph Cornell: Cosmic Travels"; through 3/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Matthew McCaslin: Harnessing Nature"; through 3/29. Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 1/26 at 10: "Americana from the Library of Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard." On view from 1/19. 1/26 at 2 and 1/27 at 10 and 2: "Highly Important American Furniture, Silver, Prints, Folk Art and Decorative Arts." On view from 1/19.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 1/24 at 10: "American Decorative Arts including Scientific Instruments." On view from 1/19.

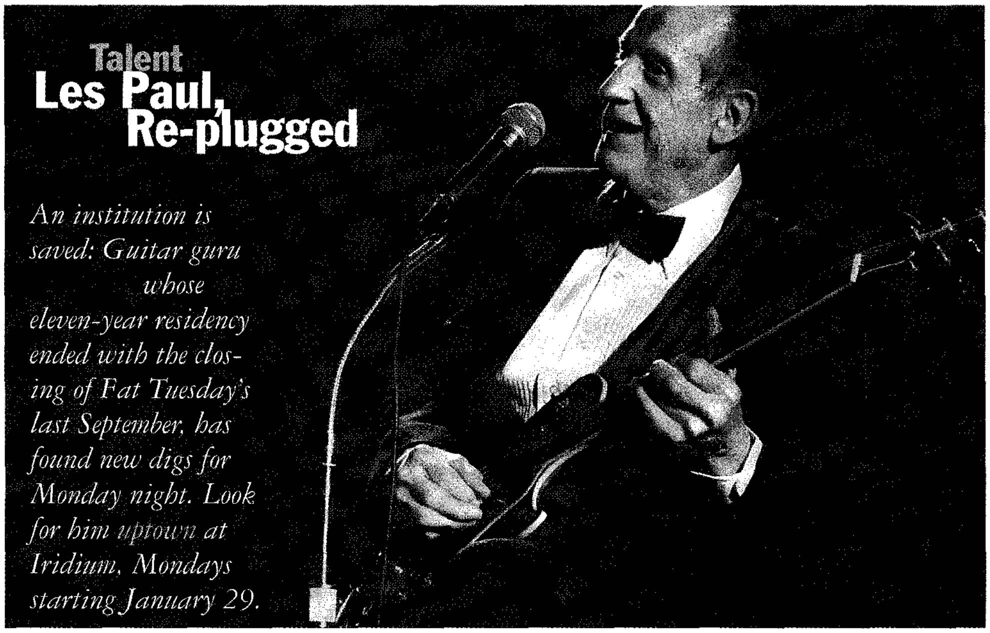
Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 1/24 at at 10: "Important 17th- and 18th-Century English and Continental Furniture and Decorations." On view from 1/20. 2/7 at 10: "English and Continental Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings." On view from 2/3. 2/28 at 10: "English and Continental Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings." On view from 2/24.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/24 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade English and American Furniture." On view from 1/19. 1/27 at 10:15 and 2: "English Furniture." On view from 1/21.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/25 at 2:30: "Posters." On view from 1/20. 2/1 at 10:30: "Autographs." On view from 1/27.

nightlife

Richard Buckner...Roomful of Blues



Talent

Les Paul, Re-plugged

An institution is saved: Guitar guru whose eleven-year residency ended with the closing of Fat Tuesday's last September, has found new digs for Monday night. Look for him uptown at Iridium, Mondays starting January 29.

Concerts

Gerald Busby—The gay songwriter performs music sets to poems by James Purdy, Craig Gutenberg, and Walt Whitman. Proceeds go to benefit the HIV Arts Network. 1/25 at 7 P.M. *Buschman Hall, 432 E. 91st St. (212-385-4945). $25.*

Clubland

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—that recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary. Given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 1/25: Hot young folk starlet Dar Williams; Eddie from Ohio. 1/26: "Required Listening: a No-Risk Evening of Discovery" featuring Betty, Brian Dewan, Lowen & Navarro, Dan Zanes. 1/27: "Fast Folk Music Revue," featuring Wendy Beckerman, Patrick Brayer, Chuck Brodsky, Catie Curtis, Annie Gallup, and several other neo-folkies. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 1/25: Richard Buckner; Barbara Brousal; Star City. 1/26: Clowns for Progress. 1/27: Faith; Brother Mustard; Divers; Jonathan Gregg. 1/29: Ass Pony. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. (Punk-rock credibility points for I.D.-ing its acronym.) Next door, CB's Gallery offers a more well-heeled atmosphere, with higher-end tap beers and quieter, if no less impassioned, acoustic acts. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie with comfortably down-home ambience and even-more-comfortable couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/24–1/25: Ernie Williams & the Wildcats. 1/26–1/27: Roomful of Blues. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills aplenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to their famed trash-rock party, "Green Door NYC." 1/26: The Unsane. 1/28: "SkaParty '96," featuring Mephiskapheles, Spring-Heeled Jack, The Planet Smashers, Jiker, and Oly Junga Feast, starting at 6 P.M. Most shows at 9. *15 St. Marks Place (475-9726).*

Continental Divide—A dark, grimy shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful low-lifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 1/25: James Chance; Molotov Cocktail Lounge featuring Contortions. 1/26: Spitters; Sulfur; Halcion. 1/27: Tuba; Screaming Headless Torsos. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Don Hill's—Low and left enough to scare away the East Village foot traffic, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some assertiveness to access on a crowded night. 1/23: The new, chisel-faced singing sensation Ké; Rosie Flores. 1/24: Downtown free-jazz dynamo and drummer William Hooker. 1/26: George Usher; the Schramms; Vice Royals. 1/27: Semi–Gloss; Juicy. 1/30: Ké; Spain. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—Two stars of neo–roots rock, the lovely Alaskan folksinger Jewel and the South Carolina band Edwin McCain, compete for our affections on 1/26. The latter—named, Dave Matthews–like, after its earnest, clean-cut singer-songwriter—has been plying its jazz-tinged, harmlessly rootsy rock for a predominantly live audience for some years, which lately seems a quite viable route to MTV. For a better idea of their milieu, consider two sidemen on their debut record *Honor Among Thieves:* Mark Bryan and Darius Rucker, of Hootie and the You-Know-What. They're followed, fittingly enough, by the Jono Manson band, which plays 1/27 and includes members of Blues Traveler. *17 Irving Place (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—1/25: Balenescu Quartet. 1/26: WBAI, New York's wing of listener-sponsored Pacifica Radio, launches the ominously ambitious multimedia performance "the Leaving(s) Projects," only the base of which takes place here in TriBeCa. Consider the stats: The five-and-a-half-hour live radio play will occur simultaneously in six different locations in the New York metropolitan area, following six different groups of characters. It will be broadcast live to 360 community radio stations, using microwaves, telephones, cellular phones, and the Internet. It will begin with Larry Neal's play *The Glorious Monster in the Bell of the Horn,* in which jazz legends Max Roach, Lester Bowie, Ron Carter, Hamiet Bluiett, and others play the musical roles associated with the play's characters. Not scared yet? The play's grand finale will take place at Penn Station around 3:45 in the morning. Come down or tune into WBAI (99.5 FM) if feeling interdisciplinary. 1/27: Helium, a Boston band with an eerie female singer and Abstract Expressionist's skill with distortion. 1/28: CCMC with Michael Snow, Paul Dutton, John Oswald, and Jack Vorvis. 1/29: David Murray Big Band. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Limelight—Its "decadent" exterior—a deconsecrated church—its velvet rope, and its surly doorpeople may all scream *eighties,* but the Limelight looks like it's going to be a cash cow right through the millennium, packing them in just about every night. Expect platform shoes, several floors of pulsating house music, and exit routes that would do King Minos proud. *47 W. 20th St. (807-7850).*

Photograph by John Bellissimo.

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies' Night. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 1/29: The Antihootenany with Lach. Shows nightly. *94 Ave. A. (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 1/25: The great seventies funk consortium Slave. 1/26: Zin, Le Force Tranquille de la Nouvelle Generation. 1/27: Katende. 1/28: "Phantoms" French-Carribean Dance Party. 1/29: Bronx Horns. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Friday and Saturday nights, the fourteen-piece Stan Rubin Orchestra plays classics from the swing era for, as they say, your dancing enjoyment. Rubin's songbook is 1,000 arrangements strong, many of them transcribed from thirties and forties records. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early. 1/30: The Who's John Entwhistle, he of the stuttery bass line to "My Generation," ventures out *sans* Pete and Roger, leading his own band here with Joni's Butterfly. 1/31: Johnny Winter; Bill Perry; Debbie Davies. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. The fine jazz musicians that play nightly rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 1/23–1/28: Jazz-fusion heavyweights Spyro Gyra demonstrate their remarkable longevity, eighteen albums strong since 1977—an likely feat for a band that plays such weightless jazz-pop and named itself after a term the saxophonist remembered from biology class. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 1/22–1/27: Steve Wilson, Jonny King, Larry Grenadier, Billy Drummond. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

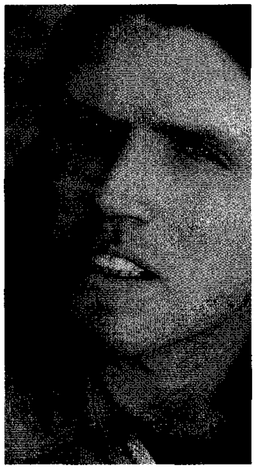
Cornelia Street Cafe—A cozy and well-heeled neighborhood restaurant that, occasionally, pre-

Talent

City Folk

Richard Buckner (Brownie's, January 25) knows from sad. On his lovely debut, *Bloomed* (DejaDisc), the folksy songwriter paints desperation and loss with such elegant strokes that critics are comparing him to countrified soulmen like Neil Young and the late Gram Parsons. "Once I wanted an explanation/But now, I'd settle for just a sound," he sings on one song, a bit of Hank Williams by way of Camus. The twang and sure sense for desolation suggest Oklahoma or West Texas, but Buckner's actually from San Francisco. His songs mention subways as much as highways; he tells of renters' heartbreaks and break-ups on the sidewalk. Somehow the soft, weathered voice on *Bloomed* conjures more ancient tragedies, regardless of the songs' very nineties origins. "One song, 'Surprise, AZ,' I got from these two death certificates I found at a temp job," he says brightly over the phone. Another, a "one-chord mountain death song," began as a chronicle of a historical disaster. "I wanted to write about the flood of '55 in Marysville, where my grandpa went around in a boat picking up bodies. But I wasn't there, and I hadn't talked to him in years, so I really couldn't." Instead, he wrote "22," a harrowing account of suicide that's all the sadder for its plainspoken verse—a poetry of water, porcelain, steam, and despair. It's a point for chilling speculation just how much of Buckner's songs are researched, how much experienced, and even Buckner isn't sure. "I saw this old film clip of Doc Watson and was talking about how you should sing *plain*. He said that's the perfect way to sing—it's pure, the way God wanted it. I completely believe that."

Chris Norris



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- L'Udo / Peter Artaserse
- M & R Bar / Yumi Miyanishi
- Re-Bar / Alex Carey
- Temple Bar / David Hood
- The Viceroy / Artie Cortez
- The Vodka Bar at American Renaissance / Scott Brodie

Their Campari Masterpieces will be judged by:

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- Dale DeGroff, Beverage Manager, *The Rainbow Room*
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sents excellent jazz musicians. 1/25: Pianist Eric Olsen. 1/26: Grant Stewart Quintet. 1/27: Mika Pohjola. *29 Cornelia St. (989-9317).*

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. *7 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. Through 1/28: The avuncular trumpet legend Harry "Sweets" Edison, of Count Basie fame, and more recently Lionel Hampton's star-powered big band, leads a quartet. 1/30–2/4: Young trumpet star Wallace Roney follows suit. Every Monday night, jazz musician and guitar innovator Les Paul leads a trio, relocated from the now defunct Fat Tuesday's. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 1/24–1/27: Pianist Russ Kassoff and bassist Linc Milliman. 1/28: Pianist Bobby Forrester and guitarist/singer Danny Draher. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Match—Smart and trendy, this slick SoHo hang grabs some gravitas on Monday nights, when the Shorty Jackson Legacy Blues Band holds forth. *160 Mercer St. (343-0020).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their more lucrative gigs in Broadway's orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30 P.M. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th St., Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Through 1/28: Larry Goldings Trio. 1/30–2/4: Billy Harper Quintet. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 1/23–2/4: Elder statesman of the vibraphone and one of the last greats of the big-band era, Lionel Hampton leads his magnificent orchestra—a moveable feast for all ages. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. This week, one of its venerable institutions, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra celebrates thirty years of Monday nights, taking over the week of 1/30–2/4 and leaving Roy Hargrove's excellent big band to cover its Monday slots, 1/29 and 2/5. Through 1/28: Kenny Barron Trio with Ron Carter and Ben Riley. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 1/23: Lionel. 1/24: Hot 97's Phat Comedy. 1/25–1/27: John Mulrooney. 1/28: Paul Mooney. 1/29: New Talent Night hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 1/29–2/4: Dave Attell; Gregg Rogell; Kevin Brennen; Mark Maron; Wanda Sykes-Hall. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 1/28: Ben Creed; John Rizzo; Sam Greenfield; Rich Ramirez; Quentin Higgs; Billy Jaye. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club —One of the more intimate comedy spots, with regulars on Comedy Central's *Stand Up Stand Up. 254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Place. (475-5263).*

Performance
Dancing Room Only

The aptly named Roomful of Blues crowds into Chicago B.L.U.E.S. January 26 and 27: swing, jump, rock, boogie, and a whole lotta horns.

Photograph by Jean Hangarter.

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's The Show Formerly Known As Rebar. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics.". Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 1/16: "Alternative Comedy," featuring Elisa DeCarlo and Dan Kinsella. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 3/2: John Pizzarelli. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Bemelmans Bar—Pianist and singer Peter Mintun is back for a return engagement here through 5/4. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt, doing the *chanteuse* thing in her trademark catlike purr through 2/21. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45 cover, no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediteranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. at 9:30, Sat. at 8:30 and 11:30. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *Ibis, 327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—If you're into girl groups, this is the assemblage of your dreams; Merry Clayton, Marianne Faithful, and Darlene Love hooking up for a show called "20th Century Pop." Through 2/3. $40 cover Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and Fri.–Sat. at 11; $20 cover Tues.–Thurs. at 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet recently celebrated the first anniversary of its successful Friday-evening engagement here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, in a salute to the style's masters, jazz stylist Giacomo Gates swings

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Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar 6—Do you have to shave and peroxide your head to work here? Regardless, a well-stocked bar—poison and people. But $10 for a glass of top-shelf bourbon? *502 Sixth Ave., nr. 13th St. (645-2439).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who bought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine, it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A houseparty in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender in whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

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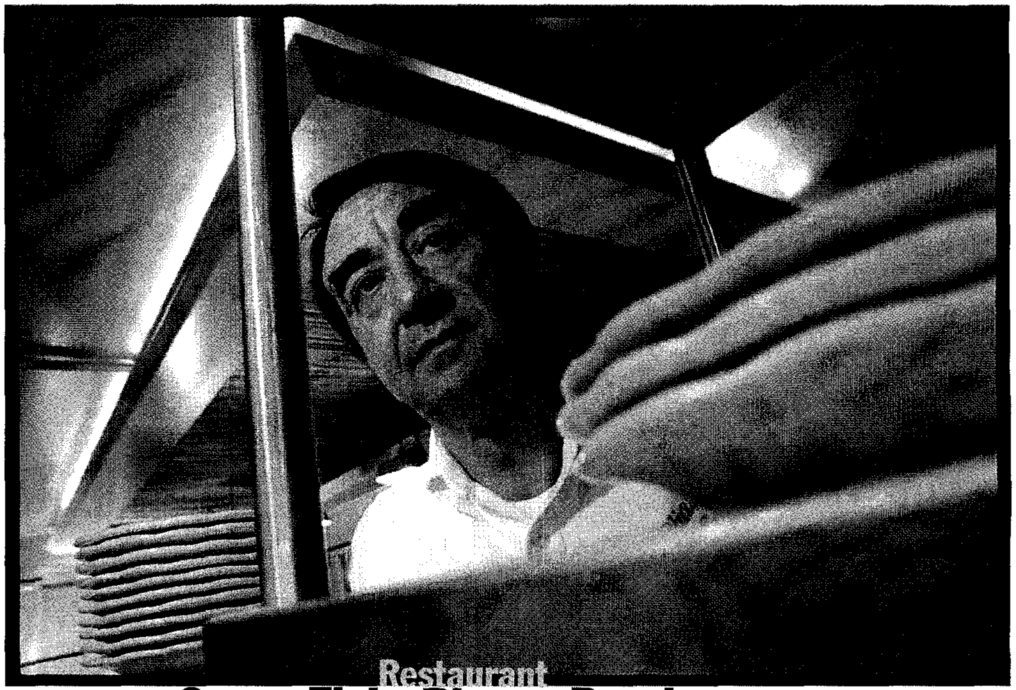

Restaurant

Same Fish, Bigger Pond

This week, owner Elias Sidiroglou celebrates Elias Corner's first, wildly popular decade by nearly doubling the seating capacity of his beloved Astoria fish house (which doesn't, alas, mean the inevitable line will disappear) when it moves to roomier—and sunnier—quarters across the street. (24-02 31st Street, Astoria Boulevard stop on the N train.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

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this month's list

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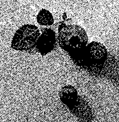
P.J. Rielly's	212/785-2589
Plaka Restaurant	212/674-9709
Rikyu Japanese Restaurant	212/799-7922
Sarabeth's	212/496-6280
Shark Bar	212/874-8500
Tequila's on Columbus	212/580-7286
Villa Berulia	212/689-1970



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Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Exceptional American wine list and an eclectic menu featuring contemporary American dishes like crispy calamari with Vietnamese dipping sauce, wood-grilled Angus sirloin with basil mashed potatoes and bourbon sauce, and German chocolate cake with banana ice cream. *90 Prince St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Elephant & Castle—This eclectic American restaurant moved from SoHo to NoHo, but the menu still offers such favorites as steak frites with Sichuan sauce, honey-charred chicken, and its famous Caesar salad. *6 Bond St. (254-9604). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Doozo—Casual Village restaurant, with a sushi bar and traditional Japanese dishes like teriyaki and udon noodles. *216 Thompson St. (533-4433). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mary Lou's—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the *Daily News*, hostess-chef-owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second-coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 P.M., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. *21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

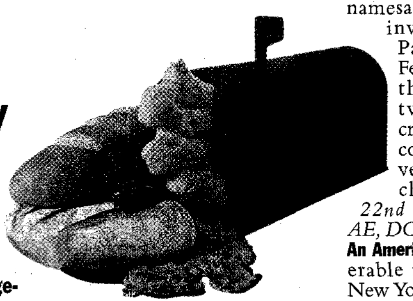
Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner

Shopping

Think Locally, Eat Globally



Photograph by Steven Freeman.

New York may not have carved a niche in mail-order food in the way that, say, Fort Lauderdale has with its perennial shipments of citrus fruit. But some of the city's most venerable food stores make it easy to ship indigenous food like Brooklyn cheesecake and garlic bialys to folks living—unaccountably—beyond Balducci's delivery radius. And for those supremely lazy, or slush-bound, natives, it's easier to dial a number than to take one.

ROBIN RAISFELD

Restaurant or Store	Item
Lobel's *800-5-LOBELS*	***Exquisitely butchered, meticulously aged, and luxuriously priced prime beef***
Ecce Panis *517-4219*	***Rustic country bread for the swank set***
Russ & Daughters *475-4880*	***Gefilte fish, whitefish, and lox from the Lower East Side landmark***
H&H *800-NYBAGEL*	***The bagel standard by which all others are measured***
Damascus Bread & Pastry *718-625-7070*	***The pitas you're most likely to find encasing falafel and hummus sandwiches on street carts***
Junior's *800-9-JUNIORS*	***The definitive cheesecake, straight out of Brooklyn***
Barney Greengrass *724-4707*	***Sunday* Times *accompaniments like meaty smoked sturgeon, Nova, and a cream-cheese schmear***
Yonah Schimmel *477-2858*	***Sweet-potato and kasha knishes***
Fat Witch *941-8171*	***Fudgy brownie squares, without distractions like nuts or frosting***
Alleva Dairy *800-4-ALLEVA*	***Homemade ricotta and smoked mozzarella that could have been served in the wedding scene in* The Godfather**
Eileen's Special Cheesecake *966-5585*	***New York cheesecake in unorthodox flavors like rocky road, butter pecan, and cookies 'n' cream***
Black Hound *800-344-4417*	***Artfully woven chocolate baskets, dense truffles, nut tarts and brittles***
Garnet Wines *800-USAVINO/772-3211*	***The wine drinker's Price Club, with unbeatable prices and ambitious variety***
Aux Delices Des Bois *800-666-1232*	***Every genus of seasonal mushroom, from the trendiest morel to the ubiquitous portobello***
Porto Rico Importing *800-453-5908/477-5421*	***New York–roasted coffee, for those morally opposed to Starbucks***

honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 25 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Happy Veggie—Since the owner and chef are both vegetarians, they take this type of cuisine seriously. Innovative recipes for dishes like fried vegetarian scallops with taro and vegetable spare ribs are culled from gourmet restaurants in Taiwan and Hong Kong. *37 E. 29th St. (686-9692). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day (try the new Sunday brunch, with live Inca jazz) and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Toledo—Elegant midtown restaurant serving classic Spanish cuisine, including zarzuela de mariscos and veal chop Riojana. Jackets preferred. *6 E. 36th St. (696-5036). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving Continental Mediterranean fare in a relaxed, loft-like atmosphere. The bar menu's burger is one of the best. *55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

L'Acajou—This casual French bistro, serving regional specialties like escargot, steak au poivre, and venison, also curates art shows. *53 W. 19th St. (645-1706). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as nonexpensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fresh Basil's Trattoria—This casual midtown Italian restaurant prides itself on its friendly service and contemporary atmosphere. Try the gnocchi Aurora, the seafood pescatore, or the grilled veal chop with portobello mushrooms. *663 Lexington Ave., nr. 55th St. (888-4292). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kokachin—Elka Gilmore was recruited from the West coast to create this shrine to Asian seafood, with subtly spiced, high-quality versions of tuna, sturgeon, oysters, and more. The newly refurbished Omni Berkshire provides a casually elegant setting for her refined cuisine. *21 E. 52nd St. (355-9300). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

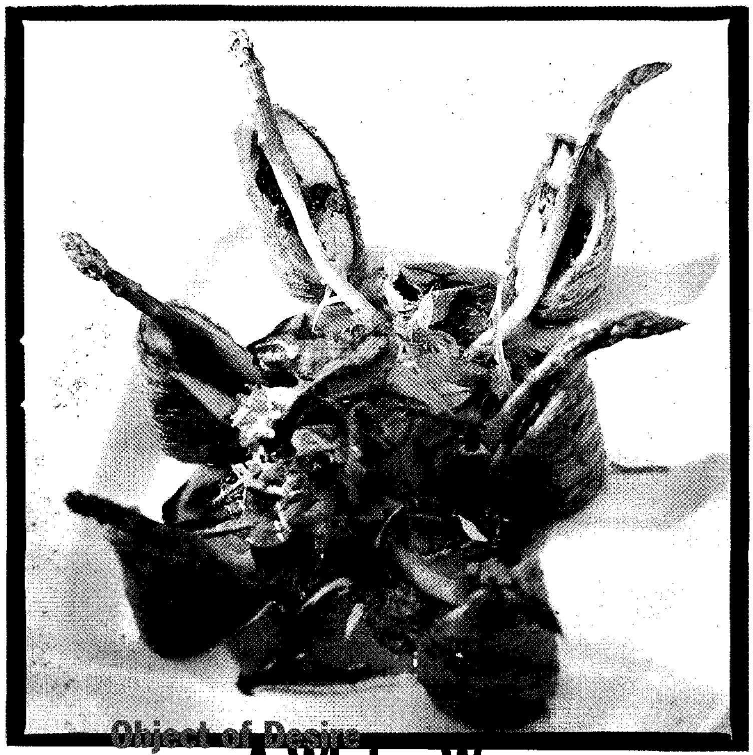
Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and John Schenk's Mediterranean-influenced American menu, with offerings like braised moulard-duck leg and mustard-crusted rack of lamb, propels the kitchen directly (and deliciously) into the twenty-first century. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The new upstairs bar is



Object of Desire

A Winter Wrap

At Pelago (157 East 55th Street), chef Ian Russo, a graduate of the fish station at Bouley, now offers his own creation—a trout fillet wrapped in crispy potato and stuffed with mushroom, garlic, and spinach that looks something like a Mediterranean-inspired California roll.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

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a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Zarela—A festive Mexican restaurant with a menu that lives up to its margarita-fueled bar scene, Zarela is known for its authentic regional cuisine. Try the red-snapper hash, chipotle-grilled salmon, tequila-braised chicken, and homemade tamales. *953 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (644-6740). (M–E) AE, DC.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This casually elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millenium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Il Tinello Ristorante—This elegant Northern Italian restaurant offers classic dishes like osso bucco and salmone Copa Santa to a sophisticated crowd that doesn't mind wearing jackets for food this good. *16 W. 56th St. (245-4388). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS, TM.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Rivista—Theater-district canteen for actors and audiences alike, serving Italian fare like monkfish Livornese, lamb chops, and lasagne bolognese. *313 W. 46th St. (245-1707). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

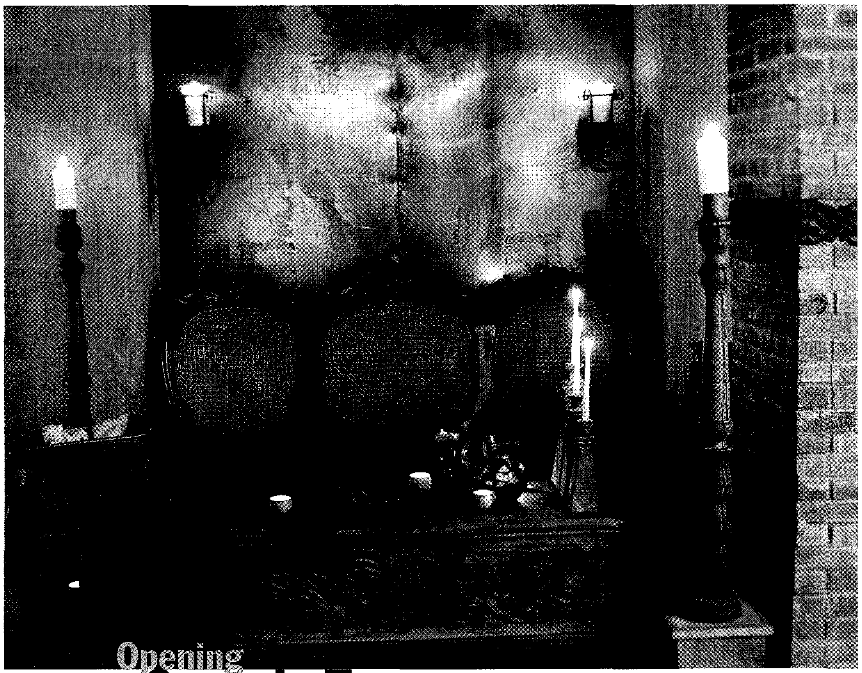
Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of sophisticated Northern Italian dishes like rabbit with prosciutto di Parma and lobster salad with cannellini beans. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Opening

Casa de Tapas

From the folks behind the voguishly Mediterranean, dimly lit boîtes Casa La Femme and Eros comes Tapas Lounge, a cast-iron stage set for Iberian snacks like mussels with linguica, salt-cod croquettes, garlic shrimp, and oxtail empanadas. (1078 First Avenue, at 59th Street.)

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kodnoi Thai Cuisine—Authentic home-style food cooked by a real Thai mother, with traditional preparations of pad Thai, crispy red snapper, pineapple shrimp curry, tiger prawns, and lemongrass soup. Antiques and a fireplace cozy up the bustling East Side location, midway between Bloomingdale's and the 59th Street bridge. *208 E. 60th St. (688-2177). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Dinner dancing, starting at nine Thursday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hosteria Fiorella—This friendly neighborhood Tuscan trattoria serves especially fine antipasto and seafood, including a filet mignon of tuna and a claypot-roasted salmon, as well as a variety of pastas and thin-crusted pizzas. *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sorvino's—This Upper East Side Italian restaurant offers traditional fare in a cozy, elegant environment. Try the pasta with blue-crab sauce and the grilled veal chops with porcini mushrooms. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *1294 Third Ave., nr. 74th St. (744-5924). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ernie's—Lively Northern Italian restaurant with soaring ceilings and floor-to-ceiling windows, serving a variety of pizzettes, pasta, and meat dishes. *2150 Broadway, nr. 75th St. (496-1588). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rain—Tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Side Thai restaurant are fragrant rather than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like pad Thai, prawn salad, and curried beef. *100 W. 82nd St. (501-0776). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

in concert

Pacific Music...*Beastie Girl*...Scottish Tunes

Classical Music

Tuesday, January 23

Focus! 1996—Chamber concert featuring music from Pacific Rim composers. *Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center (769-7406), at 8; free.*

Wednesday, January 24

Arcata String Quartet—With the St. Lawrence String Quartet, performs works by Beethoven, Vigeland, and Mendelssohn. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Broadway at 122nd St. (749-3300), at 8; free.*

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Mennin, Berio, and Elgar; Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.*

Barros Classical Consort—Performs works by Boccherini and Mozart for fortepiano. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8060), at 8; $15.*

Focus! 1996—See 1/23.

Thursday, January 25

Bargemusic—Works by Vivaldi and Hindemith for flute and bassoon. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

New York Philharmonic—All-Tchaikovsky program with pianist Elisabeth Leonskaja; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

American String Quartet—Performs an all-Mozart program. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Broadway at 122nd St. (749-3300), at 8; free.*

Palladian Ensemble—Performs "An Excess of Pleasure" on Baroque instruments. *Miller Theater, Columbia University (854-7799), at 8; $15.*

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Haydn, Bake, and Rachmaninoff; Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14–$65.*

New York Philomusica—Performs works by Mozart and Villa-Lobos focusing on the piano. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8060), at 8; $20.*

Focus! 1996—See 1/23.

Friday, January 26

New York Philharmonic—See 1/25, at 2.

American Symphony Orchestra—With cellist Yo-Yo Ma; Leon Botstein, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$42.*

Manhattan Chamber Sinfonia—Performs works by Bartók, Corigliano, and Schumann; Glen Cortese, conductor. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Broadway at 122nd St. (749-3300), at 8; free.*

Focus! 1996—The Juilliard Symphony performs works by Robert Kyr, Toshiro Mayuzumi, and Ge Gan-Ru; David Loebel, conductor. *Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center (769-7406), at 8; free.*

Saturday, January 27

New York Choral Society—Performs Duruflé's *Requiem* and Dvořák's *Mass in D. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$35.*

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Performs Prokofiev's complete *Romeo and Juliet*, Op. 64. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.*

Lorraine Hunt, Mezzo-Soprano—With pianist Steven Blier. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $15.*

Jean Redpath, Folk Singer—Performs a tribute concert to Scottish poet Robert Burns. *Miller Theater, Columbia University (854-7799), at 8; $20.*

New York Philharmonic—See 1/25.

Sunday, January 28

Vladimir Chernov, Baritone—Performs works by Tchaikovsky, Glinka, and Mahler. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $30.*

Bargemusic—See 1/25, at 4.

Monday, January 29

Mannes Orchestra—Performs Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and Shostakovich's First Symphony; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Riverside Church, bet. 120th and 122nd Sts. (580-0210), at 8; free.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, 1/23 at 7:30, 1/27 at 1:30; Janáček's *The Makropulos Case*, 1/24 at 8, 1/27 at 8; Puccini's *Turandot*, 1/25 at 8; Verdi's *Falstaff*, 1/26 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$175.*

Dance

Ailey on Ailey—Works choreographed and performed by current Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater members. 1/27 at 6. *211 W. 61st St., 3rd floor (642-9111); $20.*

Beastie Girl—Grace Mi-He Lee's satire of "ornamental Oriental woman." 1/25–1/28 at 9. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288); $12.*

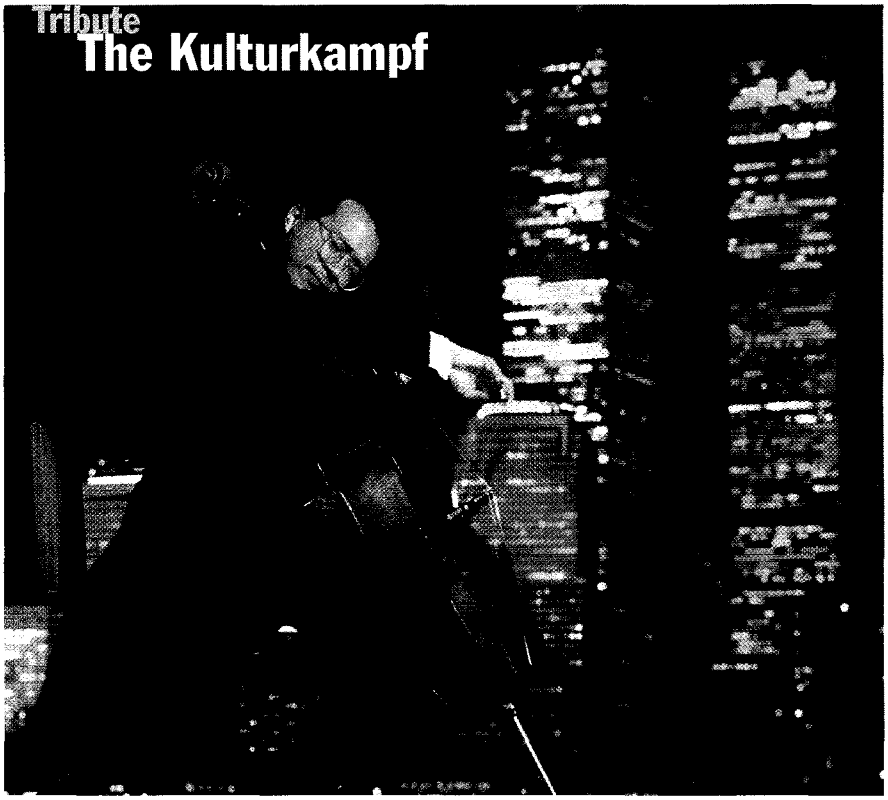
Dance & Film—Lorn MacDougal and Alain Le Razer present four premieres. 1/25–1/27 at 8, 1/28 at 3. *Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (274-9477); $12.*

New York City Ballet—All Balanchine on 1/23, 1/26, and 1/27. 1/23–1/27 at 8, 1/27 at 2, and 1/28 at 3. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $22–$70.*

Washington Ballet—Performs works by Choo-San Goh, Nils Christe, and Graham Lustig. 1/23–1/27 at 8, 1/28 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800); $27.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Tribute

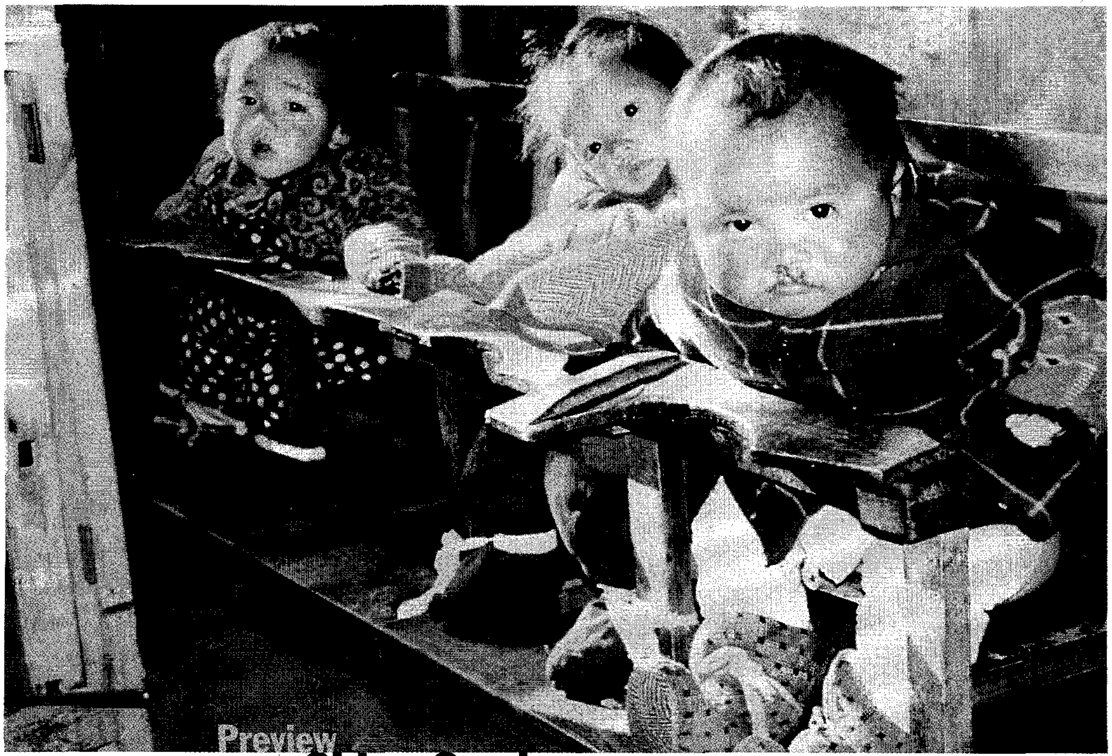
The Kulturkampf

Cellist Yo-Yo Ma joins the American Symphony Orchestra on January 26 for "Jews and the European Musical Tradition," an evening devoted to composers who struggled with the Jewish role in German culture. The ASO, conducted by Leon Botstein, performs Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 2 (*Lobgesang*), Schoenberg's *Kol Nidre,* and the New York premiere of Berthold Goldschmidt's Cello Concerto.

Photograph by Karen Kuehn.

the mix

Dallas vs. Pittsburgh..."The Dying Rooms"



China Syndrome

The Chinese practice of tying together (mostly girl) babies on communal benches and denying them medicine, toys, even soap and water, is the subject of the harrowing British documentary 'The Dying Rooms' (see "John Leonard's TV Notes").

John Leonard's Television Notes

Riders of the Purple Sage (1/23 and other dates; 11 P.M. to 1 A.M.;TNT) stars Ed Harris instead ofTom Mix, who embodied Zane Grey's sister-seeking and revenge-bent Lassiter in the 1925 Hollywood oater. And Ed's real-life wife, Amy Madigan, is on hand to fall in love with him all over again. Charles Haid (*Hill Street Blues*) directs a nice mix of family secrets, stunning landscapes, and religious nuts. It's hard on the supporting cast—Henry Thomas, Robin Tunney, Norbert Weisser, G. D. Spradlin—having to compete with an Ed and Amy so comfortably Old West iconic that they can;t be bothered even to chat except in geologic time, as if by ice floe.

The Dying Rooms (1/24; 8 to 8:45 P.M.; Cinemax) is the British television documentary that got mentioned on the inside pages of all the newspaper accounts of the Human Rights Watch report on their abuse of children in China's state-run orphanages. (Snippets of it have already been picked up on at least two CBS news programs.) Kate Blewett, Brian Woods, and Peter Hugh spent three months bluffing their way with hidden cameras into these orphanages, including the one in Shanghai on which the Chinese physician Zhang Shuyan blew the whistle before she fled the country last year, turning over her photographs to the Watch group. The photo published in the *Times* on January 6 is not nearly as horrifying as the TV footage of the baby girl Mei Ming ("No Name"), who was left alone in the dark to die. But more than a million such babies, almost all of them girls, face the same fate—swaddled five to a cot, bound head and foot, tied to each other on communal benches, denied medicine and toys and soap and water. Questions are also raised about forced abortions and forced sterilization in the service of the Chinese government's one-couple, one-child policy. It would be nice if someone besides Abe Rosenthal were outraged. What you won't see on Cinemax is the Chinese government's taped rebuttal, *A Patchwork of Lies.* Take my word for it, however: *Patchwork* is such a laughably amateurish pile of agitprop, you'd think the Watergate conspirators had sat down for a toke and a hoot with Michael Moore.

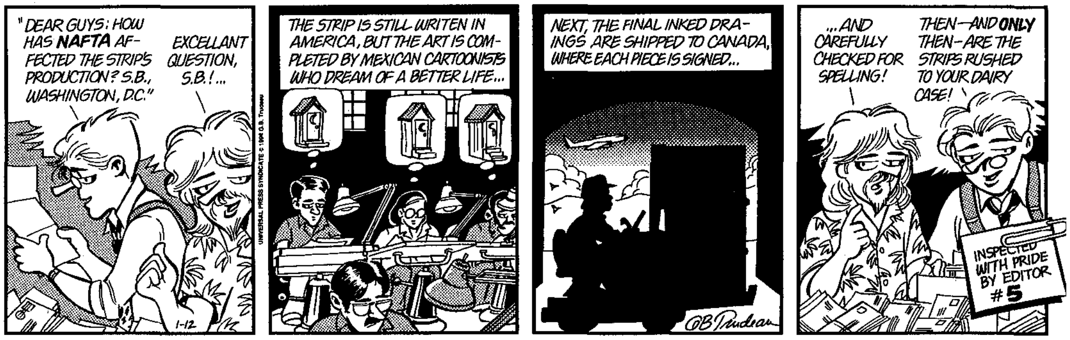
The Mystery of Machu Picchu (1/24; 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) requires Bill Kurtis and his New Explorers cameras to climb up into the Andes with a couple of archeologists and an opinionated amateur, who dispute one another as to the meaning of a sunbeam off a bird-shaped rock that points to a hidden cave that may have been a sacrificial site, or maybe rather another spoke on an Inca star-clock calendar, or maybe . . . anyway. These magnificent ruins, undiscovered by the Spaniards even after they'd tramped all over everything else in Peru, unsuspected by the rest of the world for 500 years, remain eerily inexplicable, and wonderfully worth an hour's contemplation, even if we must listen to the inevitable windpipes.

The Road to Galveston (1/24 and other dates; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) plays our emotions like a xylophone. In order to save the family farm after the death of her husband, Cicely Tyson trains herself to care for patients in various stages of forgetfulness and misbehavior as a consequence of Alzheimer's disease; among the afflicted are Piper Laurie and Tess Harper. James McDaniel (NYPD Blue) is Cicely's son, disapproving in Detroit. From this farm to the coastal waters of Galveston, Tyson and her unreliable charges will make an affecting pilgrimage. Harper, a professor of literature when she was healthy, rediscovers Emily Dickinson and steals this lovely TV movie.

It Came From Outer Space II (1/27 and other dates; 8 to 10 P.M.; Sci-Fi) is a remake of the 1953 movie from the Ray Bradbury short story, with Brian Kerwin and Elizabeth Peña in the Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush roles as the flummoxed earthlings who must cope with shape-shifting aliens who have crash-landed in the Arizona desert. Although Peña is always a pleasure, the real stars are the special effects, which are special indeed when people we care about are obliged to descend into the floating world of the alien crystal, like an acid trip without the self-important music.

The Canterville Ghost (1/27; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) is an entirely satisfactory adaptation of Oscar Wilde's nifty novella about an American family in an English manor house fighting off the 16th-century ghost of sad Sir Simon, who has haunted these halls since he killed his wife in a jealous rage in 1584. You can't go wrong with Patrick Stewart as a buddy of Shakespeare's, nor with Neve Campbell (*Party of Five*) as the sulky torn-jeans teenager who will buy his story in spite of blood stains and spectral huff and puff—and who will even put in some time as Hamlet. Because they had Oscar Wilde to work with, it's a much better than average TV movie script.

Cagney & Lacey: True Convictions (1/29; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) reminds us of just how good Michael Moriarty really is as an actor; this is his first important television role since his adjournment of minds with *Law & Order*'s Dick Wolf. As the grieving (and, to a degree, guilty) father of a young woman who recovered from heroin addiction only to commit suicide after the murder of her boyfriend, he must be stunned, secretive, and needy, in addition to snapping photographs, playing a piano and making love to Sharon Gless. Meanwhile, Gless and Tyne Daly are involved in a murder trial that might actually end with a death penalty, which gives Lacey's husband Harvey (John Karlin) a chance to be left-wing again. I'm grateful to him. After decades of opposing capital punishment in almost every primetime movie and series, TV has turned suddenly lethal, with Bochco's *NYPD Blue* and Wolf's *Law & Order*, I'm sorry to say, leading the bloodthirsty way.


"DEAR GUYS: HOW HAS NAFTA AFFECTED THE STRIP'S PRODUCTION? S.B., WASHINGTON, D.C."
EXCELLANT QUESTION, S.B.!...
UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE © 1996 G.B. Trudeau
1-12
THE STRIP IS STILL WRITEN IN AMERICA, BUT THE ART IS COMPLETED BY MEXICAN CARTOONISTS WHO DREAM OF A BETTER LIFE...
NEXT, THE FINAL INKED DRAINGS ARE SHIPPED TO CANADA, WHERE EACH PIECE IS SIGNED...
GB Trudeau
...AND CAREFULLY CHECKED FOR SPELLING!
THEN—AND ONLY THEN—ARE THE STRIPS RUSHED TO YOUR DAIRY CASE!
INSPECTED WITH PRIDE BY EDITOR #5

On View

How do NAFTA, spilled ink, target audiences, and the digital age affect a cartoonist and his creations? Garry Trudeau's reply (occasioned by the twenty-fifth anniversary of "Doonesbury") is in an exhibit of 23 original comic strips. "Garry Trudeau: The Art of Cartooning" is at Montblanc's flagship boutique. (See listings.)

Radio Highlights

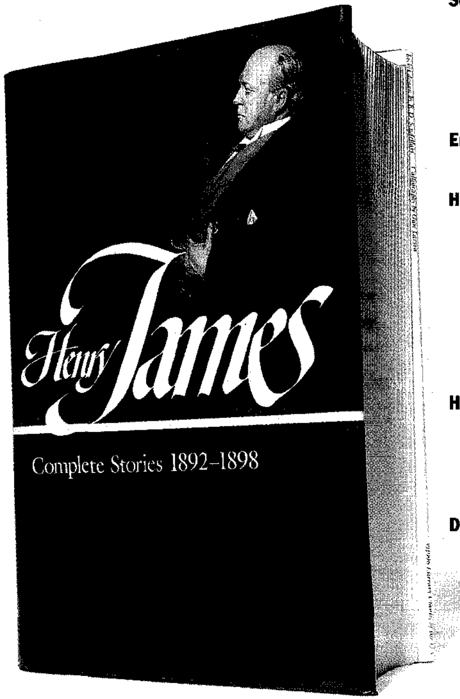
Symphony Hall—1/23: Clementi's Symphony in D, Opus 44 and Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in e, Opus 64. 1/24: Dello Joio's *Diversion of Angels* (Serenade for Orchestra) and Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 in B-flat. 1/25: Lutoslawski's Dance Preludes for Clarinet and Orchestra and Beethoven's Symphony No.5 in c, Opus 67. 1/26: Dvorak's Rhapsody, Opus 14 and Haydn's Cello Concerto in D. 1/29: Delius's *Florida Suite* and *A Village Romeo and Juliet: The Walk to the Paradise Garden*. 1/30: Wagner's *Tannhäuser: Entrance of the Guests* and R. Strauss's *Don Quixote*, Opus 35. 1/31: Schubert's Symphony No. 9 in C, D944, *Great* and *Standchen*, D920. Week nights at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Soundprint—1/26: The 1996 presidential election and the ideas and opinions of Americans. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Casper Citron—1/27 at 7 P.M.: Paul Hoffman, president and editor-in-chief of *Discover*, talks about the top 100 science stories of 1995; Gary Stevens and Alan George, authors of *The Longest Line: Broadway's Most Singular Sensation, A Chorus Line;* Carolyn Heilbrun on her biography *The Education of a Woman: The Life of Gloria Steinem;* Dr. Reuven Bar-Levav on *Every Family Needs a CEO*, a book on fathering and practical solutions to child-rearing. WOR, 710 AM.

Happening
The James Gang

The looping formulations of Henry James's late correspondence hint at unhappiness. His work was "thankless," his audience too limited. It could not have been lost on him, though, that the real measure of his worth was in how long he would be read, and with what passion. Liberal-arts students may dip into only *Daisy Miller*, but the extracurricular devotion to James, while still not wide, is fierce. The 92nd St. Y holds a reading of his short stories on February 5 with William H. Gass, Richard Howard, and Cynthia Ozick—who's so mad for James that she "became" him in her early twenties. (Call 996-1100.)



Texaco–Metropolitan Opera—1/27 at 1:30: Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. With Ruth Ann Swenson, Raul Gimenez, Mark Oswald, John Del Carlo and Simone Alaimo. Adam Fischer conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New Letters on the Air—1/26 at 7:30: Ann Lauterbach talks about and reads from her latest book, *Poem*. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes—1/31 at 7 P.M.: This week's episodes are "The Empty House," and "The Woman" starring Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Basil Rathbone. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Written Word

Nicholas Christopher—1/23 at 7:30: Reading from his new novel, *Veronica*. Books & Co., 75th St. and Madison Ave. (737-1450); free.

Patricia Grossman—1/24 at 7: Reading from her new book *Four Figures in Time* at A Different Light. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

In Our Own Write—1/25 at 7:30: Heather Lewis, Guinevere Turner, Jacqueline Woodson, Emily Jenkins and others will read from *Surface Tension*, an anthology of lesbian and straight women's writing on sex, relationships and politics. Center for Lesbians and Gay Men, 208 W. 13th St. (620-7310); $3.

William Butler Yeats Remembered—1/26 at 7:30: Readings, songs and music marking the anniversary of Yeats' death. Co-presented with the W. B. Yeats Society of New York. Miller Theater at Columbia University, 116th St. and Broadway. (854-7799); $15, $5 students.

Langston Hughes Recital—1/27 at 7:30: Readers should register by noon on the day of the reading. Stowell & Sons, 33-18 Broadway, Astoria. (718-204-5755); free.

New Press Benefit Recital—1/28 at 1: Featuring Jurado, Silver, William Huhn, and Sharon Olinka. New Press/The Moroccan Star, 205 Atlantic Ave. (near Court St.), Cobble Hill. (718-499-0502); $3 and $3 min.

Selected Shorts—1/31 at 6:30: Symphony Space begins its annual literary series with actors Frances Sternhagen, John Benjamin Hickey, and Joseph Wiseman reading stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer, Francine Prose, and Daniel Orozco. Symphony Space, 95th St. and B'way. (864-5400); $16, $11 members.

Eric Bogosian and Dael Orlandersmith—1/31 at 8: Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

Henry James's Short Stories—2/5 at 8: Read by William H. Gass, Richard Howard, and Cynthia Ozick at the 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $10.

Lectures and Panels

Hate Speech Codes on Campus—1/22 at 4 PM: Part of the "Speaking of Women" series. Lecture given by Nadine Strossen, a law professor and the president of the American Civil Liberties Union. Barnard Center for Research on Women, Sulzberger Parlor, Barnard Hall, 117th St. and B'way. (854-2067); free.

David Carson—1/24 at 6:30: Before the premier issue of *SPEAK* hits newsstands in February, art director–designer David Carson will discuss his recent career change; current ad campaigns with clients such as Levi, Nike, and Pepsi; and the release of his first book, *The End of Print*. Cooper Union's Great Hall, Third Ave. at 7th St. (674-0500); $5 students, AIGA and ADC members, $10 non-members.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles—1/24 at 7:30: A discussion of the Thomas Hardy classic. Barnes and Noble/East, 86th St. and Lexington Ave. (423-9900); free.

Carl Sagan—1/24 at 6: Speaking on "Public Libraries and Free Societies." Celeste Bartos Forum, NYPL, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. $7.

Ah, This is Nothing but a Beat Generation—1/30 at 7: A symposium in conjunction with the Whitney's Beat exhibit. Panelists include Greil Marcus and Steven Watson. The exhibit's curator, Lisa Phillips, moderates. New School, Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (334-1660); $8.

The Beats: Some Final Words—1/31 at 7: A final celebration of the Beat exhibition at the Whitney Museum with David Amram and Gregory Corso. The Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. and 75th St. (717-0688); $8.

Tours

The New Victory Theater—1/27 at 1: Built in 1900 by Oscar Hammerstein, the New Victory is New York's oldest surviving theater, and was gloriously restored last year. Meet at the New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. Reservations required. Call 935-3960. $15, $12 Municipal Art Society members.

"Di Goldene Medina"—Jewish Ellis Island—1/28 at noon: Guided tour of the Ellis Island museum and grounds with a special emphasis on the Jewish immigrant experience, including a talk on the history of American immigration. Call 439-1090 for meeting site and further information. $15; $13 students and seniors (includes boat ticket and movie.)

Events

42nd Winter Antiques Show—Through 1/28: Benefitting the East Side House Settlement (a social-services agency located in the nation's poorest congressional district, the South Bronx), this event showcases 69 dealers in art and antiques. This year the show focuses on all things American, featuring dealers in Shaker, Arts and Crafts, period American furniture, native North American, and folk art. Items range from antiquities to Art Nouveau. In celebration of its 150th Anniversary, *Town & Country* will underwrite the Gala Preview Party on January 18. Tickets for the gala range from $175 to $500. Show hours are from noon

Cue

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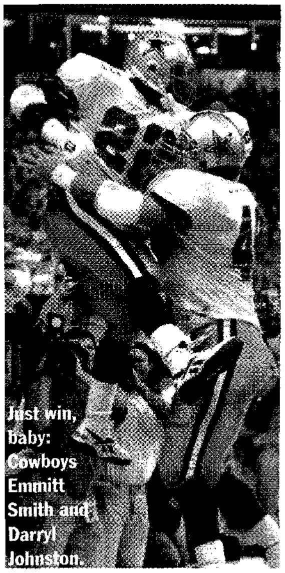
Preview

Misery Loves Company

What if they gave a Super Bowl and nobody came? From the moment the Dallas Cowboys and the Pittsburgh Steelers became conference champions, everyone but the Steelers and their mothers knew that "America's Team" would win Super Bowl XXX (see listing); it was just a matter of by how much. Overlong, unengrossing, but a ratings blockbuster—NBC, predicting a possible viewing audience of more than 100 million, has sold 30-second commercials at $1 million a pop—the Super Bowl has become the annual sports equivalent of Geraldo opening Al Capone's vault. And still we watch, as we used to feel compelled to watch the Miss America pageant or the Oscars. On Super Bowl Sunday, we'll once again gather round our TV sets in celebration of the NFL's Church of the Bottom Line, whose first commandment ("Just *win*, baby") designates everyone either a winner or loser—which explains why the Cowboys and the Steelers have felt more relieved than jubilant: One team has to go back to being a loser. A writer-editor of some note once explained: "One of the reasons why I don't get excited about sports is the same reason why so many Americans get really excited about sports: Each game or match ends unequivocally, always with a clear winner and loser . . . too damned obvious and pure for those of us inclined to suss out subtle meanings and unseen truths." Or, as a basketball coach of some note once said, "There is winning and there is misery." So for those less inclined to *suss*, come celebrate the misery—and don't forget the chips. **JOHN DIOSO**


Just win, baby: Cowboys Emmitt Smith and Darryl Johnston.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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until 9 P.M., (Sunday until 6 P.M.) Seventh Regiment Armory, 67th St. and Park Ave. (718-292-7392); $15 admission includes show catalogue.

The Art of Cartooning—Through 2/29, Monday to Saturday, 10 A.M.—6 P.M.: Presenting an exhibition of 23 original comic strips by the Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist Garry Trudeau on the ups and downs of creating a daily comic strip. The Montblanc Boutique, 595 Madison Ave. at 57th St. (223-8888); free.

Sports

Super Bowl XXX—"America's Team" vs. the latest sacrificial lamb from the AFC (albeit one with a vaunted Super Bowl history)? The point spread started at 11½ and may end up at 14 by game time. It will probably come down to the Cowboys' strength vs. the Steelers' strength: more particularly, Dallas's behemoth offensive line (led by Nate Newton and Erik Williams) and Emmitt Smith vs. Pittsburgh's Stealth-like linebackers (Kevin Greene, Greg Lloyd, and Levon Kirkland). Pittsburgh's offense may have been rated No. 1 in the AFC, but throughout the playoffs, QB Neil O'Donnell has been more Cliff Stoudt (who? *exactly*) than Terry Bradshaw. Still, O'Donnell is a free agent after this season (he's rumored to be going to the Jets), and the prospect of a big contract may be enough incentive. Remember Mark Rypien? Sun. 1/28 on NBC. Pregame show 3:30–6 P.M.; kickoff at 6:18 P.M.

The Lost Boys—It's astonishing how quickly a team can go from Bad Boys to merely bad boys: Nellie's Folly, i.e. the 1995–96 edition of the New York Knicks, has picked the wrong time to go clueless on us: Michael is coming to town. Not only that, it appears Scottie's game and attitude (and good press) has finally caught up with his talent. Knicks vs. Chicago 1/23 at 8. Maybe coach Nelson can ask their old headmaster Pat Riley for some tips on discipline. At Miami 1/24 at 7:30. Vs. Minnesota 1/27 at 7:30. Nets: 1/23 at Toronto at 7. Vs. Houston 1/24 at 7:30. 1/26 vs. Charlotte at 7:30. 1/27 vs. Lakers at 7:30.

We Got Your 'Ice Bowl' Right Here—Super Bowl, schmooper bowl. With a lot less hype, there'll be a lot more action on ice this week. The Great One makes his one regular-season appearance at the Garden. Rangers vs. Los Angeles, 1/22, at 7:30; Philadelphia, 1/24, at 7:30; at Boston, 1/27, at 3. With an angry Jacques Lemaire holding practice during the sacrosanct All-Star break, the Devils return from vacation a surly group. Too bad that one morning of punishment won't make up for the team's chronically confused offense. Devils vs. Los Angeles, 1/23, at 7:30; Washington, 1/25, at 7:30; at Hartford, 1/27, at 7. Islanders at Colorado, 1/22, at 9; at Calgary, 1/24, at 9:30; at Edmonton, 1/26, at 9:30; at Vancouver, 1/27, at 10:30. CHRIS SMITH

Online

Thinking about having a few things 'done'?—Plastic and reconstructive surgeon Dr. Efrain Arroyave hosts America Online's Physician's Chat: 1/22 at 7 P.M.

The Pharcyde—West Coast rappers stop by in the MTV Arena on America Online to promote their new album, LABCABINCALIFORNIA: 1/22 at 8:30 P.M.

Supermodel T.B.A.—*Sports Illustrated* cover model and senior editor Jule Campbell chat with the hoards of swimsuit issue fans in the *Sports Illustrated* area of CompuServe: 1/22 at 9 P.M.

Diane Ladd—Star of *Wild at Heart* and co-star (with her daughter Laura Dern) of *Rambling Rose* chats on America Online:1/22 at 10 P.M.

Robert Urich —TV veteran talks about his years on *Vega$* and *Spencer for Hire* as well as his upcoming series *The Lazarus Man* on Prodigy: 1/23 at 9 P.M.

Phylicia Rashad—That's Mrs. Huxtable to you. Talk to Bill Cosby's former co-star on America Online: 1/23 at 10 P.M.

Dream Interpretation—Robert Bosnak author of *Tracks in the Wilderness of Dreaming* is an expert in translating and interpreting dreams. Catch him on Prodigy: 1/24 at 10 P.M.

Shelley Winters—Genius (she's got her Mensa card, where's yours?) and sometime actress opens up on America Online: 1/24 at 10 P.M.

Christian Slater—Teen heartthrob and Jack Nicholson wanna-be talks about his new movie *Bed of Roses* on America Online: 1/25 at 8 P.M.

Mario Andretti—Racing legend and all-around cool dude chats with CompuServe folk: 1/25 at 9 P.M.

Conferences last about one hour. Send suggestions to runnette@dti.net

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

kids

Chapin...Chamber Music...Ice

Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Chamber Music for Children—The Chamber Music Society presents a family concert that introduces Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart with stories about him, letters he wrote, and, of course, his music. The "Amazing Amadeus" concert, geared to children ages 6 to 12, is 1/28 at 11 and 1, at **Lincoln Center's** Merkin Hall (362-8719); $12. A concert of Haydn, Bach, Mozart, Stravinsky, and Tomasi, presented by **Haydn Seek Concerts** in a 45-minute program, is especially for young children with their adult companions. Pick up a cassette tape beforehand so as to be familiar with the music. 1/29 at 10:15, Greek Orthodox Church of the Annunciation, 302 West 91st St. (877-4475). Tickets, including the cassette tape, are $20.◉

Nerf Face-off—The First Annual Nerf Pass-Punt-Kick competition, sponsored by a local food market. Nerf baseball hats will be given out to all participants. Prizes for Nerf prowess—in several age groups up to age 11—include hot chocolate and doughnuts. Only 90 kids can participate, so call to sign up as early as possible. 1/27 at 9. Central Park ,at 97th St. field. (722-1046).●

Kansas on Ice—Dorothy skates with the usual suspects in a whizbang musical performance on ice of *The Wizard of Oz*. The frozen Yellow Brick Road is at Nassau Coliseum.(516-794-9300) 1/23 to 1/28 and will be rerouted to the Byrne Meadowlands Arena ((201-935-3900) from 1/30 to 2/4. Tickets are $12.50 to $35.

East Side Safari—Toucans, cats, and an iguana have been spotted in Upper East Side galleries, and ARTime educators take groups of children, with adults in tow, to get a closer look. Saturdays through 3/2 at 11 (with additional workshops 2/20 to 2/23). Call at least a day in advance to reserve (718-797-1573). $20 for a child and adult; each additional child $5. Sketching materials are included. ●

Small Screen—The current theme at **The Fourth International Children's Television Festival** is "life cycle," a great catchall for vivid video about metamorphosing caterpillars, an intergenerational camping trip, and nesting storks. Weekends through 2/18. (The festival continues through May.) Screenings—on a big screen—of two different programs begin at 12:15 and 3 on weekends. **The Museum of Television and Radio,** 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800). General admission is $6 for adults, $4 for students and seniors, $3 for children.◉

Theatrical—*On Top of Spaghetti*, **The Paper Bag Players'** new show, follows the tales of the lady in the blizzard, the meatball on the run, and the mystery of the missing cookies. Shows begin at 2; through 3/3. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College, 68th St. between Park and Lexington. (772-4448); $15. *Treasure Island*, a musical version of the Robert Louis Stevenson classic, is for children ages 8 and up at **Theatreworks/USA,** 1/27 at 2. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959); $17. *Schoolhouse Rock Live!*, an adaptation of the Emmy Award–winning television series, is at **The Lamb's Theatre** Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 3; 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200)$20 to $25. **The Grove Street Playhouse** presents *The Little Mermaid* weekends at 1:30, *Hansel and Gretel* and *The Jolly Gingerbread Man* weekends at 3; through 3/24. 39 Grove St. (741-6436); $7. *Flies in the Soup*, an original musical about a couple of reform-school parolees who pose as geniuses, is on through 1/28 at **Tada!**, 120 W. 28th St.; call for specific schedule (627-1732); $6 for children, $12 for adults. Children in the audience may get up onstage at *Alfred the Dragon and the Phantom Balloon Stealers*, Sats. at 3, **New Media Repertory Co.,** 512 E. 80th St. (734-5195); adults $7, children $6. *Tale of the Dog* stars a soft-sculpture character called TurtleDog. 1/28 at 3, **So Grand Studio,** 62 Grand St., at W. Broadway (941-1949); general admission $10, $5 seniors and children under 12. *Laura Ingalls Wilder: Growing Up on the Prairie* chronicles the Ingalls family's search for a little house on the American prairie. 1/28 at 1:30, **Tribeca Performing Arts Center** at BMCC, 199 Chambers St. (346-8500); $12 for adults, $7 for children.

Tom Chapin Concert—Chapin's original songs appeal to kids in a happy musical hiatus between Barney and Nine Inch Nails. Chapin performs 1/28 at 2, **Colden Center for the Performing Arts,** Queens College (bet. Exits 23 and 24 of the eastbound service road of the L.I.E. in Flushing (718-793-8080); $8. ◉

Found Sound—A tinkering, tapping two-hour workshop called "The Extraordinary in the Ordinary: Adventures in Music and Sound" is hosted by Rob Kapilow. The workshop is held 2/25 from 1 to 3 (and repeated at the same time on and 3/3). **The 92nd St. Y,** Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100); $12.50. ●

Finding the Pattern—The designs of animal tracks, tree bark, and other patterns found in nature are translated onto printing blocks for printing on fabric or paper in a two-day photography-and-printmaking workshop for children ages 7 and up. Space is limited. **Charles A. Dana Discovery Center,** Central Park at 110th St., near Fifth Ave. (860-1370). Registration is required.●◉

Tube With a View—**PBS'**s Emmy Award–winning show *In the Mix* starts up its third season with a look at what teenagers around the country are doing about racism. Among the MTV-influenced documentary shorts is a look at a local high school where teens counsel one another. This season, the show also goes online (http://www.wnet.org). 1/27 at 6 (and subsequent Sats. at the same time), Channel 13.●

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Looking For That Special Man—Life is wonderful but you're the missing ingredient. Late-40s woman, 5'7", exceptionally attractive, sexy, elegant, vivacious - seeks a special man, 50-60, who makes me laugh, touches my soul, makes me want to spoil you. You're smart, funny, tender, know the rewards of a loving relationship. Photo/note/phone. 1627 ✉☎

Truly Beautiful MD—43, tall, lithe, elegant, gracious, compassionate, creative, affectionate. Lover of visual arts, NY cultural life, travel, sciences, country weekends. Seeks tall, attractive, affectionate, intelligent, accomplished man of integrity, 42-54. 1565 ✉

Warm, Handsome Corporate President Successful, truly nice guy, muscular, 40, artistic, tall, caring. Seeks woman with great heart and soul, under 37, tallish, sincere. Reply requires phone/photo. 1659 ✉

Seeking My Soul Mate—Single Jewish man, 37, warm, sentimental, affectionate and fit, would love to meet a truly intellectual, cultured woman for marriage of the heart and mind. Enjoyments include the serious (opera, linguistics, philosophy), the pedestrian (if walks aren't pedestrian, what is?) and the downright silly (no confessions in print). Prefer a medium build over the "waif look", but a generous spirit is sine qua non. Photo appreciated (not required). 1607 ✉☎

Have Fun This Winter!!—Me: very pretty, sweet, lighthearted, serious-minded, highly educated, 29, 5'6", slender, green-eyed, shoulder-length brunette. You: a Jewish male, never married, 5'10" plus, 28-37, willing to laugh at my jokes (I'll laugh at yours). Us: happy. 1644 ✉☎

Handsome Investment Banker—With a great smile, seeks female partner for life. Basic compatibility is important. I'm Jewish yet Waspy, athletic, 40s, 5'11", 175 lbs - and weight-train regularly. Never-married, but would like to be. I enjoy my motorcycle, exploring restaurants, movies and the theater. My travels take me skiing and to warm climates. I am a jeans guy on the weekends, with an intermittent suit or tux for a fund-raiser. I have both married and single friends and enjoy relaxed, unpretentious atmospheres. You would be in your 30s, very attractive, in good shape, with an interest in fitness, taller than 5'5", emotionally available, financially responsible, and desire a partner who will provide friendship, respect, trust, empathy and passion. I am an easygoing, fun and supportive guy who believes in the benefits of therapy, so the critical or type "A"s need not reply. Those who would not normally respond are encouraged to send me a short note and a recent picture for a reply. 1669 ✉

Are You Looking—For a single white male with a sense of perspective? Do you want someone who is successful without being job-obsessed, active without being gym-obsessed? Sensitive, affectionate and supportive but not smothering? Open-minded and flexible but not opinionless? Self-assured but not egotistical? Secure and stable but not boring? Sorry, can't help you. No, wait!!! Just kidding! I confess - it's me! Single white male, 40, 6'2", nonsmoker, attractive, fit, warm personality, good sense of humor but can be serious upon demand. Financial industry professional. Loves traveling, exploring other cultures, languages and cuisines; music, film, dancing, biking. If you're an attractive, fit, single white female, early-mid 30s, with similar qualities, who knows that she wants more out of life than just the 9-5 routine, kindly respond with note/photo/phone. 1614 ✉

To Di For—43-year-old Lady Di type from CT seeks royal treatment from witty, physically fit, 6' plus, easygoing type A. We both have careers, but we find time to nurture mind, body and soul. Photo/note/phone. 1591 ✉☎

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Now Is The Time—To meet a successful, athletic, good-looking, 50ish, nonpracticing Jewish male Manhattanite who spends part of his winters in FL and summers in Hamptons. I'm seeking my upbeat (212) soul mate who's in her 40s. Must be slim and pretty, nonsmoker, with current original photo. 1589 ✉

Beautiful Brunette—With long, dark eyelashes, 33, CPA, Manhattan-born - enjoys skiing, classical music, opera, WNEW-FM, movies, dancing, blading and European travel. Seeking a caring, attractive, cultured, nonsmoking man for committed relationship. Note, photo and phone, please. 1631 ✉

Manhattan MD—45, 5'10", 185. Interests: the arts, travel, dining out. Seeks very attractive lady, nonsmoker. Great legs a plus. Note/photo/phone. 1677 ✉

Lovable Guy, 48—Enjoys career, art, music, cinema, cooking, humor...as much as making life dynamic. Seeks upbeat woman for relationship. Respond in most comfortable way to: 1596 ✉☎

And Hope Dawns—With all its dolphins... Adorable poet with Aegean looks, 31, 5'9", 155 lbs, attorney, ardent soccer player, European sensibilities, truthful, giving, funny and sweet - seeks a lovely woman, 21-30, Christian, nonsmoker. Letter/photo. 1613 ✉

Pretty, Petite And Smart—Jewish, 40s, self-employed business professional would like to meet successful, self-confident man who has been married at least once, grown kids fine. I enjoy skiing, moderate at golf, music, exercise, etc. Nassau resident preferred - or city man who will travel, because I'm worth it. Note/photo, please. 1587 ✉

Insecure? Lonely?—Looking for that special person to make you happy? Do not respond to this ad. I am not the answer to anybody's problems. I am 40 years old, divorced white male, CEO of large NY-based company. Sailor, musician, tennis player, basically better-than-average looking (5'7" with curly brown hair), nice guy, happy with who I am - looking to meet the same. Send note and photo. 1685 ✉

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I Love To Kiss—Extremely good-looking, 34-year-old Jewish man seeks woman ready for fun. Tell me what you love to do. Photo, please. 1654 ✉

Vibrant, Charming, Pretty—Unique career. Seeks 55-plus man. Photo. 1653 ✉

Fun Gal—My life motto: live, love and laugh. Success and money unimportant - good heart and spirituality is important. Seeking fun male, 30 plus. 1603 ✉ ☎

53-Year-Old, Marriage-Minded—Jewish physician, divorced, two older children, 6', 190 lbs - enjoys travel, skiing and the arts. Seeks sophisticated, vivacious, voluptuous woman, age 35-50, with sense of humor and home. Please include full-length photo (that's the catch!). 1672 ✉

Witty And Serious—Jewish professional, nice-looking, slim, 6', 53, warm and compassionate, seeks a compatible Jewish female (40s) for committed relationship of love and marriage. 1628 ✉

Winter Share Available—Large heart with lots of room to share, winter/spring with option for year-round. Handsome, aware man with humor, 38, 6', auburn hair, deep brown eyes, fit and athletic, seeks smart, creative female - slim, attractive and active, mid 20s-30s. Race is not important, sanity is. Baggage okay but carry-on only! Handwritten note/current photo, please. 1602 ✉

Unattached NYC Gent—Seeks slender, attractive NY lady for exclusive. I'm mid 40s, tall, athletic, secure, fun and even like opera! Please, note/photo/phone. 1620✉☎

Cold And Snow Getting To You?—Warm up your life with a new man. He's funny, affectionate, successful, tall, good-looking, Jewish, 40s. If you are marriage-minded, 30s, respond now. Photo a must. 1649 ✉

Mature Lady—50s, attractive, trim, Jewish, divorced. Seeking fully retired, successful, well-groomed, handsome gentleman who does want a mature and meaningful relationship with this adult lady, and also to join me on Crystal Cruises. Letter/photo appreciated. 1671 ✉

Pretty, Smart, Charming—Jewish female, 36, 5'8", slender, warm, well-balanced, Ivy MBA, enjoys skiing, reading, fine arts and travel. Seeks male counterpart with a great mind, sense of humor and depth. Note/photo, please. 1640 ✉

One Outstanding Guy—Is what friends say I am, yet it seems difficult to find an exceptional female. Me: 29, Jewish, 6', designer, fit, into skiing, rollerblading, camping, cooking, animals, etc. You: 25-35, fit, interesting and attractive. Note/photo/phone. 1633 ✉ ☎

Beauty, Brains, Sincerity—Blond hair/hazel eyes, Jewish professional (31) with a dynamic smile to match personality, seeks attractive, self-assured, easygoing man, 30-38, for adventuresome relationship with potential for seriousness. Photo/note. 1639 ✉ ☎

Eastern Soul, Western Spirit—Asian Indian MD, 48, 5'10", 150, handsome, athletic, secular, sensitive, sincere, secure. Interests: tennis, travel, theater, movies, museums. Seeks pretty, petite, nonreligious, well-educated lady with similar interests. Note/photo/phone. 1643 ✉

Gay Woman—45, kind, well-educated, attractive, adventurous, seeks feminine counterpart to share many intellectual and outdoor interests. 1675 ✉ ☎

Exceptional Jewish Lesbian—Attractive, highly educated professional, very successful professional - caring, adventurous, romantic, with sense of humor. Desires similar woman, 40-55. 2481 ✉

Professional—Healthy, Jewish, 62, seeks svelte woman, 48-52. Note. 1593 ✉

Manhattanophile—45, 5'10", 185. Likes restaurants, fashion, architecture. Seeks extremely pretty lady, health and career-oriented. Character just as important as looks. Note/photo/phone. 1676 ✉

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Pretty Brunette—5'10", slim, seeking loving Christian man, 27-35, 5'10"-6'3", handsome, who's romantic, educated and has a great sense of humor and a heart and soul of great depth, is health-conscious and family-oriented, enjoys outdoors, biking, hiking, ocean and NYC theater, reading. Note/photo. 1636 ✉

Strong, Sensible And Sensitive—Traditional Jewish male, solvent as well, 40s, 6'1", 190, terrific, youthful, to share a good life, love and funny moments with stable, slender, sweet Jewish lady to 35, seeking to start family. Photo. 1615 ✉ ☎

Are You An—Upbeat, intelligent, sensitive, nonsmoking guy from Manhattan, who enjoys Sunday afteroon jaunts, basketball games, cooking, TV and exploring new things? Occasional ski weekends would be great? Are you interested in meeting an attractive, successful, fit Jewish woman, 48, who has a lighthearted outlook on life and wants a partner to share it all with? Perhaps we can meet. 1680✉☎

Unpretentious, Kind, Gentle—Caring, fit, active, sane physician/surgeon, skier, golfer, 50 - seeks female counterpart, 33-38, who is intelligent, sensuous, athletic, sophisticated, fit and slim, with time for commitment, travel, fun and the finer things in life. No children preferred. Photo, please. 1642 ✉

Handsome, Athletic—Divorced Jewish male, 39, 5'10", seeks very attractive, slim, nonsmoking woman for special times together. Photo/phone/note. 1635 ✉

Race Horse Trainer—62, looking for financially secure, affectionate woman over 55, for fun, romance, more. 1630 ✉

Pretty Professional—Single mom, Modern Orthodox, 5'7", slender, seeks someone special, 38-48, nonsmoker, intelligent, physically and emotionally fit. I am smiling, serious, silly, and passionate about family, friendship, music...and especially you. Note and photo, please. 1648 ✉

Gay Bergen County Male—43, very sensitive and caring, good-looking, intelligent, a traditional gentleman (not as serious as I sound), seeks a man of like qualities who honestly seeks a life partner. Note/photo. 1626 ✉ ☎

Are You My Sugar Magnolia?—Attractive MBA entrepreneur, Jewish male - outgoing, athletic, loves concerts (especially rock), 32, 6'1", seeks 22-35, slim and pretty Jewish female sweetheart. 1664 ✉ ☎

Italian Male Business Exec—40-something, sensitive, sophisticated world traveler who's ready for a commitment, seeks elegant, well-spoken, slim, attractive lady, late 20s-early 30s, European, to spend the rest of our lives together. Blond and blue-eyed Scandinavian a plus. 1684 ✉ ☎

Statuesque Blond—Early 40s, divorced, Catholic, fun-loving, enjoys sports. Seeks sincere, attractive, educated businessman for serious relationship. 1686 ✉ ☎

Light Up My Life—Pretty, bright, fit, youthful, unpretentious Jewish female, nonsmoker, great smile, seeks gentleman, widowed/divorced, 48-55, with a warm heart and a twinkle in his eye. 1601 ✉ ☎

A Chinese Soul Mate—Chinese-American princess, 35, attractive, petite dentist - seeking Chinese-American professional man (MD/JD/DDS, etc.), 34-40. Photo/note, please. 1690 ✉

Skiing Alone Is No Fun—61-year-old, separated Jewish professional, 6', bearded teddy bear, in search of Jewish female, 45-55, with sense of humor, intermediate plus skier, birder, etc., for company. 1612 ✉

Children/Marriage-Oriented—37, Christian, 5'10", blond, blue eyes, athletic build, Irish/German, soft-spoken, divorced gentleman, traditional Midwestern values. Kids okay. Photo please. 1667 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Petite MBA Exec—32, Jewish female seeks professional man. If you ski, tennis, and are upbeat, send photo. 1682 ✉

You Are A Man—Accustomed to life's finest, and have the insight and sophistication to recognize and value the extraordinary - and you are gentle, with traditional values. I am an exceptional Jewish woman; 49 years old, sophisticated and extremely elegant, who wants to love again. 1660 ✉

Divorced White Male—32, HIV-positive, financially sound, owns own business, very athletic, been told very good-looking, 5'9 1/2", 170 lbs, has a wide variety of interests from theater to the beach. Looking for female - emotionally secure, no drugs, for long-term relationship. Kids okay. Photo and letter, please. 1666 ✉

Murphy Brown/Martha Stewart—Combination. I'm a successful owner of my own business in NYC, looking for a strong, accomplished man in his own field, over 45, good sense of humor, good conversationalist - to enjoy movies, walks and dinners by my fireplace. Photo and note. 1604 ✉

Handsome, Fit Attorney—Mid 50s, seeks pretty, petite, 5'-5'2", slender, intelligent female, 40-45, for romance and more. I enjoy tennis, golf, ski, travel, work out, fine dining and NYC. Photo. 1647 ✉

Looking For My Valentine—He is Catholic, 38-48, attractive, intelligent, successful, kindhearted and enjoys travel to romantic hideaways, music, dancing, sunrises on the beach, sports (golf/tennis) and sensuous kissing by the fireplace. I am an attractive Manhattan professional female with similar qualities, ready for romance and fun. Let's meet for a Valentine's Day interlude. Note and photo. 1625 ✉

Japanese Grace Kelly—Seeks Pierce Brosnan. Truly ravishing, graceful, cultured, never-married, 31-year-old Japanese woman. I play piano and tennis, enjoy Vermont to black-tie benefits. Seeking a truly polished, tall, handsome, professional white gentleman for forever. Photo/note to: POB 3298, NY, NY 10185

LI Man Seeks Marriage—Handsome, single white male, young-looking 46, 5'10", in good shape, salt-and-pepper hair, green eyes, mustache. Seeks one special lady, 32 plus, for friendship, hugs, laughter, tears, smiles, marriage and forever-after. Nassau, Suffolk, Queens preferred. Photo/note/phone. 1592 ✉

Cosmopolitan, Slim—Spirited brunette seeks male counterpart, 60 plus. 1611 ✉ ☎

Tradition!—Let's celebrate together in the light of a warm Jewish home - Shabbat, love and life. NYC beauty (5'4", slender), joyous, friend of Chabad, seeks special man (48 plus) who believes in Ahavat Yisrael. 1679 ✉ ☎

Fashionable NJ Boutique Owner—Very young-looking 58, attractive Jewish female, sophisticated, with upbeat personality, loves travel, music, adventure and romance. Seeks professional gentleman, who, like me, is honest, intelligent and caring. I know I'm asking for a lot - but I have a lot to offer. Photo. 1609 ✉

Handsome Doctor—Athletic and outgoing, seeks pretty, petite Christian female, 22-32, who is interested in a romantic, fun-filled relationship. Photo. 1646 ✉

Too Busy To Find You—Strikingly attractive, divorced female, 42, successful entrepreneur, who enjoys tennis, golf, skiing, romantic dinners, theater and adventure. Looking for a man, age 40-55, who is uncomfortable answering ads. You have good character, are refined, attractive, successful, generous, simpatico, and looking for a committed relationship with a best friend and lover. Photo, please. 1623 ✉

Tall, Tender And Terrific—Manhattan female - attractive, late 50s, has class, charm and wit - needs white male, 55-65. Please be the best of your class. 1595 ✉

The Links Are Chance...—Well-educated and pretty editor who believes in love at first sight, seeks very smart man, 27-35, who's creative, sensitive and likes to laugh...for a fated romance. 1691 ✉

Dynamic Contemporary Man—Professional, handsome, compassionate and physically active, 48, 175, seeking woman (under age 41), with zeal and sensitivity, to share in focusing on long-term relationship and small family. Note/photo/phone, please. 1600 ✉

Hunk - Calendar Fireman—34, 6'5", Nordic extraction, blue eyes, clean-cut, sunshine smile. Into surf, sun, scuba, training and nutrition - great cook. Looking for an attractive, fashionably lean, brown-eyed, cerebral woman, 25-32, who would enjoy a healthy, challenging relationship with a man who will stop, look and listen to your needs. Photo/phone. 1662 ✉

Seeks Unselfish Woman—26-34, religion unimportant, who's warm, affectionate, monogamous, attractive and in good mental and physical shape. I'm 36, 5'10", dark hair, green eyes, handsome Jewish professional, entrepreneur, with a good sense of humor, who enjoys working out, travel, movies and quiet times at home. Looking for a committed relationship. Note/phone/photo. 1629 ✉

Share A Zest For Life, Love, Marriage—With sincere, Jewish professional male who seeks female, to 38, with inner beauty, to build a future. 1597 ✉

Zest For Life—Lovely lady, (212), vibrant, attractive, fun, warm, cultured professional of sensibility and substance, seeks similar mensch (50s-60s). 1586 ✉

Comely—Clever, cultural, comedic, classy clarinetist seeks single white male, 30-50. Send me your C's. 1678 ✉

Taking Care Of Business—47, 6'2", 225 lbs - enjoys travel, history, old movies. Seeks nonsmoking, very attractive, feminine lady with a sense of humor. Photo/note/phone. 1651 ✉

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Attractive, Youthful, Vivacious—Successful, independent business owner and teacher - would like to let go and let you in. Love being that little girl who loves to play and wants to go back to summer camp. Adore children and animals and caring, sensitive men who also want to make the world a better place. Seeking non-judgmental soul mate who thinks about others as much as he thinks about himself. Fireplace...no distractions...and you...40-plus Jewish male... Photo please. 1606 ✉

Race Cars—Sleek, classic, fast 1961 model - needs a tune-up. This 5'11", 180-lb, green-eyed Jewish male is in search of 26-33-year-old classic who is not afraid of commitment, likes romantic tropical islands, beach, tennis and country living. Classics are hard to find. If you are ready for a one-time test drive, send photo and note. Westchester/Rockland preferred. 1657 ✉

Adventurous And Sensitive—41, male, conscious, communicative, tall, athletic, attractive physician who loves the outdoors, growth and giving, seeks a warm, insightful, slender, health-conscious, secure woman with whom to dance, laugh, explore and make babies. Note/photo. 1650 ✉

Lonely In Sardinia—NYer working for multimedia company in Cagliari. A great life but I miss American men. Please live or travel here regularly. I'm 37, 5'7", pretty, a dancer, love film, theater and travel. let's discover the wonders of the island together. giann@mbox.vol.it. 1652 ✉

Vivacious, Very Pretty—Single Jewish woman, mid 40s, seeks lively, young-at-heart man. I have a great sense of humor, lousy cook. 1688 ✉

If You—Love, work and play with style, and are an attractive, accomplished male, 50s-60s, come join me. I'm a good-looking, very fit, 50s professional woman. Note/photo. 1645 ✉

Tall, Dark, Handsome—Attorney, 47, Ivy grad, 6'2", 185 lbs, former model, full head of hair, animal lover, divorced, no children, with varied interests. Seeks tall, slim professional female, late 20s-late 30s, for serious relationship. 1590 ✉

North Shore Widow—Pretty, kind, considerate, loving woman seeks intellectual, handsome, (com)passionate, super guy to share upscale life style, 45-55. No schleppers need apply. I'm looking for a winner. Recent photo. 1624 ✉

stephanie, andrea & nancy

This New Year you're going to meet many interesting people. But then again, that's what you said last year.

We'll help you resolve your resolution. Through our unique matchmaking service, we'll provide you the opportunity to meet the finest professionals in town. Over lunch or a drink after work. So give us a call today.

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Looking For Brady Bunch?—Young widow with children seeks intelligent, kind gent, 42-53, for merger, merriment and mayhem. 1588 ✉

Looking To Share—Great times, talks and lots of laughs. Long walks, dancing, movies, theater, and dinner by candlelight at home. Elegant Jewish woman, 30, Manhattanite, with a touch of whimsy. Note/photo. 1618 ✉

Bi Female, 29 - NYC—Very beautiful, athletic, fun, seeks same. Are you an Ellen or K.D. type? No first-timers. 1656 ✉

Gay Female, 40, Lawyer—Musician, nonsmoker, warm, creative, attractive. 1687 ✉

What's Not To Like?—I'm fun, cute, 37, and looking for you. "You" are smart, fun, 32-45, have a dry wit, good looks and an appreciation of the outdoors. Would you by chance be a jazz fan too? Then hurry and drop me a line (with pix!). 1638 ✉

Interested, Curious, Hopeful—Lady psychoanalyst...that there might be a man out there who: A) definitely loves jazz, B) is substantial and involved with his work, and C) humorous and silly at times. Also, must read or tolerate readers. My presence - 5'7", slim, blondish, considered quite pretty, stylish. Enjoys serious talk, psychological-mindedness, socializing occasionally, film, space, eating out. Interested in a man, 52-60-something, articulate, sensitive to others, and who can be a pioneer. Original letters only, phone. Photo optional. 1622 ✉ ☎

Slender, Scandinavian-Looking Blond—Attractive, blue eyes, great smile, athletic, sweet, successful in creative business, 37, looking for nice and dynamic guy, 37-early 50s, who is happy with self and life. Love to travel and see lots of movies. Ready to share love and commitment. Sense of humor and fun a must. Photo/note a must - will reciprocate. 1605 ✉

Pretty Parisienne—Slim, 5'3", bright and vivacious - loves classical music, the arts, international culture and travel. Seeks intelligent, educated, attractive man (53-64) with similar interests, for loving relationship. Photo/note, please. 1658 ✉

Feminine, Sophisticated And Elegant—Green-eyed blond with long hair and legs, super-slender, beautiful inside and out, TV interviewer with a social conscience - seeks emotionally stable man, 50s, for sharing, caring and spice. 1661 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Successful, Athletic Exec—Brown hair, blue eyes, 40, seeks very pretty, curvaceous woman, with intelligence, sense of humor and desire for romance and shared adventure. Note/photo. 1670 ✉

"Dance Me To The End Of Love"—Vivacious French-American psychologist, mid 40s in age, mid 20s in mind and body, warm, witty, graceful and slender. Seeking a man with a depth and breadth of mind and spirit to sweep me off my feet. 1668 ✉ ☎

Manhattanite - Seventyish—Graced with style, seeks adventurous, unconventional woman...would humorous be asking too much? Photo important. 1689 ✉

Vibrant, Handsome MD—Seeking soul mate for a lifetime adventure. I'm in mid 40s, 6'2", athletic and love theater, sports, cuddling, romantic dinners. I'm searching for voluptuous, zaftig Jewish female with a sensational laugh that will grab my heart. No reply without full photo. 1632 ✉

Does His Own Laundry—5'11" male, 30, brown-haired, blue-eyed professional. Loves jazz, blues and classical, occasional museums and theater. Will watch anything on PBS. Hack guitarist and sometime bicyclist. Cooks when time permits. Seeks smart, tasteful lady with a strong sense of identity, to share any of the above...other suggestions welcome. Great listener, nonsmoker. Note and photo will get same. 1621 ✉

Just In Time For Valentine's Day—Single white female, professional choreographer/performer, seeks very intelligent, witty, 30-40-year-old professional to enjoy movies, music, modern art and discussions. I am an Ivy-educated, striking, charismatic and down-to-earth individual. If you are an attractive, secure, charming and very cool human being, please woo me with your interesting and thoughtful note and photo. 1610 ✉

Ruggedly Handsome Black Male, 44—Art director/fine artist, fit, successful, seeks smart, very pretty, curvaceous and passionate woman, 30-49, to fill his life and color just his world. Need to exhale when I hold you. Photo/note a must. 1683 ✉

My Crystal Ball—Sees a tall, handsome man (Christian and white), in his 40s or early 50s, who believes in the magic of love and the wonders of the world. Your crystal ball likes the idea that she's alluring, creative, sophisticated, pretty, in her 40s and ready to cancel the 6-to-8pm meetings for some enchanted evenings and more. Note/photo, please. 1594 ✉

Happy, Pretty, Tall Blond—Looking for kind, big-hearted, successful 40ish male. I'm 38, enjoying a fabulous career and am looking for Phase II (commitment, kids?). I enjoy theater, great restaurants, traveling and sports. If you are tall, clever, charming and affectionate, let's meet. Note/photo appreciated. 1598 ✉

Pretty, Intelligent—Divorced Jewish female, 60, searching for gentleman with a sense of fun. Dining in or out, theater, movies, museums are my interests. A sense of the ridiculous is a must. 1619 ✉

Gay Jewish Female—40, attractive, with class, down-to-earth, sincere, sensitive, with a sense of humor. Appreciates arts, country music, intimate dining (in/out). Loves kids, dogs, fishing, beach and Gumby. Seeks feminine lipstick lesbian, 33-50, to share above. Photo/note. 1674 ✉

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Use this coupon or call 212-779-7500. Rate is $36.50 per line, two line minimum. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Number. Mail to: Attention Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. All ads are accepted at the discretion of publisher.

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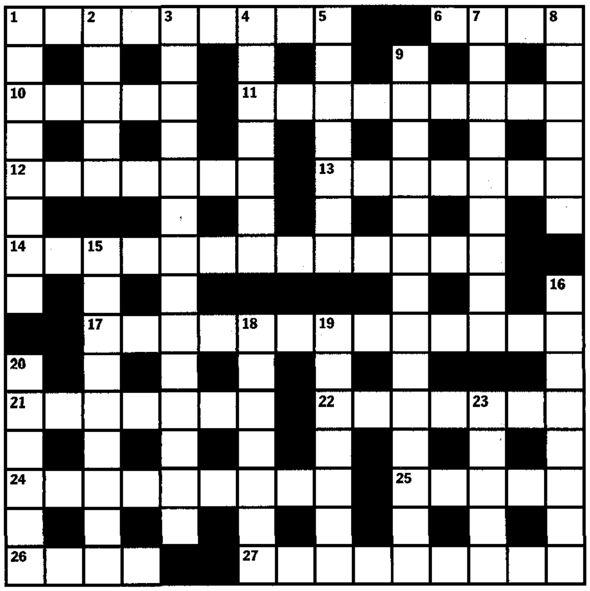
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 About to hold back time, a year, which is no real bargain. (9)
6,1dn He of 25's 9s translating "Je sera Caruso —— right?" You don't say! (4-8)
10 Wine added to port in Germany, yes. (5)
11 See 19.
12 Bugs bugs. (7)
13 As old and fat one is often held up. (7)
14 Director's call: "The rope for Jackson Pollock." (6,7)
17 Lord Chancellor who doubted the CIA's source. (6,7)
21 Aquinas's disciple taking most of the order, "And the first shall be last." (7)
22 Slaughter following a service in prison. (7)
24 Raise, say, to the second and third grades. (4-5)
25 In which 6, 1dn, 3, and 19, 11 get to work on time. (5)
26 Albert Entwistle—Interior Designer. (4)
27 Preserve the knave who currently turns the spit. (5-4)



DOWN

1 See 6.
2 A hole-in-a-wall affaire! (5)
3 He of 25's 9s could be "Il Capo di Mondo." G---whizz! (7,7)
4 Purpose-built lashes. (5,2)
5 The original Onegin in, say, very outright uprising. (7)
7 Take a turn for the worse. Screw up the inflation rate. (3-6)
8 Left the motorway at Junction 9. Turned up in the river. (6)
9 Bringing Rigoletto nearer, but not one part for 6, 1dn, 3, or 19,11. (5,5,4)
15 Cover for Hackney in Measure for Measure. (3,3,3)
16 Explorer dogs alter ego in a corner of London. (4,4)
18 . . . Diana's I met racing up therefrom. (7).
19,11 He of 25's 9s transformed, in 16, to a "cantori pluvia." (7,9)
20 Even have a go at the French. (6)
23 Pack leader, given a knighthood, gives up the booze. (5)

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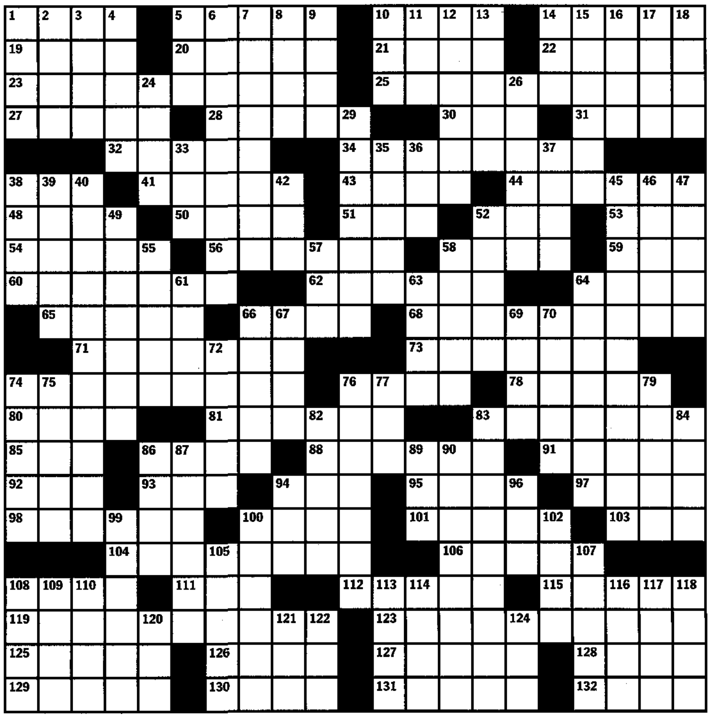
'Deprived People': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Pianist Iturbi
5 One of the Astaires
10 Skip rope
14 Was a thespian
19 So be it
20 Individual entity
21 "Un bel di," e.g.
22 Strained food
23 Political leader who had no headwear
25 Prime Minister who had no place of worship
27 "Funny Girl" Fanny
28 Civil wrongs, in court
30 Stage star Hagen
31 Basilica area
32 Hoglike mammal
34 Actress who had no cotton thread
38 Future CEO's deg.
41 Washer cycle
43 Tooth woe
44 Up till now
48 Memorable actor Julia
50 "The Rome of Hungary"
51 Cravat
52 Junior, to Senior
53 Diarist Anaïs
54 Llama's habitat
56 "Of Mice and Men" dullard
58 Suit to ——
59 Tobacco adulterant
60 Bread seed
62 Still green
64 Cry of disbelief
65 Kind of tender
66 Spilled to the cops
68 Writer who had no liquor
71 Mod strivers
73 Make wider
74 Actor who had no paintings
76 Artist Mondrian
78 East African land
80 Citrus drinks
81 Wall Street category
83 Where to buy pekoe
85 UN labor arm
86 Part of B. & O.
88 "Broadway Joe"
91 Arrowsmith's wife
92 Partner of order
93 A Bobbsey twin
94 Intruder in the grass
95 Appear to be
97 Rental units: abbr.
98 Title for 57-Down
100 Malaria symptom
101 Work on dough
103 Posed
104 Hoopster who had no room
106 Old ski lifts
108 Both: prefix
111 NASA affirmative
112 Mideast peninsula
115 Succored
119 Actress who had no offspring
123 Whodunit author who had no tablet
125 Likeness
126 Flog
127 Cove
128 Out of alignment
129 Part-man, part-goat
130 —— qua non
131 Christmas carols
132 Thpeech problem

DOWN

1 Side of a doorway
2 General Bradley
3 Round before the final
4 Pass, as legislation
5 Physicians' org.
6 Batsman who had no rug
7 Check casher
8 "Oz" lion
9 Splice film
10 At which an uppercut is aimed
11 Mentalist Geller
12 Microscopic
13 Like stickum
14 G.I. mail drop
15 QE2 owner
16 Stumble
17 Sushi choices
18 Manuscript cross-out
24 Equipment
26 Two-thirds of a game name
29 Rollerblading
33 Jack Horner's fare
35 Less cordial
36 Much-used article
37 First-rate
38 Bric-a-——
39 Trite
40 Actress who had no media plug
42 Direction ending
45 Actor who had no relatives
46 Pitcher Luis
47 John Mc—— of tennis
49 Groups of teams
52 Shorthand pro
55 Derby winner, 1955
57 Carmelite
58 Separated
61 Swiss scenery
63 "Wouldn't —— Loverly?"
64 The bounding main
66 Look after
67 "—— go marching on"
69 Soap shape
70 What Monty Hall made
72 "—— the bag!"
74 Cons' confines
75 Dwight's opponent
76 Typewriter rollers
77 Religion suffix
79 Main artery
82 Boredom
83 Actor who had no smell
84 Historian's interest
86 "Dedicated to the —— Love"
87 Former Supreme Court Justice
89 Start of a J.F.K. quotation
90 Octopus feature
94 Karim of the Khans
96 Goat's remark
99 Famed British model
100 Antacid
102 Haulage cart
105 Soho swells
107 Twine source
108 Author Kingsley ——
109 Museum on 53rd St.
110 Someone else's kid
113 "What a rare mood ——"
114 Barcelona boy
116 Surrealism great
117 Biblical oldster
118 "Scissorhands" star
120 —— Lingus (Irish airline)
121 Holm or Fleming
122 Highball ingredient
124 UFO passengers



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 84.

MARY ANN MADDEN #843
NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Abracadabra, up shoots the stalk
Fearing, fostering its flower in the bug gaudy garden
Help me, I am drowning. I am—oh, what? I am
Perfume mad. Gasping. A fish dying of the air.

Above, verse case. Not more than four lines, please, of bad poetry on the topic spring/summer. Any rhyme scheme, or none.

Results of Competition 840, in which you were asked for sequelae; new versions of a familiar person, place, or thing.

Report: We keep setting these, you keep getting them right. That's our arrangement, and a fine one it is, too. Meanwhile these popular faves reasserted themselves: Call Waiting for Godot. Tippecanoe and Tyler III. The Return of the Screw. E.T.C. Herpes Triplex. Grandma Bell. Afterbirth of a Nation. And many of you mentioned the New *New York* Magazine Competition. We plan to make renovations in early '96. For the nonce, see that you do. And not a moment too soon.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

SHOWTIME AT THE APOLLO 13: Harlem, we have a problem.
Julian Fleisher, N.Y.C.

Princess Dihard
Nina Curtis, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Oliver Stone's JFK JR.
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

REHEAT—Reaction film from Michael Mann.
Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

GOD BLESS AMERICA ONLINE
Rose Ascher, Brooklyn, N.Y.

COSIER FAN TUTTE
Odette Eldridge, Horton, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE DINNER THEATRE
Marlene Anderka, Cambridge, Mass.

The William Don't-Ask-Don't-Tell Overture
Peter Minges, Battle Creek, Mich.

BOULEY BOULEY
Mike Olton, Los Angeles, Calif.

MI CASA SU CASABLANCA—Here's looking at your files, kid.
David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

MORE LESS THAN ZERO
Steven Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

JUMANJ II
Philip Hathaway, Indianapolis, Ind.

COPYCATS—Now and Again.
Laura Kelleher, Arlington, Va.
similarly: Harry Paulpeck, Oakland, Pa.

THE LARGE-PRINT BOOK OF KELLS
Rosemarie Williamson, Neptune, N.J.

Cafe au Laîter—All-Night Coffee Shop
Terry Behofcist, Enhaut, Pa.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS CASINO
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

GRUMPIER OLD MEN IN TIGHTS—And is it any wonder?
Mindy Gottesman, N.Y.C.

Marriott Marquis de Sade—A Grand Guignol Hotel
Marcia De Fren, Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Peter Lorre in M&M
Joanne Dolan, Sommerville, Mass.

SECONDHAND SMOKE
Emma D. Conford, Great Neck, N.Y.

AFTERGLOW WORM
Bill Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

THE GRAY DIVORCÉE
Craig Wolfson, Harrisburg, Pa.
similarly: Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR LAPTOP
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

PAST MASTER CLASS
Arthur Schwarz, Scarsdale, N.Y.

The Shubert Organization presents Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber's THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG-AND-DANCE
Pat Seeley, Silver Spring, Md.

RESEARCHING FOR BOBBY FISHER—The Endgame.
Sarah Gay, Denver, Co.

PORTNOY'S LIST OF NON-NEGOTIABLE DEMANDS
Mary Clare Brackley, Petaluma, Calif.

Lake Superlative
Sari Krumholz, Newton, Mass.

VERTIGONE
Jacob Bernstein, N.Y.C.

Macrochip
Jim Zosel, Minneapolis, Minn.

HAVE GUN WILL RELOCATE
Terry Harden, McConnellsville, N.Y.

MRS.WARREN'S PROFESSION PLUS GOLDEN PARACHUTE
O. M. Neshamkin, M.D., N.Y.C.

POSTDOCS OF NEW YORK—Josef von Sternberg's study of Columbia University.
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

APENECK SWEENEY TODD—The Demon Barbarian of Fleet Street.
Julie Sylvester, South Windsor, Ct.

LIVE WITH REGIS AND POUNDSTONE
Shirley Boardman, Zeeland, Mich.

Maximum Gorki
Robert D. Levine, Woodside, N.Y.

Planet Russian Tea Room
Jill Williams Feldmann, N.Y.C.

THE THREE-PICTURE DEAL OF DORIAN GRAY
Terry Zheutlin, Wilmette, Ill.

WELCOME BACK, GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG
Cece Trachy, Westfield, Mass.

TALK SOUP KITCHEN
Jeff Harkleroad, Lexington, Ky.

REVAMPYR—Drac is back.
Meredith Harriman, Niantic, Ct.

CD Rommel: The Desert Fox
Bob Walser, Minneapolis, Minn.

EMS PINAFORE
Dr. Scott Sokol, Plainview , N.Y.

What is so well done as a day in June?
Mark Wolfson, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

REGENESIS—The story of the avant-garden of Eden.
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

DOWN AND OUTED IN BEVERLY HILLS
Gary Franklin, Aspen, Co.
similarly: M.E. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

DRAGNETWORKING
Annette Horstman, Freehold, N.J.

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE WITH THE SCARSDALE LITTLE PLAYERS
Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 843, New York Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by February 2. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the March 4 issue.

A lot of reasons why you haven't had a mammogram.

I'm embarrassed.

I'm nervous.

I'm not getting undressed for anyone.

There's no history of breast cancer in my family.

I take care of myself.

My doctor never told me to go.

The only reason why you should.

It may save your life.

Even though your doctor may not have told you to go for a yearly mammogram, that's no reason not to. A yearly mammogram takes less than fifteen minutes and can detect lumps too small to find even by frequent self-examination. And finding breast cancer early may just save your life.

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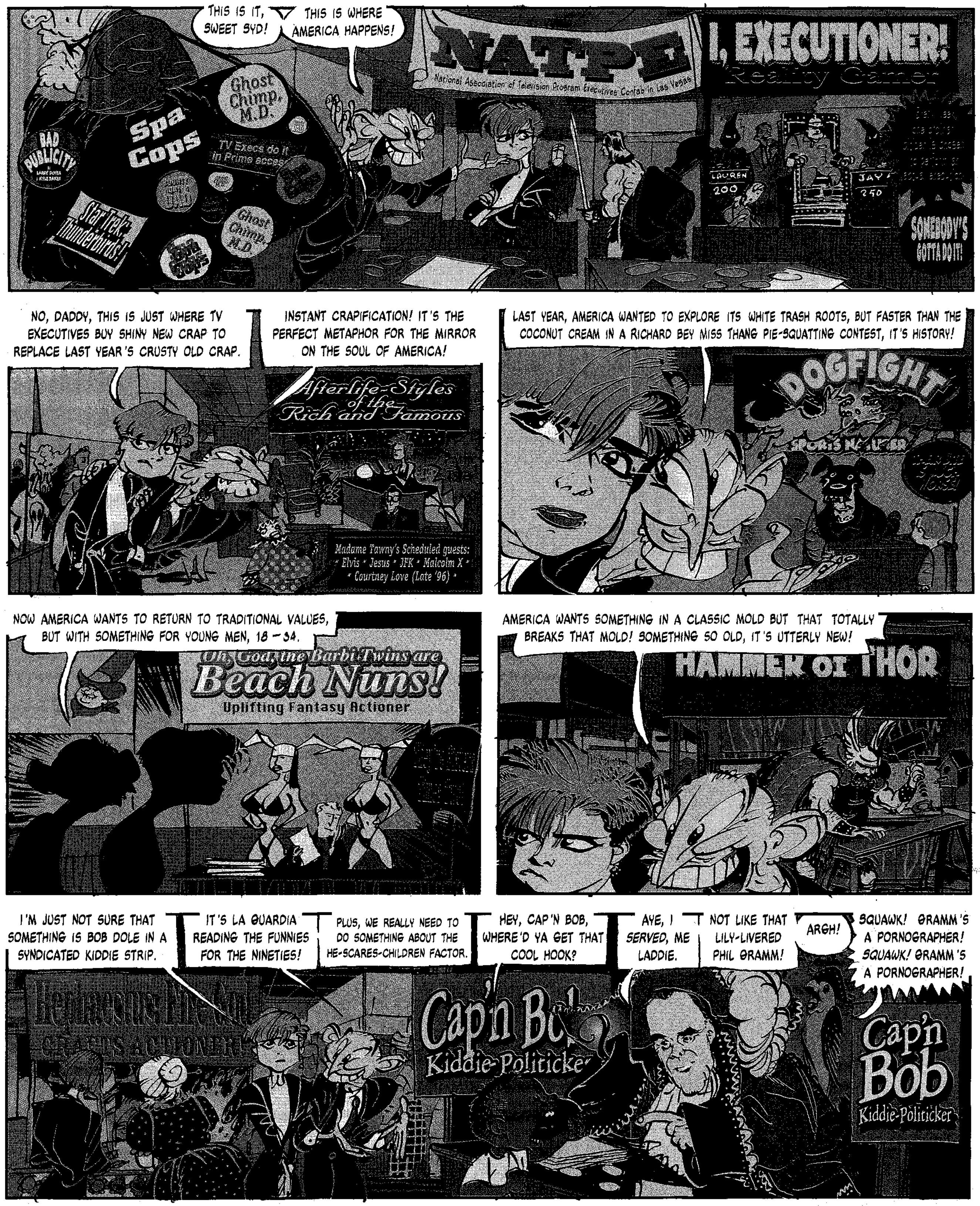
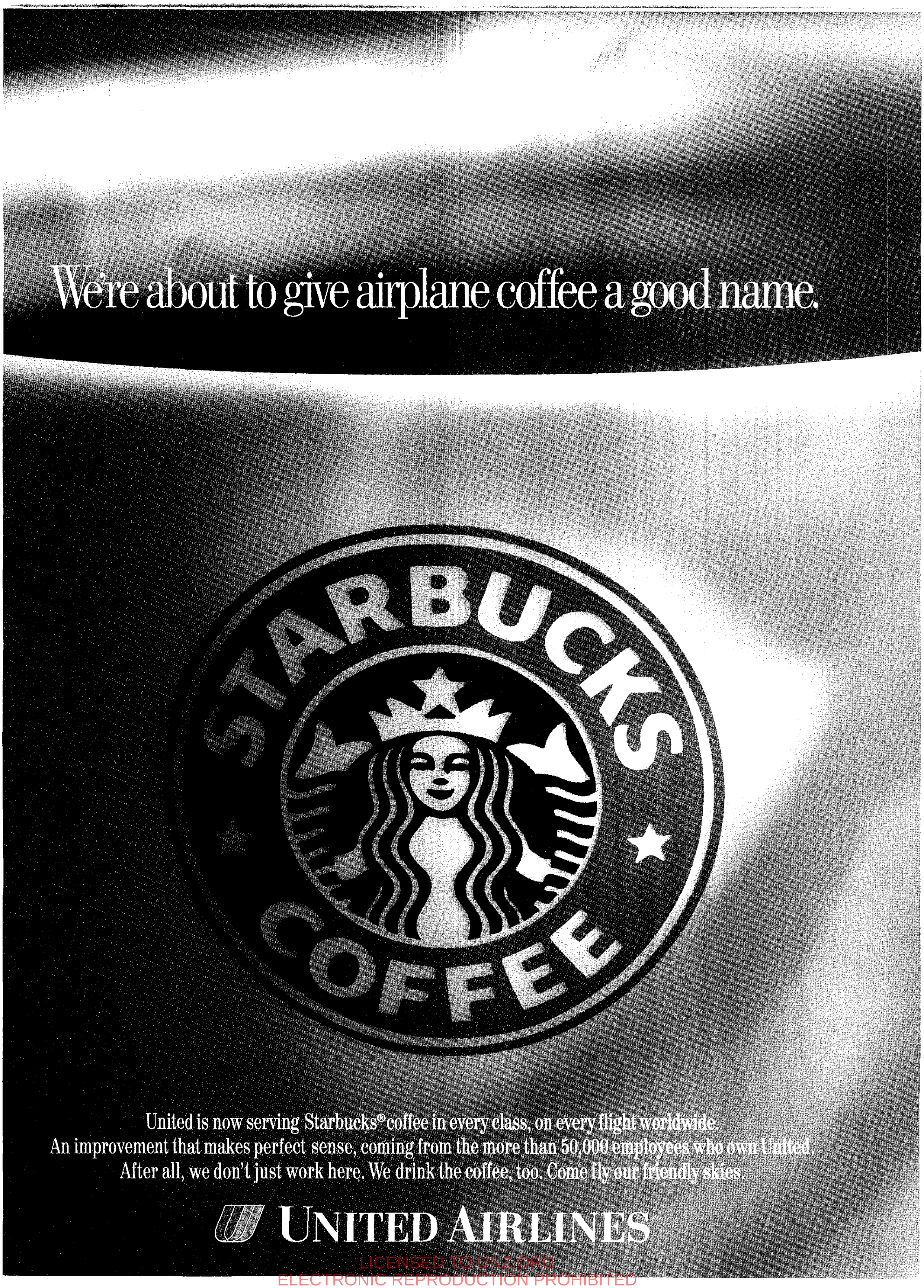
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY®

Promote Control

The Flaccos find America, man, at the annual TV schmoozathon in Vegas.


THIS IS IT, SWEET SYD!
THIS IS WHERE AMERICA HAPPENS!
NATPE
National Association of Television Program Executives Confab in Las Vegas
I, EXECUTIONER! Reality Game
Ghost Chimp, M.D.
Spa Cops
BAD PUBLICITY
TV Execs do it in Prime access
Star Trek: Thunderbirds!
LAUREN 200
JAY 250
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA DO IT!
NO, DADDY, THIS IS JUST WHERE TV EXECUTIVES BUY SHINY NEW CRAP TO REPLACE LAST YEAR'S CRUSTY OLD CRAP.
INSTANT CRAPIFICATION! IT'S THE PERFECT METAPHOR FOR THE MIRROR ON THE SOUL OF AMERICA!
Afterlife-Styles of the Rich and Famous
Madame Tawny's Scheduled guests: • Elvis • Jesus • JFK • Malcolm X • • Courtney Love (Late '96) •
LAST YEAR, AMERICA WANTED TO EXPLORE ITS WHITE TRASH ROOTS, BUT FASTER THAN THE COCONUT CREAM IN A RICHARD BEY MISS THANG PIE-SQUATTING CONTEST, IT'S HISTORY!
DOGFIGHT
SPORTS NEUTER
NOW AMERICA WANTS TO RETURN TO TRADITIONAL VALUES, BUT WITH SOMETHING FOR YOUNG MEN, 18-34.
Oh, God, the Barbi Twins are Beach Nuns! Uplifting Fantasy Actioner
AMERICA WANTS SOMETHING IN A CLASSIC MOLD BUT THAT TOTALLY BREAKS THAT MOLD! SOMETHING SO OLD, IT'S UTTERLY NEW!
HAMMER OF THOR
I'M JUST NOT SURE THAT SOMETHING IS BOB DOLE IN A SYNDICATED KIDDIE STRIP.
IT'S LA GUARDIA READING THE FUNNIES FOR THE NINETIES!
PLUS, WE REALLY NEED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE HE-SCARES-CHILDREN FACTOR.
HEY, CAP'N BOB, WHERE'D YA GET THAT COOL HOOK?
AYE, I SERVED, ME LADDIE.
NOT LIKE THAT LILY-LIVERED PHIL GRAMM!
ARGH!
SQUAWK! GRAMM'S A PORNOGRAPHER! SQUAWK! GRAMM'S A PORNOGRAPHER!
Hephaestus Fire God Greats Actioner
Cap'n Bob Kiddie-Politicker
Cap'n Bob Kiddie-Politicker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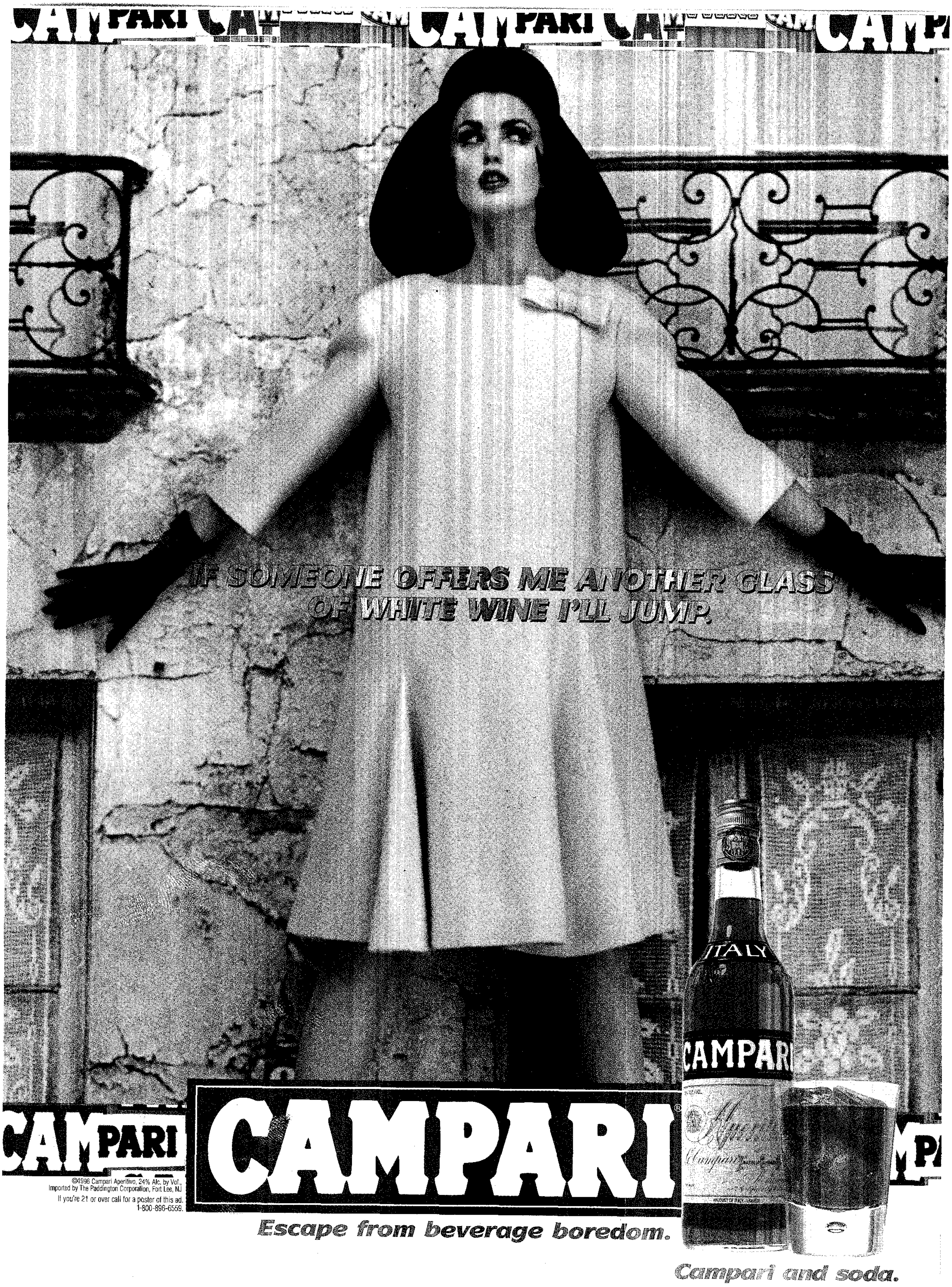

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